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HARVARD

MISCELLANIES.

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MISCELLANIES:

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," &c.

VOL. I.

BALLADS. | THE FATAL BOOTS.
THE BOOK OF SNOBS. | COX'S DIARY.
THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR GAHAGAN.

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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BALLADS.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

PART I.

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors,
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern,
He sits and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favourite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.
Says he, "In my life's ninety summers,
Strange changes and chances I've seen,—
So here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thump'd on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military
For four generations we are;
My ancestors drumm'd for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.

And as each man in life has his station
According as Fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the baton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots, and lackies, and panders
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,—
What foeman resisted us then?
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died, and our noble battalions
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis;
Corbleu! how his majesty swore,
When he heard they had taken my grandsire:

His coffin they pelted with mud,
  His body they tried to lay hands on;
And so having buried King Louis
  They loyally served his great-grandson.

"God save the beloved King Louis!
  (For so he was nicknamed by some,)
And now came my father to do his
  King's orders and beat on the drum.
My grandsire was dead, but his bones
  Must have shaken I'm certain for joy,
To hear daddy drumming the English
  From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

"So well did he drum in that battle
  That the enemy show'd us their backs
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle
  The sticks and to follow old Saxe!
We next had Soubise as a leader,
  And as luck hath its changes and fits,
At Rossbach, in spite of Dad's drumming,
  'Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

"And now Daddy cross'd the Atlantic,
  To drum for Montcalm and his men;
Morbleu! but it makes a man frantic,
  To think we were beaten again!
My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean,
  My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year fifty-seven
  To guard the good town of Quebec.

"In the year fifty-nine came the Britons,—
  Full well I remember the day,—
They knock'd at our gates for admittance,
  Their vessels were moor'd in our bay.

Says our general, 'Drive me yon red-coats
Away to the sea whence they come!'
So we march'd against Wolfe and his bull-dogs,
We march'd at the sound of the drum.

"I think I can see my poor mammy
With me in her hand as she waits,
And our regiment, slowly retreating,
Pours back through the citadel gates.
Dear mammy! she looks in their faces,
And asks if her husband is come?
—He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And will never more beat on the drum.

"Come, drink, 'tis no use to be glum, boys,
He died like a soldier—in glory;
Here's a glass to the health of all drum-boys,
And now I'll commence my own story.
Once more did we cross the salt ocean,
We came in the year eighty-one;
And the wrongs of my father the drummer

What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drumm'd at Versailles
To the lovely court ladies in powder,
And lappets, and long satin-tails?

"The Princes that day pass'd before us,
Our countrymen's glory and hope;
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen
At her Majesty's opera-box,
While the King, that majestical monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drumm'd for the fair Antoinette,
And so smiling she look'd and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers,
All vow'd they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars,
She sneer'd at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turn'd Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath,
No more to such tyrants to kneel,
And so just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drumm'd down the Bastille!
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine,
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,
And drink to the year eighty-nine
And the glorious fourth of July!

"Then bravely our cannon it thunder'd,
As onwards our patriots bore,
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.

They carried the news to King Louis,
He heard it as calm as you please,
And like a majestical monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

"We show'd our republican courage,
We storm'd and we broke the great gate in,
And we murder'd the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by,
They never stirr'd finger or thumb,
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

"Hurrah! what a storm was a brewing,
The day of our vengeance was come;
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum.
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August,
At midnight I beat the tattoo,
And woke up the Pikemen of Paris,

But no; when we burst through his barriers,
'Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
In vain through the chambers we sought him,
He had turn'd like a craven and fled.

* * * * *

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuilerie wall;
'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall.
There rises an obelisk tall,
All garnish'd and gilded the base is,
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

"Around it are gardens and flowers,
And the cities of France on their thrones,
Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers,
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there,
In the glorious year ninety-three.

"'Twas here stood the altar of freedom,
And though neither marble nor gilding
Were used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,
Corbleu! but the MERE GUILLOTINE,
Cared little for splendour or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

"Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sate our republican goddess;
Each morning her table we deck'd
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.

The people each day flock'd around,
As she sate at her meat and her wine;
'Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

"Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests;
Dukes, Marquises, Barons, Princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebleu! but we pamper'd our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a King!

"She called for the blood of our King,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
'The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance;
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

PART II.

"THE glorious days of September
Saw many aristocrats fall;
'Twas then that our pikes drunk the blood,
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.
Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady!
I seldom have look'd on her like;
And I drumm'd for a gallant procession,
That march'd with her head on a pike.

"Let's show the pale head to the Queen,
We said — she'll remember it well;
She look'd from the bars of her prison,
And shriek'd as she saw it, and fell.
We set up a shout at her screaming,
We laugh'd at the fright she had shown
At the sight of the head of her minion;
How she'd tremble to part with her own.

"We had taken the head of King Capet,
We called for the blood of his wife;
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
And bared her fair neck to the knife.
As she felt the foul fingers that touch'd her,
She shrunk, but she deign'd not to speak,
She look'd with a royal disdain,
And died with a blush on her cheek!

"'Twas thus that our country was saved;
So told us the safety committee!
But psha! I've the heart of a soldier,
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.
I loathed to assist at such deeds,
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes
As we offered to justice offended
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

"Away with such foul recollections!
No more of the axe and the block;
I saw the last fight of the sections,
As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Rock.
Young BONAPARTE led us that day;
When he sought the Italian frontier,
I follow'd my gallant young captain,
I follow'd him many a long year.

"We came to an army in rags,
Our general was but a boy,

The drummer now bared his old breast,
And show'd us a plenty of scars,
Rude presents that Fortune had made him,
In fifty victorious wars.
"This came when I follow'd bold Kleber—
'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun;
And this from an Austrian sabre,
When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,
But this is the deepest of all;
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
Beside the fair river of Saal.
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it;
(God bless him!) it covers a blow;
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

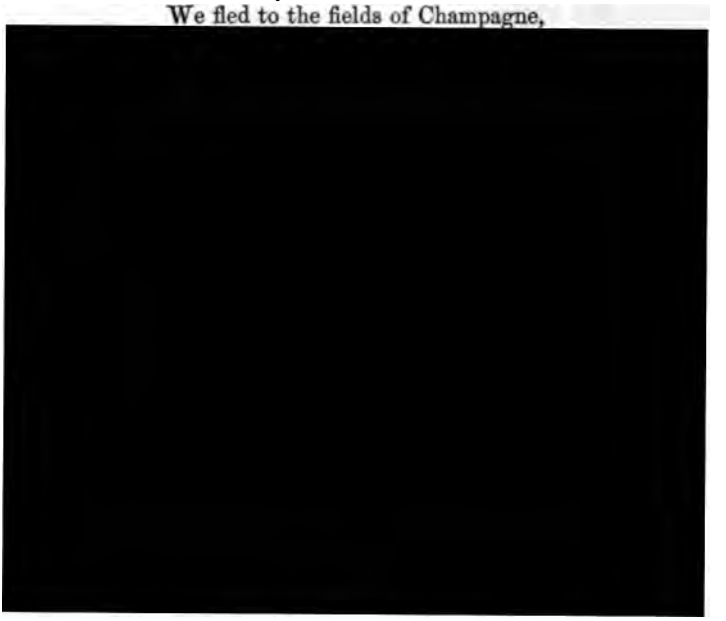
"'Twas thus that we conquer'd and fought;
But wherefore continue the story?
There's never a baby in France
But has heard of our chief and our glory,—
But has heard of our chief and our fame,
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,
How bravely Napoleon conquer'd,
How bravely and sadly he fell.

"It makes my old heart to beat higher,
To think of the deeds that I saw;
I follow'd bold Ney through the fire,
And charged at the side of Murat."
And so did old Peter continue
His story of twenty brave years;
His audience follow'd with comments—
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain
Had died in defence of their land;
His audience laugh'd at the story,
And vow'd that their captain was grand!
He had fought the red English, he said,
In many a battle of Spain;
They cursed the red English, and pray'd
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,
Had winter not driven them back;
And his company cursed the quick frost,
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.
He told how the stranger arrived;
They wept at the tale of disgrace;
And they long'd but for one battle more,
The stain of their shame to efface!

"Our country their hordes overrun,
We fled to the fields of Champagne,



" 'Though Europe against me was arm'd,
Your chiefs and my people are true;
I still might have struggled with fortune,
And baffled all Europe with you.

" 'But France would have suffer'd the while,
'Tis best that I suffer alone;
I go to my place of exile,
To write of the deeds we have done.

" 'Be true to the king that they give you,
We may not embrace ere we part;
But, General, reach me your hand,
And press me, I pray, to your heart.'

" He call'd for our old battle standard;
One kiss to the eagle he gave.
'Dear eagle!' he said, 'may this kiss
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!'
'Twas thus that Napoleon left us;
Our people were weeping and mute,
As he pass'd through the lines of his guard,
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

* * * * *

"I look'd when the drumming was o'er,
I look'd, but our hero was gone;
We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.
The Emperor rode through our files;
'Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn;
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretch'd wide through the Waterloo corn.

"In thousands we stood on the plain,
The red coats were crowning the height;
'Go scatter yon English,' he said;
'We'll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.'
We answer'd his voice with a shout;
Our eagles were bright in the sun;
Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
And the thundering battle begun.

"One charge to another succeeds,
Like waves that a hurricane bears;
All day do our galloping steeds
Dash fierce on the enemy's squares.
At noon we began the fell onset:
We charged up the Englishman's hill;
And madly we charged it at sunset—
His banners were floating there still.

"— Go to! I will tell you no more;
You know how the battle was lost.

'Twas thus old Peter did conclude
His chronicle with curses fit.
He spoke the tale in accents rude,
In ruder verse I copied it.

Perhaps the tale a moral bears,
(All tales in time to this must come,)
The story of two hundred years
Writ on the parchment of a drum.

What Peter told with drum and stick,
Is endless theme for poet's pen:
Is found in endless quartos thick,
Enormous books by learned men.

And ever since historian writ,
And ever since a bard could sing,
Doth each exalt with all his wit,
The noble art of murdering.

We love to read the glorious page,
How bold Achilles kill'd his foe:
And Turnus, fell'd by Trojans' rage,
Went howling to the shades below.

How Godfrey led his red-cross knights,
How mad Orlando slash'd and slew;
There's not a single bard that writes,
But doth the glorious theme renew.

And while in fashion picturesque,
The poet rhymes of blood and blows,
The grave historian, at his desk,
Describes the same in classic prose.

Go read the works of Reverend Cox,
  You'll duly see recorded there
The history of the self-same knocks
  Here roughly sung by Drummer Pierre.

Of battles fierce and warriors big,
  He writes in phrases dull and slow,
And waves his cauliflower wig,
  And shouts "Saint George for Marlborow!"

Take Doctor Southey from the shelf,
  An LL.D., — a peaceful man;
Good Lord, how doth he plume himself,
  Because we beat the Corsican!

From first to last his page is filled
  With stirring tales how blows were struck.
He shows how we the Frenchmen kill'd,
  And praises God for our good luck.

Some hints, 'tis true, of politics
  The doctors give and statesman's art:
Pierre only bangs his drum and sticks,

Last year, my love, it was my hap
  Behind a grenadier to be,
And, but he wore a hairy cap,
  No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot,
  (Be blessings on the glorious pair!)
Before us pass'd, I saw them not,
  I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts
  In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
  That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,
  You wonder at his cap of hair:
You hear his sabre's cursed clank,
  His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:
  Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
  To such as him subservient?

Tell me what find we to admire
  In epaulets and scarlet coats,
In men, because they load and fire,
  And know the art of cutting throats?

• • • • •

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine!
  The winter wind blows cold and shrill,
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,
  And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall;
Look yonder,* in his coffin black,
There lies the greatest of them all!

To pluck him down, and keep him up,
Died many million human souls;
'Tis twelve o'clock, and time to sup,
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns;
He wrote "The Great" before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrow'd from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT.

THE noble king of Brentford
Was old and very sick,
He summon'd his physicians
To wait upon him quick;
They stepp'd into their coaches
And brought their best physick.

They cramm'd their gracious master
With potion and with pill;
They drench'd him and they bled him:
They could not cure his ill.
"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer,
I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence,
Did make his heart full gay.
"What is't," says he, "your majesty
Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belabour'd me
With potion and with pill:
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two,
I want to make my will.

"O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord and eke of Kew:
I've three per cents and five per cents;
My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son,
A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breech'd him
Till now, he's twenty-three,
He never caused disquiet
To his poor Mamma or me.

"At school they never flogg'd him,
At college though not fast,
Yet his little go, and great go
He creditably pass'd,
And made his year's allowance
For eighteen months to last.

"While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse:
While Tom frequents his banker,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
My children differ thus?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
And Ned a *genius?*"

"You'll cut him with a shilling,"
Exclaimed the man of wits:
"I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,
"Sir lawyer, as befits;
And portion both their fortunes
Unto their several wits."

"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said,
"On your commands I wait."
"Be silent, Sir," says Brentford,
"A plague upon your prate!
Come, take your pen and paper,
And write as I dictate."

The will as Brentford spoke it
Was writ and signed and closed;
He bade the lawyer leave him,
And turn'd him round and dozed;
And next week in the churchyard
The good old King reposed.

Tom, dress'd in crape and hatband,
  Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter self-upbraidings
  Poor Edward showed his grief:
Tom hid his fat white countenance
  In his pocket-handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
  He falter'd in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear,
  But onwards he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn,
  As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford—
  That gentle king and just—
With bell and book and candle
  Were duly laid in dust,
"Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,
  "Let business be discussed.

"My son, as I make ready
To seek my last long home,
Some cares I had for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom:
Sobriety and order
You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain."
("You see, good Ned," says Thomas,
"What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance,
You saved a little store;
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more."
As the lawyer read this compliment,
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out, at each his pace
The hare it was the fleeter,
The tortoise won the race;
And since the world's beginning
This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blythe and singing,
Steps gaily o'er the ground;
As steadily you trudge it
He clears it with a bound;
But dullness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet;
You heed not one nor t'other
But onwards go your beat,
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet;

"And ever as he wanders,
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

"Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
Your flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
[redacted]

"Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.
March on—your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust."
("I faith," says Ned, "our father
Is less polite than just.")
"In you, son Tom, I've confidence
But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents;

"I leave to you, my Thomas."
("What all?" poor Edward said;
"Well, well, I should have spent them
And Tom's a prudent head")
"I leave to you, my Thomas,—
To you IN TRUST for Ned."

The wrath and consternation
What poet e'er could trace
That at this fatal passage
Came o'er Prince Tom, his face;
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned's amaze!

"'Tis surely some mistake,"
Good-naturedly cries Ned;
The lawyer answered gravely,
"'Tis even as I said;
'Twas thus his gracious majesty
Ordain'd on his death-bed.

"See, here the will is witness'd,
And here's his autograph;"
"In truth, our father's writing,"
Says Edward, with a laugh;
"But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom,
We'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing cannot be;
'Tis written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,
'I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"'I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year;
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer.'"

Such was old Brentford's honest testament,
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'd,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'Twas commonly reported that the steward
Was very much the richer of the two.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the grey of dawning,
  Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
  With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting—

Strange company we harboured;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
  Jews black, and brown, and gray;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
  Who did nought but scratch and pray:
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
  Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
  Their pipes did puff away;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
  In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
  Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Iberia* bowling
  Before the break of day——

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,

And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal,
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;

The men sung "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them
And splashed them and soused them
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle,
And oft we've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;

For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY AND WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

1844.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretch'd around,
Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in,
'Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
  Autumn brawl'd and bluster'd,
Tossing round about
  Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
  Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
  Lake, and shores and shipping.
Up and down the hill
  (Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw,
  Bleeding on his shoulder.
"Where are horses changed?"
  Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box:
  "Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn's
  But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
  Whiskey and potatoes:

Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
Two more young ones patter,
(Twins were never seen
Dirtier nor fatter);
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have—Here the host
Kindly interposes:
"Sure you must be frose,
With the sleet and hail, sir,
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor,
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant,
Hebe's self I thought
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a curtsey neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it:

Spilt it every drop,
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word,)
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal,
'Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was,)
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;

Now she sets the cups
  Trimly and secure;
Now she scours a pot,
  And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
  Scouring of a kettle,
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
  Redden'd on the metal!)
Ah! but 'tis in vain
  That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
  But Peggy's face is wretched.
No the best of lead,
  And of Indian rubber,
Never could depict
  That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves!
  Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
  Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
  Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never show'd
  Ankles like to Peggy's;
Braided is her hair,
  Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
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This I do declare,
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Will sing unto my lyre
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MAY-DAY ODE.

But yesterday a naked sod,
The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
And cantered o'er it to and fro;
And see 'tis done!
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod
A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass
To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,
With cattle browsing in the shade,
And here are lines of bright arcade
In order raised!
A palace as for fairy Prince,
A rare pavilion, such as man
Saw never, since mankind began
And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now,
And lo! within its shining streets
A multitude of nations meets;
A countless throng,
I see beneath the crystal bow,
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
Each with his native handiwork
And busy tongue.

And when, its force expended,
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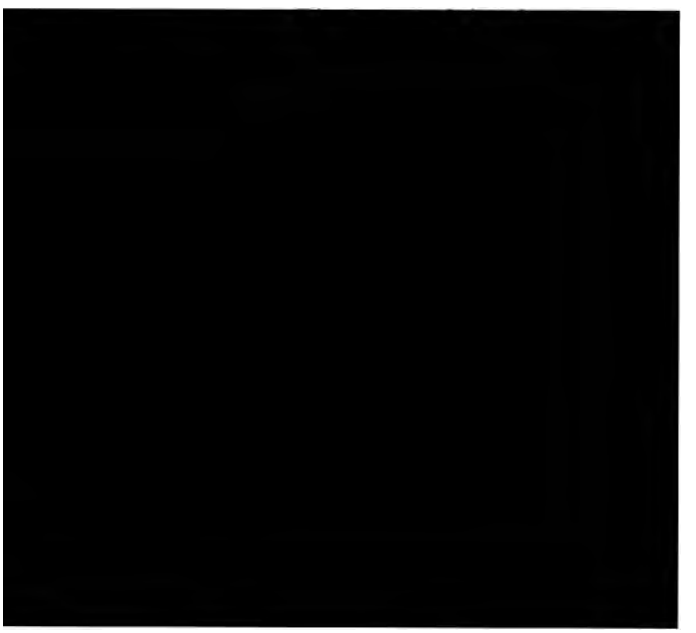

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And lo! within its shining streets
A multitude of nations meets;
A countless throng,
I see beneath the crystal bow,
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
Each with his native handiwork
And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each,
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent.
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw
"All people dwelling upon earth
Praising our God with solemn mirth
And one consent."

High sovereign, in your Royal state,
Captains, and chiefs, and councillors,
Before the lofty palace doors
Are open set;
Hush! ere you pass the shining gate;
Hush! ere the heaving curtain draws,
And let the Royal pageant pause
A moment yet

People and prince a silence keep!
Bow coronet and kingly crown,
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,
The while the priest,
Before the splendid portal stop

That sways the sceptre of this land,
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face,
She breathes amen to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores
The winds of Austral winter sweep,
And thousands lie in midnight sleep
At rest to day.
O! awful is that crown of yours,
Queen of innumerable realms,
Sitting beneath the budding elms
Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,
Strange mystery of God which set
Upon her brow yon coronet,—
The foremost crown
Of all the world, on one so fair!
That chose her to it from her birth,
And bade the sons of all the earth
To her bow down.

The representatives of man
Here from the far Antipodes,
And from the subject Indian seas
In Congress meet;
From Afric and from Hindustan,
From Western continent and isle,
The envoys of her empire pile
Gifts at her feet.

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,
Loading the gallant decks which once
Roared a defiance to our guns,
With peaceful store;

Symbol of peace, their vessel rides! *
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,
And firm their friendly anchors gripe
The father shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
As rivers from their sources gush,
The swelling floods of nations rush,
And seaward pour:
From coast to coast in friendly chain,
With countless ships we bridge the straits,
And angry ocean separates
Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile—
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
In England's ark assembled thus
Are friend and guest.
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,
And see the sumptuous banquet set,
The brotherhood of nations met
Around the feast!

Yon are the works of Brahmin loom;
On such a web of Persian thread
The desert Arab bows his head,
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil;
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war:
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,
The people hum from floor to roof,
With Babel tongue.
The fountain in the basin plays,
The chanting organ echoes clear,
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,
A wondrous song!

Swell organ, swell, your trumpet blast,
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall:
And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless Heaven is bending blue,
God's peaceful sunlight's beaming through,
And shines o'er all.

May, 1851.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,

I wonder if the house still there is?
  Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
  Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
  I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
  And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
  "How's Monsieur TERRÉ, Waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
  "Monsieur is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
  So honest TERRÉ's run his race."
"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"
  "Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

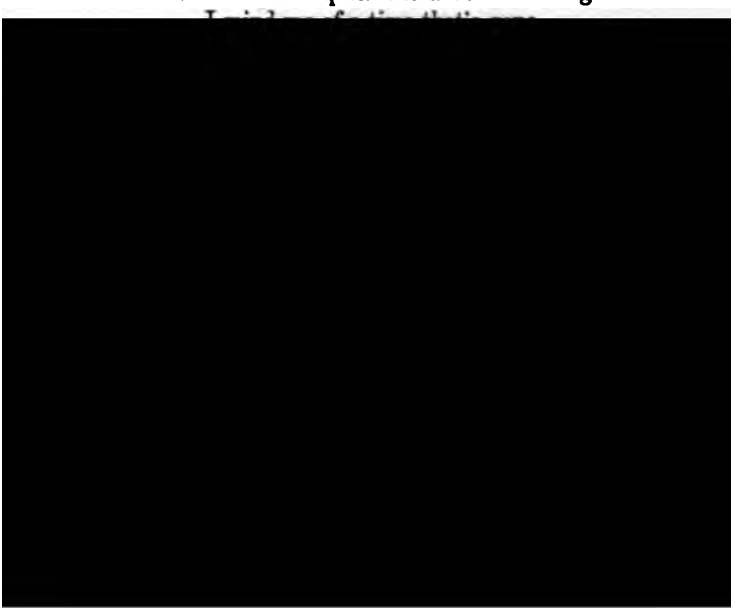
"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;
  "Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"
"Tell me a good one."—"That I can, Sir:
  The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So TERRÉ's gone," I say, and sink in
  My old accustom'd corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
  With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,
  The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is,
  This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
  I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
  I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, Waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage
There's laughing TOM is laughing yet;
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;
There's poor old FRED in the Gazette;
On JAMES'S head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!



THE MAHOGANY TREE.

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

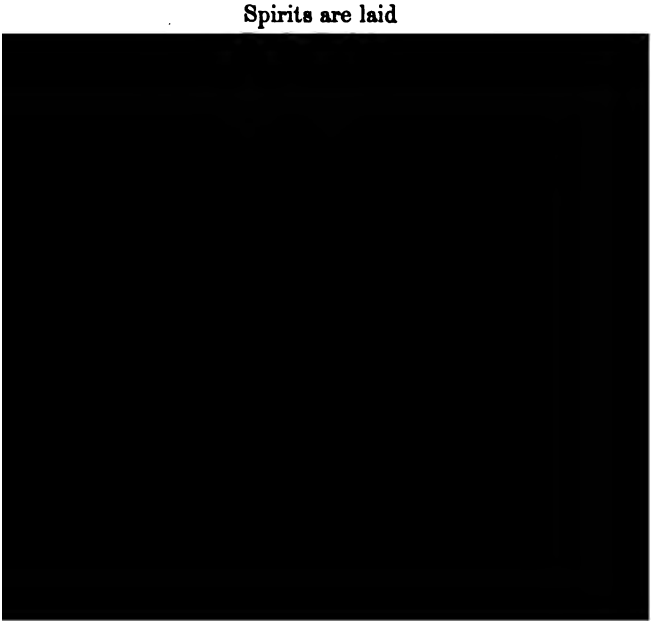
Once on the boughs,
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid



THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS.

'A surgeon of the United States army says, that on inquiring of the Captain of a company, he found that *nine-tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of a female difficulty."—*Morning Paper.*

Ye Yankee volunteers!
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
Though oft 'tis told one.
So—in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel in the New,
As in the Old one!

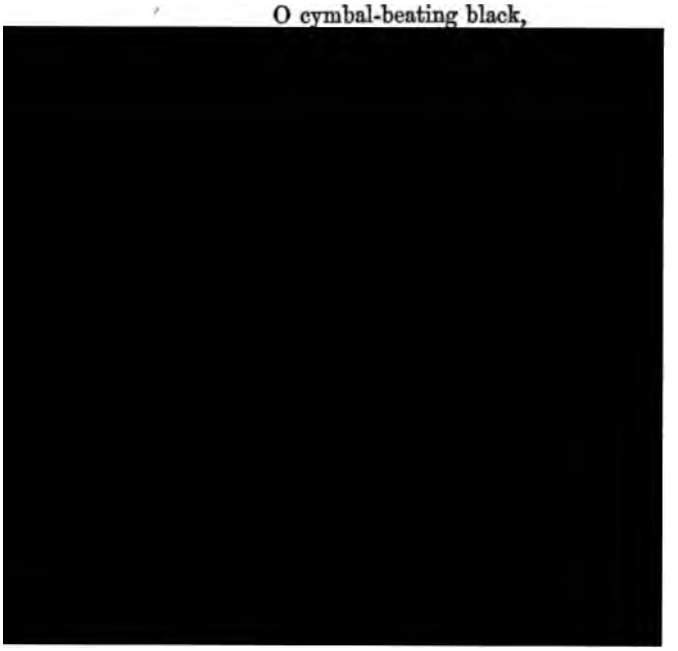
What—in this company
Of sixty sons of Mars,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,
With fife and horn,
Nine-tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
This Hope Forlorn?

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant Venus reigns,
You slipp'd her wicked chains,
Fled and out-ran her.
And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe and Star-
embroider'd banner!

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizen'd fine
And swords gold-hilted—
Yon lusty corporal,
Yon colour-man who gripes
The flag of Stars and Stripes—
Has each been jilted?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
"The pioneers and all,"
The fifer nimble—
Lieutenant and Ensign,
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal—

O cymbal-beating black,



No coralet is so proof,
But through it from her bow,
The shafts that she can throw
Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough,
But's in the struggle thrown,
And tripp'd and trodden down
By her slim ancle.

Thus, always it was ruled,
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
The sage a noodle.
Alcides was befool'd:
And silly Samson shorn,
Long, long, ere you were born,
Poor Yankee Doodle!

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

"I AM Miss Catherine's book" (the Album speaks);
"I've lain among your tomes these many weeks;
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

Quick, Pen! and write a line with a good grace;
Come! draw me off a funny little face;

PEN.

Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

* * * * *

I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

I've spoke with men of all degree and sort—
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
Oh, but I've chronicled a deal of sport!

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last—I've answer'd all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labour's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

* * * * *

Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whensoe'er we come!

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

Kind lady! till my last of lines is penn'd,
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears;
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

So be it:—joys will end and tears will dry . . . .
Album! my master bids me wish good-bye.

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

SEVENTEEN rose-buds in a ring,
Thick with sister flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears
Fresh and fair, and symbolling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

Types of youth and love and hope!
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope!
Gentle nurseling, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow!

Kindly has your life begun.
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

In tatter'd old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks,
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sate in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sate there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT.

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book
Amuses and engages:
I know them both, the boy and girl;
She is the daughter of the Earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl),
My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair!

Their lines into the brook they launch;
He lays his cloak upon a branch,
To guarantee his Lady Blanche
's delicate complexion:
He takes his rapier from his haunch,
That beardless doughty champion staunch;
He'd drill it through the rival's paunch
That question'd his affection!

O, heedless pair of sportsmen slack!
You never mark, though trout or jack,
Or little foolish tickleback,
Your baited snares may capture.
What care has *she* for line and hook?
She turns her back upon the brook,
Upon her lover's eyes to look
In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair! as thus I gaze
Upon the girl who smiles always,
The little hand that ever plays
Upon the lover's shoulder;
In looking at your pretty shapes,
A sort of envious wish escapes
(Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)
The Poet your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two;
With nothing else on earth to do,
But all day long to bill and coo;
It were a pleasant calling.
And had I such a partner sweet;
A tender heart for mine to beat,
A gentle hand my clasp to meet;—
I'd let the world flow at my feet,
And never heed its brawling.

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle
Assise auprès du feu devisant et filant
Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant,
Ronsard m'a célébré du temps que j'étois belle."

Some winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair
And yet she spurn'd her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair;
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time
Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth!

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming:
They've hush'd the Minster bell:

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through Heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the Barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?

[redacted]

THE LAST OF MAY.

(IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION DATED ON THE 1ST.)

By fate's benevolent award,
Should I survive the day,
I'll drink a bumper with my lord
Upon the last of May.

That I may reach that happy time
The kindly gods I pray,
For are not ducks and peas in prime
Upon the last of May?

At thirty boards, 'twixt now and then,
My knife and fork shall play,
But better wine and better men
I shall not meet in May.

And though, good friend, with whom I dine,
Your honest head is grey;
And, like this grizzled head of mine,
Has seen its last of May;

Yet, with a heart that's ever kind,
A gentle spirit gay,
You've spring perennial in your mind,
And round you make a May!

LOVE-SONGS MADE EASY.

WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW

THE MAY-FAIR LOVE SONG.

Winter and summer, night and morn,
I languish at this table dark;
My office window has a corn-
er looks into St. James's Park.
I hear the foot-guards' bugle horn,
Their tramp upon parade I mark;
I am a gentleman forlorn,
I am a Foreign-Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, grown one

I know my chief's distrust and hate;
He says I'm lazy, and I shirk.
Ah! had I genius like the late
Right Honourable Edmund Burke!
My chance of all promotion's gone,
I know it is,—he hates me so.
What is it makes my blood to run,
And all my heart to swell and glow?

Why, why is all so bright and gay?
There is no change, there is no cause;
My office-time I found to-day
Disgusting as it ever was.
At three, I went and tried the clubs,
And yawned and saunter'd to and fro;
And now my heart jumps up and throbs
And all my soul is in a glow.

At half-past four I had the cab;
I drove as hard as I could go.
The London sky was dirty drab,
And dirty brown the London snow.
And as I rattled in a cant-
er down by dear, old Bolton Row,
A something made my heart to pant,
And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find
Old Jawkins pleasant at the club?
Why was it that I laughed and grinned
At whist, although I lost the rub?
What was it made me drink like mad
Thirteen small glasses of Curaçoo?
That made my inmost heart so glad,
And every fibre thrill and glow?

She's home again! she's home, she's home
  Away all cares and griefs and pain;
I knew she would—she's back from Rome;
  She's home again! she's home again!
"The family's gone abroad," they said,
  September last—they told me so;
Since then my lonely heart is dead,
  My blood, I think's forgot to flow.

She's home again! away all care!
  O fairest form the world can show!
O beaming eyes! O golden hair!
  O tender voice, that breathes so low!
O gentlest, softest, purest heart!
  O joy, O hope!—"My tiger, ho!"
Fitz-Clarence said; we saw him start—
  He galloped down to Bolton Row.

I saw her face reflected in the well;
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I look to see her image in the well;
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.
My mother is alone among the rocks.

THE MERRY BARD.

ZULEIKAH! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly grey. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

THE CAÏQUE.

YONDER to the kiosk, beside the creek,
Paddle the swift caïque.
Thou brawny oarsman with the sun-burnt cheek,
Quick! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak.

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,
Swift bending to your oars.
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,
Hark! what a ravishing note the love-lorn Bulbul pours.

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,
The stars themselves more bright,
As mid the waving branches out of sight
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
"How comes," I said, "such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill."

"Once I was dumb," then did the Bird disclose,
But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

"O bird of song, there's one in this caïque
The Rose would also seek,

FOUR GERMAN DITTIES.

A TRAGIC STORY.

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

"——'s war Einer, dem's zu Herzen gieng."

There lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "the mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

THE CHAPLET.

FROM UHLAND.

"Es pflückte Blümlein manigfalt."

A LITTLE girl through field and wood
Went plucking flowrets here and there,
When suddenly beside her stood
A lady wondrous fair!

The lovely lady smiled, and laid
A wreath upon the maiden's brow;
"Wear it, 'twill blossom soon," she said,
"[redacted] now."

But when her love lay cold in death,
Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore;
She wore it at her dying hour;
When, lo! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf, and fruit, and flower!

THE KING ON THE TOWER.

UHLAND.

"Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen."

The cold gray hills they bind me around,
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,
But the winds as they pass o'er all this ground,
Bring me never a sound of wo!

Oh! for all I have suffered and striven,
Care has embittered my cup and my feast;
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies!
I turn towards you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is gray and my sight nigh gone;
My sword it rusteth upon the wall;
Right have I spoken, and right have I done:
When shall I rest me once for all?

O blessed rest! O royal night!
Wherefore seemeth the time so long
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
And list to their loudest song?

TO A VERY OLD WOMAN.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

"Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt' im Haare."

And thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care—
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;

[redacted]

IMITATION OF HORACE.

TO HIS SERVING BOY.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ
Philyrâ coronæ:
Mitte sectari
Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
Nihil allabores
Sedulus cura:
Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arctâ
Vite bibentem.

AD MINISTRAM.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.

No footman in lace and in ruffles
  Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
  Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
  I pr'ythee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
  And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
  'Twil' amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
  And tipple my ale in the shade.

[redacted]

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.*

THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON.

UNTRUE to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,
My faith then I plighted, my love I confess'd,
As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your crest!

---

* WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

"Your Molly has never been false she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I said that I would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco-box marked with my name.
When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trowsers I washed, and his grog too I made.

'Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trowsers I'll wash and your grog too I'll make."

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
Was there ever a smile save with THEE at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your BANNER and broider your crest.

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-melée.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my b[illegible]
As I thought of that BATTLE-AXE, ah! and that crest!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!
There's a FESTIVAL HOUR for my Ulric and me;
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his BANNER and broider his crest.

You were busy with dogs and with horses.
  Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
  And the smartest black satin cravat!

At night with that vile Lady Frances
  (*Je faisois moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
  And never once thought of poor me!
Mon pauvre petit cœur! what a shiver
  I felt as she danced the last set,
And you gave, oh, mon Dieu! to revive her
  My beautiful *vinegarette!*

Return, love! away with coquetting;
  This flirting disgraces a man!
And ah! all the while you're forgetting
  The heart of your poor little Fan!
Reviens! break away from those Circes,
  Reviens, for a nice little chat;
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
  And a lovely black satin cravat!

THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA OF KIOFF.

AN EPIC POEM, IN TWENTY BOOKS.

I.

The Poet describes the city and spelling of Kiow, Kioff, or Kiova.

A THOUSAND years ago, or more,
A city filled with burghers stout,
And girt with ramparts round about,
Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore.
In armour bright, by day and night,
The sentries they paced to and fro.
Well guarded and walled was this town, and called

a church with clocks for the orthodox—
ı clocks and with spires, as religion desires;
beadles to whip the bad little boys
' their poor little corduroys,
rvice-time, when they *didn't* make a noise;
a chapter and dean, and a cathedral-green
ı ancient trees, underneath whose shades
dered nice young nursery-maids.
-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding-a-ring-ding,
bells they made a merry, merry ring,
ı the tall tall steeple; and all the people
ept the Jews) came and filled the pews—
Poles, Russians and Germans,
To hear the sermons
ch HYACINTH preached to those Germans and Poles,
For the safety of their souls.

The poet shows how a certain priest dwelt at Kioff, a godly clergyman, and one that preached rare good sermons.

III.

rthy priest he was and a stout—
ou've seldom looked on such a one;
though he fasted thrice in a week,
nevertheless his skin was sleek;
waist it spanned two yards about
ıd he weighed a score of stone.

How this priest was short, and fat of body;

IV.

rthy priest for fasting and prayer
ıd mortification most deserving,
as for preaching beyond compare;
exert his powers for three or four hours,
ı greater pith than Sidney Smith
' the Reverend Edward Irving.

And like unto the author of "Plymley's Letters."

V.

ras the prior of Saint Sophia
ockney rhyme, but no better I know)—

Of what convent he was prior, and when the

convent was built.

Of St. Sophia, that Church in Kiow,
Built by missionaries I can't tell when;
Who by their discussions converted the Russia
And made them Christian men.

VI.

Of Saint Sophia, of Kioff; and how her statue miraculously travelled thither.

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)
With special favor did regard this house;
And to uphold her converts' new devotion,
Her statue needing but her legs for *her* ship)
Walks of itself across the German ocean;
And of a sudden perches
In this the best of churches,
Whither all Kiovites come and pay it gra
worship.

VII.

And how Kioff should have been a happy city; but that

Thus with her patron-saints and pious preache
Recorded here in catalogue precise,
A goodly city, worthy magistrates,
You would have thought in all the Russian st

Down they came these ruthless Russians,
From their steppes, and woods, and fens,
For to levy contributions
On the peaceful citizens.

Murdering the citizens.

Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn,
Down they came to peaceful Kioff,
Killed the burghers when they caught 'em,
If their lives they would not buy off.

Till the city, quite confounded
By the ravages they made,
Humbly with their chief compounded,
And a yearly tribute paid;

until they agreed to pay a tribute yearly.

Which (because their courage lax was)
They discharged while they were able:
Tolerated thus the tax was,
Till it grew intolerable.

How they paid the tribute, and then suddenly refused it,

And the Calmuc envoy sent,
As before, to take their dues all,
Got, to his astonishment,
A unanimous refusal!

To the wonder of the Cossack envoy.

"Men of Kioff!" thus courageous
Did the stout lord-mayor harangue them,
"Wherefore pay these sneaking wages
To the hectoring Russians? hang them!

Of a mighty gallant speech

"Hark! I hear the awful cry of
Our forefathers in their graves;
'Fight, ye citizens of Kioff!
Kioff was not made for slaves.'

That the lord-mayor made,

"All too long have ye betrayed her;
Rouse ye men and aldermen,
Send the insolent invader—
Send him starving back again;"

Exhorting the burghers to pay no longer.

IX.

Of their thanks and heroic resolves.

He spoke and he sat down; the people of the town,
Who were fired with a brave emulation,
Now rose with one accord, and voted thanks unto the lord-
Mayor for his oration:

They dismiss the envoy, and set about drilling.

The envoy they dismissed, never placing in his fist
So much as a single shilling;
And all with courage fired, as his lordship he desired,
At once set about their drilling.

Of the City guard; viz., militia, dragoons, and bombardiers, and their commanders.

Then every city ward established a guard,
Diurnal and nocturnal:
Militia volunteers, light dragoons, and bombardiers,
With an alderman for colonel.

There was muster and roll-calls, and repairing city walls,

The pretty ladies' maids were pinning of cockades,
And tying on of sashes;
And dropping gentle tears, while their lovers bluster'd fierce,
About gun-shot and gashes;

Of the ladies:

The ladies took the hint, and all day were scraping lint
As became their softer genders;
And got bandages and beds for the limbs and for the heads
Of the city's brave defenders.

The men, both young and old, felt resolute and bold,
And panted hot for glory;
Even the tailors 'gan to brag, and embroidered on their flag,
"AUT WINCERE AUT MORI."

And, finally, of the taylors.

X.

Seeing the city's resolute condition,
The Cossack chief, too cunning to despise it,
Said to himself, "Not having ammunition
Wherewith to batter the place in proper form,
Some of these nights I'll carry it by storm,
And sudden escalade it or surprise it.

Of the Cossack chief,—his stratagem;

"Let's see, however, if the cits stand firmish."
He rode up to the city-gates; for answers,
Out rushed an eager troop of the town *élite*,
And straightway did begin a gallant skirmish:
The Cossack hereupon did sound retreat,
Leaving the victory with the city lancers.

And the burghers' sillie victoria.

They took two prisoners and as many horses,
And the whole town grew quickly so elate
With this small victory of their virgin forces,

What prisoners they took,

That they did deem their privates and commanders
So many Cæsars, Pompeys, Alexanders,
Napoleons, or Fredericks the Great.

And how conceited they were.

And puffing with inordinate conceit
They utterly despised these Cossack thieves;
And thought the ruffians easier to beat
Than porters carpets think, or ushers boys.
Meanwhile, a sly spectator of their joys,
The Cossack captain giggled in his sleeves.

Of the Cossack chief,—his orders;

"Whene'er you meet yon stupid city hogs
(He bade his troops precise this order keep),
"Don't stand a moment—run away, you dogs!"
'Twas done; and when they met the town battalions,
The Cossacks, as if frightened at their valiance,
Turned tail, and bolted like so many sheep.

And how he feigned a retreat.

They fled, obedient to their captain's order:
And now this bloodless siege a month had lasted,
When, viewing the country round, the city warder
(Who, like a faithful weathercock, did perch

The Cossacks (something had given their courage a damper)
Hastened their flight, and 'gan like mad to scamper:
Blessed be all the saints, Kiova town was free!

XL.

Now, puffed with pride, the mayor grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
'Tis true he might amuse himself thus,
And not be very murderous;
For as of those who to death were done
The number was exactly *none*,
His lordship, in his soul's elation
Did take a bloodless recreation—
Going home again, he did ordain
A very splendid cold collation
For the magistrates and the corporation;
Likewise a grand illumination,
For the amusement of the nation.
That night the theatres were free,
The conduits they ran Malvoisie;
Each house that night did beam with light
And sound with mirth and jollity:
But shame, O shame! not a soul in the town,
Now the city was safe and the Cossacks flown,
Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose care
The town had been rid of these terrible Turks—
Said even a prayer to that patroness fair,
For these her wondrous works!
Lord Hyacinth waited, the meekest of priors—
He waited at church with the rest of his friars;
He went there at noon and he waited till ten,
Expecting in vain the lord-mayor and his men.

The manner of the cities rejoycings,

And its impiety.

How the priest, Hyacinth waited at church, and nobody came thither.

He waited and waited from mid-day to dark;
But in vain—you might search through the whole of the church,
Not a layman, alas! to the city's disgrace,
From mid-day to dark showed his nose in the place.
The pew-woman, organist, beadle, and clerk,
Kept away from their work, and were dancing like mad
Away in the streets with the other mad people,
Not thinking to pray, but to guzzle and tipple
Wherever the drink might be had.

XII.

How he went forth to bid them to prayer.

Amidst this din and revelry throughout the city roaring,
The silver morn rose silently, and high in heaven soaring;

he pages came with cup and can, all for the guests allotted;
h, how they jeered that good fat man as up the stairs he trotted!

e entered in the ante-rooms where sat the mayor's court in;
e found a pack of drunken grooms a-dicing and a-sporting;
he horrid wine and 'bacco fumes, they set the prior a-snorting!
he prior thought he'd speak about their sins before he went hence,
nd lustily began to shout of sin and of repentance;
he rogues, they kicked the prior out before he'd done a sentence!

nd having got no portion small of buffeting and tussling,
t last he reached the banquet-hall, where sat the mayor a-guzzling,
nd by his side his lady tall dressed out in white sprig muslin.
round the table in a ring the guests were drinking heavy;
ey drunk the church, and drunk the king, and the army and the navy;
fact they'd toasted every thing. The prior said "God save ye!"

And the mayor, mayoress, and aldermen, being tipsie, refused to go to church.

e mayor cried, "Bring a silver cup—there's one upon the beaufét;
nd, prior, have the venison up—it's capital *re-chauffé*.
nd so, Sir Priest, you've come to sup? And pray you, how's Saint Sophy?"
e prior's face quite red was grown, with horror and with anger;

He flung the proffered goblet down—it made a hideous clangor;
And 'gan a-preaching with a frown—he was a fierce haranguer.

He tried the mayor and aldermen—they all set up a-jeering:
He tried the common-councilmen—they too began a-sneering:
He turned towards the may'ress then, and hoped to get a hearing.
He knelt and seized her dinner-dress, made of the muslin snowy,
"To church, to church, my sweet mistress!" he cried; "the way I'll show ye."
Alas, the lady-mayoress fell back as drunk as Chloe!

XIII.

How the prior went back alone,

Out from this dissolute and drunken court
Went the good prior, his eyes with weeping dim:
He tried the people of a meaner sort—
They too, alas, were bent upon their sport,
And not a single soul would follow him!
But all were swigging schnaps and guzzling beer.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The [illegible] well [illegible]
The poor [illegible] homes.
And [illegible]
They [illegible] passed.
The [illegible] walls [illegible] black and dim and vast,
And rendered [illegible] melancholy tones.

Onward the friars sped till reaching night a
Small iron gate, the which they entered quick at;
They locked and double-locked the inner wicket
And stood within the chapel of Sophia.
Vain were it to describe this sainted place,
Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,
The venerable statue of Saint Sophy,
Which formed its chiefest ornament and grace.

Here the good prior, his personal griefs and sorrows
In his extreme devotion quickly merging,
At once began to pray with voice sonorous;
The other friars joined in pious chorus,
And passed the night in singing, praying, scourging,
In honour of Sophia, that sweet virgin.

XIV.

Leaving thus the pious priest in
Humble penitence and prayer,
And the greedy cits a-feasting,
Let us to the walls repair.

[illegible]

The episode of [illegible] and Kat[illegible]

Walking by the sentry-boxes,
  Underneath the silver moon,
Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his—
  Boldly cocks his musketoon.

Sneezoff was his designation,
  Fair-haired boy, for ever pitied;
For to take his cruel station,
  He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in
  Tender love's delicious plenties;
She a damsel of the kitchen,
  He a haberdasher's 'prentice.

'Tinka, maiden, tender-hearted
  Was dissolved in tearful fits,
On that fatal night she parted
  From her darling, fair-haired Fritz.

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in
  Comforter and muffetee;
Called him "general" and "captain,"

He the bland canaster puffing,
As upon his round he paces,
Sudden sees a ragamuffin
Clambering swiftly up the glacis.

"Who goes there?" exclaims the sentry;
"When the sun has once gone down
No one ever makes an entry
Into this here fortified town!"

How the sentrie Sneezoff was surprised and slayn.

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezoff;
But, ere any one replied,
Wretched youth! he fired his piece off,
Started, staggered, groaned, and died!

XV.

How the Cossacks rushed in suddenly and took the citie.

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry, "Who goes there?"
But echo was frightened too much to declare.
Who goes there? who goes there? Can any one swear
To the number of sands *sur les bords de la mer*,
Or the whiskers of D'Orsay Count down to a hair?
As well might you tell of the sands the amount,
Or number each hair in each curl of the Count,
As ever proclaim the number and name
Of the hundreds and thousands that up the wall came!
Down, down the knaves poured with fire and with sword:
There were thieves from the Danube and rogues from the Don;

Of the Cossack troops.

There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting Cossacks;
Of all nations and regions, and tongues and religions—
Jew, Christian, Idolater, Frank, Mussulman:

And of their manner of burning, murdering, and ravishing.

Ah, a horrible sight was Kioff that night!
The gates were all taken—no chance e'en of flight;
And with torch and with axe the bloody Cossacks
Went hither and thither a-hunting in packs:
They slashed and they slew both Christian and Jew—
Women and children, they slaughtered them too.
Some, saving their throats, plunged into the moats,
Or the river—but, oh, they had burned all the boats!

* * * * *

How they burned the whole citie down, save the church,

But here let us pause—for I can't pursue further
This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and murther.
Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed!
His plan of attack was successful indeed!
The night was his own—the town it was gone;
'Twas a heap still a-burning of timber and stone.
One building alone had escaped from the fires,

Whereof the bells began to ring.

Saint Sophy's fair church, with its steeples and spires.
Calm, stately, and white,

n me yon church, and murder all within!"
he Cossacks thundered at the outer door;
l Father Hyacinth, who heard the din
d thought himself and brethren in distress,
erted by their lady patroness)
id to her statue turn, and thus his woes out-
pour.

How they stormed it; and of Hyacinth, his anger thereat.

XVII.

nd is it thus, O falsest of the saints,
Thou hearest our complaints?
l me, did ever my attachment falter
To serve thy altar?
s not thy name, ere ever I did sleep,
The last upon my lip?
s not thy name the very first that broke
From me when I awoke?
re I not tried with fasting, flogging, penance,
And mortified countenance
to find favor, Sophy, in thy sight?
And lo! this night,
getful of my prayers, and thine own promise,
Thou turnest from us;
test the heathen enter in our city,
And, without pity,
rder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,
Burn down their houses!
uch a breach of faith to be endured?
See what a lurid
ht from the insolent invader's torches
Shines on your porches!
n now, with thundering battering-ram and
ammer
And hideous clamour;
th axemen, swordsmen, pikemen, billmen, bow-
men,
The conquering foemen,

His prayer to the Saint Sophia.

O Sophy! beat your gate about your ears,
Alas! and here's
A humble company of pious men,
Like muttons in a pen,
Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies be thrusted,
Because in you they trusted.
Do you not know the Calmuc chief's desires—
KILL ALL THE FRIARS!
And you of all the saints most false and fickle,
Leave us in this abominable pickle.

The statue suddenlie speaks;

"RASH HYACINTHUS!"
(Here, to the astonishment of all her backers,
Saint Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws,
Like to a pair of German walnut-crackers,
Began) "I did not think that you had been thus,—
O monk of little faith! Is it because
A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen
Besiege our town, that you distrust in *me*, then?
Think'st thou that I, who in a former day
Did walk across the Sea of Marmora

With pike and with axe
In rushed the Cossacks,—
In rushed the Cossacks, crying, "MURDER THE FRIARS!"

Ah! what a thrill felt Hyacinth, — Of Hyacinth, his outrageous address.
When he heard that villanous shout Calmuc!
Now, thought he, my trial beginneth;
Saints, O give me courage and pluck!
"Courage, boys, 'tis useless to funk!"
Thus unto the friars he began,
"Never let it be said that a monk
Is not likewise a gentleman.
Though the patron saint of the church,
Spite of all that we've done and we've pray'd,
Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch,
Hang it, gentlemen, who's afraid?"

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke, — And preparation for dying.
He with an air as easy and as free as
If the quick-coming murder were a joke,
Folded his robes around his sides, and took
Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak,
Like Cæsar at the statue of Pompeius.
The monks no leisure had about to look
(Each being absorbed in his particular case),
Else had they seen with what celestial grace,
A wooden smile stole o'er the saint's mahogany face.

"Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my son!" — Saint Sophia, her speech.
Thus spoke the sainted statue.
"Though you doubted me in the hour of need,
And spoke of me very rude indeed,
You deserve good luck for showing such pluck,
And I wont be angry at you."

The monks by-standing, one and all, — She gets on the prior's shoulder straddleback.
Of this wondrous scene beholders,

To this kind promise listened content,
And couldn't contain their astonishment,
When Saint Sophia moved and went
Down from her wooden pedestal,
And twisted her legs, sure as eggs is eggs,
Round Hyacinthus's shoulders!

And bids him run.

"Ho! forwards," cries Sophy, "there's no time for waiting,
The Cossacks are breaking the very last gate in:
See the glare of their torches shines red through the grating;
We've still the back door, and two minutes or more.
Now, boys, now or never, we must make for the river,
For we only are safe on the opposite shore.
Run swiftly to-day, lads, if ever you ran,—
Put out your best leg, Hyacinthus, my man:
And I 'll lay five to two that you carry us through,
Only scamper as fast as you can."

XVIII

The vestments they burned with their blasphemous fires,
And many cried "Curse on them! where are the friars?"
When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for more,
One chanced to fling open the little back door,
Spied out the friars' white robes and long shadows
In the moon, scampering over the meadows,
And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of their arsons,
By crying out lustily, "THERE GO THE PARSONS!" And the Tartars after him.
With a whoop and a yell, and a scream and a shout,
At once the whole murderous body turned out;
And swift as the hawk pounces down on the pigeon,
Pursued the poor short-winded men of religion.

When the sound of that cheering came to the monks' hearing, How the friars sweated,
O Heaven! how the poor fellows panted and blew!
At fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to running,
When the Tartars came up, what the deuce should they do?
"They'll make us all martyrs, those blood-thirsty Tartars!"
Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh.
The shouts they came clearer, the foe they drew nearer;
Oh, how the bolts whistled, and how the lights shone!
"I cannot get further, this running is murther;
Come carry me, some one!" cried big Father John.
And even the statue grew frightened, "Od rat you!"
It cried, "Mr. Prior, I wish you'd get on!"
On tugged the good friar, but nigher and nigher

Appeared the fierce Russians, with sword and with fire.
On tugged the good prior at Saint Sophy's desire,—
A scramble through bramble, through mud, and through mire.
The swift arrows' whizziness causing a dizziness,
Nigh done his business, fit to expire.
Father Hyacinth tugged, and the monks they tugged after:
The foemen pursued with a horrible laughter.
And hurl'd their long spears round the poor brethren's ears,
So true, that next day in the coats of each priest,
Though never a wound was given, there were found
A dozen arrows at least.

And the pursuers fixed arrows into their tayls.

Now the chace seemed at its worst,
Prior and monks were fit to burst;
Scarce you knew the which was first,
Or pursuers or pursued;
When the statue, by Heaven's grace,
Suddenly did change the face
Of this interesting race.

How, at the last gasp.

XIX.

And when the Russians, in a fiery rank,
  Panting and fierce, drew up along the shore;
  (For here the vain pursuing they forbore,
Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank),
Then, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,
  A sight they witnessed never seen before,
And which, with its accompaniments glorious,
Is writ i' the golden book, or *liber aureus*.

And how the Russians saw

Plump in the Dnieper flounced the friar and friends,—
  They dangling round his neck, he fit to choke,
  When suddenly his most miraculous cloak
Over the billowy waves itself extends.
Down from his shoulders quietly descends
  The venerable Sophy's statue of oak;
Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,
Bids all the brethren follow its example!

The statue get off Hyacinth his back, and sit down with the friars on Hyacinth his cloak.

Each at her bidding sat, and sat at ease;
  The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,
  And (waving to the foe a salutation)
Sail'd with her wondering happy protégés
Gaily adown the wide Borysthenes,
  Until they came unto some friendly nation.
And when the heathen had at length grown shy of
Their conquest, she one day came back again to
  Kioff.

How in this manner of boat they sayled away.

XX.

THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE'RE LAUGHING AT YOU;
YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW, AND SEE THE STATUE!

Finis, or the end.

TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE.

LILLE, *Sept.* 2, 1843.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

I.

WITH twenty pounds but three weeks since
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,
I thought myself as rich a prince

I straightway call'd for ink and pen,
To grandmamma I made appeal;
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma,
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel)
But where I went, and what I saw,
What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

II.

To stealing I can never come,
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,
Besides, I left my watch at home,
How could I pawn it, then, at Lille?

"*La note*," at times the guests will say,
I turn as white as cold boil'd veal;
I turn and look another way,
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,
"Good sir, I cannot pay your bill;"
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face
I blush as red as cochineal;
And think did he but know my case,
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille!

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

III.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,
I perspirate from head to heel;
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise,
How can I, without cash at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot
By cafés where in beer they deal;
I think how pleasant were a pot,
A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
  How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
  A stranger in the town of Lille.

IV.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
  And at a Popish altar kneel?
O do not leave me in the lurch,—
  I'll cry ye patron-saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,
  Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,
Look kindly down! before you stoops
  The miserablest man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe
  A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real),
It smiled, and turn'd to grandmamma!—
  It did! and I had hope in Lille!

'Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,
  Although I could not pay, my meal:
I hasten back into the street
  Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand,—
  A letter with a well-known seal?
'Tis grandmamma's! I know her hand,—
  "To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,
  I pant and stagger, faint and reel!
It is—it is—a ten-pound note,
  And I'm no more in pawn at Lille!

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to the bosom of his happy family.]

LYRA HIBERNICA.

THE POEMS OF THE MOLONY OF KILBALLYMOLONY.

THE PIMLICO PAVILION.

Ye pathrons of janius, Minerva, and Vanius,
  Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,
Descind from your station and make observation
  Of the Prince's pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden by jakurs, is forty poor acres,
  (The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know;)
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,

You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,
A hill so tremindous, it tops the top-windows
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you've ascinded that precipice splindid
You see on its summit a wondtherful show—
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,
The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert, of Flandthers, that Prince of Commandthers,
(On whom my best blessings hereby I bestow,)
With goold and vermilion has decked that Pavilion,
Where the Queen may take tay in her sweet Pimlico.

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on,
And pictures beneath them that's shaped like a bow;
I was greatly astounded to think that that Roundhead
Should find an admission to famed Pimlico.

O lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O,
And while round the chamber astonished I go;
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces,
Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney, (a good one to limn he,)
And a vargin he paints with a sarpent below;
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and other enchanthers,
Is painted by Landseer in sweet Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it;
O'er Claude or Poussang sure 'tis he that may crow:
But Sir Ross's best faiture is small mini-áture—
He shouldn't paint frescoes in famed Pimlico.

There's Leslie and Uwins has rather small doings;
There's Dice, as brave masther as England can show
And the flowers and the sthrawberries, sure he no dauber is,
That painted the panels of famed Pimlico

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there's got,
Sure the marble's as natural as thrue Scaglio;
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,
And ait butther'd muffins in sweet Pimlico.

There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,
Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo;
Wid de piece by young Townsend, (for janius abounds in't;)
And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of rever'nce,
But some I won't mintion is rather so so;
For sweet philoso'phy, or crumpets and coffee,
O where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico?

O to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young Cicero;
So heavenly Goddess d'ye, pardon my modesty,
And silence my lyre! about sweet Pimlico.

[redacted]

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

With ganial foire
Thransfuse me loyre,
Ye sacred nympths of Pindus,
The whoile I sing
That wondthrous thing,
The Palace made o' windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,
Thou wondthrous youth,
What sthroke of art celistial,
What power was lint
You to invint
This combinection cristial.

O would before
That Thomas Moore,
Likewoise the late Lord Boyron.
Thim aigles sthrong
Of godlike song,
Cast oi on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,
And glittering halls,
Thim rising slendther columns,

Which I, poor pote,
Could not denote,
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words
Is like the bird's
That roosts beneath the panes there
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright tiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and Europian;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace!)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Misther
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And look'd the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints
And window paints,
By Maydiayval Pugin;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There's water-gods with urrns;
There's organs three,
To play, d'ye see,
"God save the Queen," by turrns.

There's Statues bright
Of marble white,
Of silver, and of copper;

And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's staym Ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs;
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And ilegant wheel-barrows.

For thim genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge 'em;
There's Droskys snug

Look, here's a fan
From far Japan,
A sabre from Damasco:
There's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay;
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite imminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There's coffins fill'd with roses;
There's canvass tints,
Teeth insthrumints,
And shuits of clothes by Mosrs.

There's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May time to Novimber!

Ah, Judy thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it!

And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.

1851.

MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O Tim, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers repoort?
They're goan to recal the Liftinant,
And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,

Dear Mitchell exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilids you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen—she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In sthrains,
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin,
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divvle a yard will she get;
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs.

When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
Becase there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.
But now that the quality's goin,
I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The devil a bite or a dthrop,
Or chop,
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,
And Corry, the bould Connellan,

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news,
Bedad I cannot pass it o'er:
I'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate
At which I worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse, dispoised expinse,
To fête these black Achilleses.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls.
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.

And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was,
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was.

At ten before the ball-room door,
His moighty Excellency was,
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the door-way followed him;
And O the noise, of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair,* stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
The welcome of his Company.
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys, you saw there, was;
And, fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On Gineral Jung Bahawther, was!

Just think of Tim, and fancy him,
  Amidst the hoigh gentilitee!
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese
  Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonised, with much surprise,
  Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
  And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
  Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first,
  When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
  That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall, and his ladies all,
  And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife;
  I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
  And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
  And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,
  And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
  Behind the windies, coorting there.
O, there's one I know, bedad would show
  As beautiful as any there,
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
  And shake a fut with Fanny there!

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance

This valliant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor;
And to welcome his returrn
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword:
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls,
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;

And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake,
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged:
Tim Doolan's doors and windies, down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies, and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage stalks, and wooden legs

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore;"
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rush'd upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.

THE WOFLE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY AND MARY BROWN.

An igstrawnary tail I vill tell you this veek—
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak,
Vere Mrs. Jane Roney, a vidow, I see,

No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key—
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs. Roney's best linning gownds, petticoats, and close,
Her children's little coats and things, her boots, and her hose,
She packed them, and she stole 'em, and avay vith them did flee.
Mrs. Roney's situation—you may think vat it vould be!

Of Mary, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,
Mrs. Roney heard nothink for a long year and a day.
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see?
But this Mary, as had acted so ungrateful to she.

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man,
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand in hand;
And the Church bells was a ringing for Mary and he,
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. Roney, and faces Mary Brown,
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.
She calls a jolly pleaseman, it happens to be me;
I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman, says she.

Mrs. Roney, o, Mrs. Roney, o, do let me go,
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,
But the marriage bell is a ringin, and the ring you may see,
And this young man is a-waitin, says Mary, says she.

I don't care three fardens for the parson and clark,
And the bell may keep ringin from noon day to dark.
Mary Brown, Mary Brown, you must come along with me,
And I think this young man is lucky to be free.

So, in spite of the tears which bejew'd Mary's cheek,
I took that young gurl to A'Beckett the Beak;
That exlent Justice demanded her plea—
But never a sullable said Mary said she.

On account of her conduck so base and so vile,
That wicked young gurl is committed for trile,
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,
It's a proper reward for such willians as she.

Now you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who veep,
From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday veek,
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the Beak.

THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

My name is Pleaceman X;
Last night I was in bed,
A dream did me perplex,
Which came into my Edd.
I dreamed I sor three Waits
A playing of their tune,
At Pimlico Palace gates,

"But Febuwerry came,
And brought a rabble rout,
And me and my good dame
And children did turn out,
And us, in spite of all our right,
Sent to the right about.

"I left my native ground,
I left my kin and kith,
I left my royal crownd,
Vich I couldn't travel vith,
And without a pound came to English ground,
In the name of Mr. Smith.

"Like any anchorite
I've lived since I came here,
I've kep myself quite quite,
I've drank the small small beer,
And the vater, you see, disagrees vith me
And all my famly dear.

"O, Tweeleries so dear,
O, darling Pally Royl,
Vas it to finish here
That I did trouble and toyl?
That all my plans should break in my ands,
And should on me recoil?

"My state I fenced about
Vith baynicks and with guns;
My gals I portioned hout,
Rich vives I got my sons;
O, varn't it crule to lose my rule,
My money and lands at once?

"And so, vith arp and woice,
Both troubled and shagreened,
I bid you to rejoice
O glorious England's Queend!
And never have to veep, like pore Louis-Phileep,
Because you out are cleaned.

"O, Prins, so brave and stout,
I stand before your gate;
Pray send a trifle hout
To me, your pore old Vait;
For nothink could be vuss than it's been along vith us,
In this year Forty-eight."

"Ven this bad year began,"
The nex man said, saysee,
"I vas a Journeyman,
A taylor black and free,
And my wife went out and chaired about,
And my name's the bold Cuffee.

"Three 'undred thousand snobs
Came out to stop the vay,
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,
Or else we'd gained the day.
The harmy quite kept out of sight,
And so ve vent avay.

"Next day the Pleacemen came—
Rewenge it was their plann—
And from my good old dame
They took her tailor-manu:
And the hard hard beak did me bespeak
To Newgit in the Wann.

"In that etrocious Cort
The Jewry did agree;
The Judge did me transport,
To go beyond the sea:
And so for life, from his dear wife
They took poor old Cuffee.

"O Halbert, Appy Prince!
With children round your knees,
Ingraving ansum Prints,
And takin hoff your hease;
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the solt solt seas!

"Although I'm hold and black,
My hanguish is most great;
Great Prince, O call me back,
And I vill be your Vait!
And never no more vill break the Lor,
As I did in 'Forty-eight."

The tailer thus did close
(A pore old blackymore rogue),
When a dismal gent uprose,
And spoke with Hirish brogue;
"I'm Smith O'Brine, of Royal Line,
Descended from Rory Ogue.

"When great O'Connle died,
That man whom all did trust,
That man whom Henglish pride
Beheld with such disgust,
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,
And swoar I should be fust.

"'The glorious Hirish Crown,'
Says she, 'it shall be thine:
Long time, it's wery well known,
You kep it in your line;
That diadem of hemerald gem
Is yours, my Smith O'Brine.

"My warriors I enrolled,
They rallied round their lord;
And cheafs in council old
I summoned to the board—
Wise Doheny and Duffy bold,
And Meagher of the Sword.

"I stood on Slievenamaun,
They came with pikes and bills;
They gathered in the dawn,
Like mist upon the hills,
And rushed adown the mountain side
Like twenty thousand rills.

"Their fortress we assail;
Hurroo! my boys, hurroo!
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo;
Strike, and prevail proud Innesfail,
O'Brine, aboo, aboo!

"Our people they defied;
They shot at 'em like savages,
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the cabbages!

'And so no more I'll say,
But ask your Mussy great,
And humbly sing and pray,
Your Majesty's poor Wait:
Your Smith O'Brine in 'Forty-nine
Will blush for 'Forty-eight."

LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.*

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).

I PACED upon my beat
With steady step and slow,
All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street;
Ran'lagh St. Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd
Upon that fair May morn,
Beold the booming cannings sound,
A royal child is born!

Then Mrs. Lily the nuss,
  Towards them steps with joy;
Says the brave old Duke, "Come tell to us,
  Is it a gal or a boy?"

Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
  "Your Grace, it is *a Prince*."
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,
  He did both laugh and wince.

He vews with pleasant look
  This pooty flower of May,
Then, says the wenerable Duke,
  "Egad its my buthday."

By memory backards borne,
  Peraps his thoughts did stray
To that old place where he was born,
  Upon the first of May.

Peraps he did recal
  The ancient towers of Trim;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
  They did rewisit him.

I phansy of him so
  His good old thoughts employin';
Fourscore years and one ago
  Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,
  Most musicle of Lords,
A playing maddrigles and glees
  Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero
  Upon his mother's knee!
Did ever lady in this land
  Ave greater sons than she?

And I shoudn be surprize
While this was in his mind,
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes
Of unfamiliar brind.

* * * * * *

To Hapsly Ouse next day
Drives up a Broosh and for,
A gracious prince sits in that Shay
(I mention him with Hor!)

They ring upon the bell,
The Porter shows his Ed,
(He fought at Vaterloo as vell,
And vears a Veskit red).

To see that carriage come
The people round it press:

[redacted]

"That lady is as well
As can expected be;
And to your Grace she bid me tell
This gracious message free.

"That offspring of our race,
Whom yesterday you see,
To show our honour for your Grace,
Prince Arthur he shall be.

"That name it rhymes to fame;
All Europe knows the sound:
And I couldn't find a better name
If you'd give me twenty pound.

"King Arthur had his knights
That girt his table round,
But you have won a hundred fights,
Will match 'em I'll be bound

"You fought with Bonypart,
And likewise Tippoo Saib;
I name you then with all my heart
The Godsire of this babe."

That Prince his leave was took,
His hinterview was done.
So let us give the good old Duke
Good luck of his god-son.

And wish him years of joy
In this our time of Schism,
And hope he'll hear the royal boy
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince
That's come our arts to cheer,
Let me my loyal powers ewince
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crownd,
I think, in some respex,
Egstremely shootable might be found
For honest Pleaseman X.

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

GALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befel,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies

Presently this Mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal—
Pray, saysee, Excuse my freedom,
You're so like my Sister Sal!

You're so like my Sister Sally,
Both in valk and face and size;
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes!

I'm a mate on board a wessel,
I'm a sailor bold and true;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you!

What's your name, my beauty, tell me?
And she faintly hansers, "Lore,
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,
And I live at tventy-four."

Hofttimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet:
And at tventy-four was welcome,
Tventy-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master,
(Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him,
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),
And she told how Charley Thompson
Reely vas a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet,
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valkin in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,
  And she thought that soon their bands
Vould be published at the Fondlin,
  Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers,
  (Vich her master let some rooms),
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
  Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
  Came on Sundy veek to see her,
And he sent Eliza Davis
  Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
  Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
  Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers, their apartments,
  This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas;

[redacted]

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled;
Something's going wrong, he said;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat;
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman able-bodied
Took this voman to the cell;
To the cell vere she was quodded,
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
Boulted like a miscrant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom;
By the beak they was committed,
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
Simple gurl of tventy-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art,
(Vich most every gurl expex,)
Let her take a jolly pleaseman;
Vich is name peraps is—X.

DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

SPECIAL Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,
And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause;
Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sizes, this day week as ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief,
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the Baron Chief,)
Comes a British man and husband—asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him—he'd have vengeance on the

Six months after, things were worse, and the piping eye was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon the back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed her to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no more;
As she would not go, why *he* went: thrice he left his lady dear,
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter of a year.

Mrs. Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed,
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home not a single word he said;
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his lady's head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the Jury note
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,
How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed the wall and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton Mr. Owers, a butcher, dwelt;
Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt;
(Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed in her)
But being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers supplied her dinner—
God be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was merciful to this sinner!

Caroline Naylor was their servant, said they led a wretched life,
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his wife;
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in ten months' space,
Sate with his wife, or spoke her kindly. This was the defendant's case.

Pollock, C. B., charged the Jury; said the woman's guilt was clear:
That was not the point, however, which the Jury came to hear
But the damage to determine which, as it should true appear,
This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his lady dear,

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her starving, year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck, and boxed her ear—
What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim,
By the loss of the affections of this guilty graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning round,
Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most profound:
And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman wise and sound;
"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff damages two hundred pound."

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of English ground,
And the happy land of England, where true justice does abound!
British Jurymen and husbands; let us hail this verdict proper;
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you've a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her: to the devil you may send her:
You may strike her, curse, abuse her; so declares our law

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THERE's in the Vest a city pleasant,
To vich King Bladud gev his name,
And in that city there's a Crescent,
Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish,
Although Sir John as grey, grey air,
Hage has not made his busum coldish,
His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,
To paris towne his phootsteps bended
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,
A nobler, finer gent than he
Ne'er drove about the Shouz-Eleesy,
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair Sir John prowided,
In which abroad he loved to ride;
But ar! he most of all enjyed it,
When some one helse was sittin' inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell—
Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,
A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymus Countess ad a daughter
Of lovely form and tender art;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
By name the Baron of Saint Bart.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,
It was so pewer and profound;
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on,
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownd.

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"
Says kind Sir John, "and live with me;
The living there's uncommon pleasant—
I'm sure you'll find the hair agree.

"O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,
And bring your charming girl," sezee;
"The Barring here shall have the ouse-key,

But O! 'tis sadd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this;
O, Barring of Saint Bart, O, Countess
Grabrowski, and O, cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,
Saint Bart he treated like a son—
And wasn't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went and done!

My trembling And amost refewses
To write the charge which Sir John swore,
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son-in-lore.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
The fatle charge which now I quote:
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parince,
To make away with folks' best things?
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,
And to rewenge his injured cause,
He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,
Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered!
If guilty, wengeance will not fail;
Meanwhile, the lady is remanderd
And gev three hundred pouns in bail.

[redacted]

JACOB HOMNIUM'S HOSS.

A NEW PALLICE COURT CHAUNT.

ONE sees in Viteall Yard,
  Vere pleacemen do resort;
A wenerable hinstitute,
  'Tis call'd the Pallis Court.
A gent as got his i on it,
  I think 'twill make some sport.

The natur of this Court

[redacted]

Their money, not their wits;
And there's six attornies under them,
As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,
Was a livin at their ease,
A sendin of their writs abowt,
And droring in the fees,
When their erose a cirkimstance
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since,
A gent both good and trew
Possest an ansum oss vith vich
He didn know what to do:
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At Tattersall's did lodge;
There came a wulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from Tattersall's:
Wasn that a artful dodge?

One day this gentleman's groom
This willain did spy out,
A mounted on this oss
A ridin him about;
"Get out of that there oss, you rogue,"
Speaks up the groom so stout.

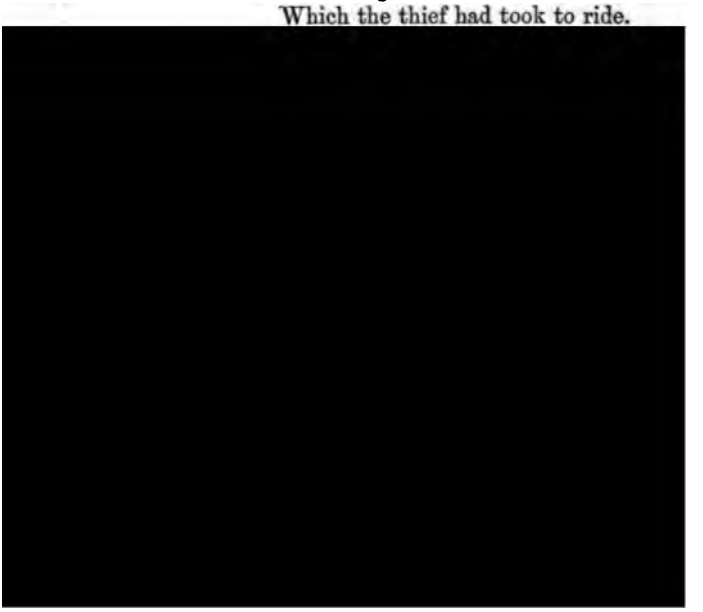
The thief was cruel whex'd
To find hisself so pinn'd;
The oss began to whinny,
The honest groom he grinn'd;
And the raskle thief got off the oss
And cut avay like vind.

And phansy with what joy
  The master did regard
His dearly bluvd lost oss again
  Trot in the stable yard!

Who was this master good
  Of whomb I makes these rhymes?
His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire
  And if *I'd* committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that mann
  Attack me in the *Times!*

Now shortly after, the groomb
  His master's oss did take up,
There came a livery-man
  This gentleman to wake up;
And he handed in a little bill,
  Which hanger'd Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen
  This livery-man eplied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,
  Which the thief had took to ride.



Pore Jacob went to Court,
A Counsel for to fix,
And choose a barrister out of the four,
An attorney of the six;
And there he sor these men of Lor,
And watch'd 'em at their tricks.

The dreadful day of trile
In the Pallis Court did come;
The lawyers said their say,
The Judge look'd wery glum,
And then the British Jury cast
Pore Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O a weary day was that
For Jacob to go through;
The debt was two seventeen,
(Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
Which the lawyers they did fix
At the wery moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
And all its bold ver-dicks!

I cannot settingly tell
If Jacob swaw and cust,
At aving for to pay this sumb,
But I should think he must,
And av drawn a cheque for £24 4*s.* 8*d.*
With most igstreme disgust.

O Pallis Court, you move
My pitty most profound.
A most emusing sport

You thought it, I'll be bound,
To saddle hup a three-pound debt.
With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you,
To grind the honest pore;
To pay their just or unjust debts
With eight hundred per cent. for Lor;
Make haste and git your costes in,
They will not last much mor!

Come down from that tribewn,
Thou Shameless and Unjust;
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in
The name of Truth august;
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,
For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnium,
And ply your iron pen,
And rise up Sir John Jervis,
And shut me up that den;

THE SPECULATORS.

THE night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in sleep: Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet; He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Haymarket.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags, Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags:

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed those seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears? Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one—"Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for? In the Diddlesex Junction line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says Jim, "But they wouldn't give me one;" His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done:

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; *I* always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me down."

"And yet you got no shares," Says Jim, "for all your boast;" "I *would* have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I couldn't pay That first instalment up; But here's taters smoking hot—I say Let's stop my boy and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost, And thought of railroad specs., And how money was won and lost.

"Bless railroads everywhere," I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a chance."

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING OF SHOREDITCH.

Comm all ye Christian people, and listen to my tail,
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,
By the Heastern Counties Railway (vich the shares I don't desire),
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not transpire.

A travelling from Bury this Doctor was employed
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was Captain Loyd,
And on reaching Marks Tey Station, that is next beyond Colchest-
-er, a lady entered into them most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,
And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum slep;
The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,
Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust class ticket, this lovely lady said,
Because it was so lonesome she took a secknd instead.
Better to travel by secknd class, than sit alone in the fust,
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she nust.

A seein of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail;
Saysee you look unwell, Ma'am, I'll elp you if I can,
And you may tell your case to me, for I 'm a meddicle man

"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "I only look so pale,
Because I ain't accustom'd to travelling on the Rale;
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest:"
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.

So in conwersation the journey they beguiled,
Capting Loyd and the medical man, and the lady and the child,
Till the warious stations along the line was passed,
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,
This kind meddicle gentleman proposed his aid again.
"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "for your kyindness dear;
My carridge and my osses is probbibly come here.

Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"
The Doctor was a famly man: "That I will," says he.
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,
Vich was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,
Then she gave the Doctor the child—wery kind he must it:

ly took the child instantly in her lap,
very comforable by giving it some pap;
ıe took its close off, what d'you think she found?
:en pun notes sewn up, in its little gownd!

ttle close, was a note which did conwey,
le baby's parents lived in a handsome way:
Ieaducation they reglarly would pay,
r like gentlefolks would claim the child one day,
ıian people who'd charge of it would say,
ement in the *Times*, where the baby lay.

ıayby many people took,
)ooty ways and such a pooty look;
me a lady forrard (I wish that I could see
y as would do as much for me;

rith all my art, some night in *my* night gownd,
ı note stitched for ten or twenty pound)—
. lady forrard, that most honorable did say,
:his little baby, which her parents cast away.

)ctor pondered on this hoffer fair,
:r from Devonshire, from a party there,
ıe Doctor, at its Mar's desire,
ittle Infant back to Devonshire.

exity, this pore meddicle man,
)le gentleman, to the Justice ran;
ıme was Mr. Hammill, a honorable beak,
s seat in Worship Street four times a week.

" says the Doctor, "instrugt me what to do,
from the country, to throw myself on you;
ıave no doctor to tend them in their ills,
ıre in Suffolk without their draffts and pills!)

"I've come up from the country, to know how I'll dispose
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and the clothes,
And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you please,
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor wants his
feez."

Up spoke Mr. Hammill, sittin at his desk,
"This year application does me much perplesk;
What I do adwise you, is to leave this babby
In the Parish where it was left, by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart—
He might have left the baby, but he hadn't got the heart,
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,
To the tender mussies of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!
Think, if you've been guilty, innocent was she;
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
  Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
  And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
  And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
  A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
  Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
  As fits the merry Christmas time.*
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
  That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
  A kindly greeting go alway!

Good night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
  Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
  Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
  Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
  At forty-five played o'er again.

* These verses were printed at the end of a Christmas Book (1848-9), "Mr. Birch and his young Friends."

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
  Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
  As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
  We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
  May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
  I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
  The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
  The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
  The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
  Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
  Be weeping at her darling's grave?

[redacted]

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
  Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
  And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
  Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
  And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
  Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
  And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses, or who wins the prize.
  Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
  Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
  (Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
  Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
  The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
  And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
  To men of gentle will.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

[*The necessity of a work on Snobs, demonstrated from History, and proved by felicitous illustrations:—I am the individual destined to write that work—My vocation is announced in terms of great eloquence—I show that the world has been gradually preparing itself for the* WORK *and the* MAN *—Snobs are to be studied like other objects of Natural Science, and are a part of the Beautiful (with a large B). They pervade all classes—Affecting instance of Colonel Snobley.*]

We have all read a statement, (the authenticity of which I take leave to doubt entirely, for upon what calculations I should like to know is it founded?)—we have all, I say, been favoured by perusing a remark, that when the times and necessities of the world call for a Man, that individual is found. Thus at the French Revolution, (which the reader will be pleased to have introduced so early) when it was requisite to administer a corrective dose to the nation, Robespierre was found a most foul and nauseous dose indeed, and swallowed eagerly by the patient, greatly to the latter's ultimate advantage: thus, when it became necessary to kick John Bull out of America, Mr. Washington stepped forward, and performed that job to satisfaction: thus when the Earl of Aldborough was unwell, Professor Holloway appeared with his pills, and cured his Lordship, as per advertisement. &c., &c. Numberless instances might be adduced to show, that when a nation is in great want, the relief is at hand, just as

in the Pantomime (that microcosm) where when *Clown* wants anything—a warming-pan, a pump-handle, a goose, or a lady's tippet—a fellow comes sauntering out from behind the side-scenes with the very article in question.

Again, when men commence an undertaking, they always are prepared to show that the absolute necessities of the world demanded its completion.—Say it is a railroad: the directors begin by stating that "A more intimate communication between Bathershins and Derrynane Beg is necessary for the advancement of civilisation, and demanded by the multitudinous acclamations of the great Irish people." Or suppose it is a newspaper: the prospectus states that "At a time when the Church is in danger, threatened from without by savage fanaticism and miscreant unbelief, and undermined from within by dangerous Jesuitism and suicidal Schism, a Want has been universally felt—a suffering people has looked abroad—for an Ecclesiastical Champion and Guardian. A body of Prelates and Gentlemen have therefore stepped forward in this our hour of danger, and determined on establishing the Beadle newspaper," &c., &c. But one or other of these points at least is incontrovertible. The public wants a thing, therefore it is supplied with it; or the public is supplied with a thing, therefore it wants it.

I have long gone about with a conviction on my mind that I

attempting to elude it. He must speak out to the nations; he must *unburn* himself, as Jeames would say, or choke and die. "Mark to yourself," I have often mentally exclaimed to your humble servant, "the gradual way in which you have been prepared for, and are now led by an irresistible necessity to enter upon your great labour. First the World was made: then, as a matter of course, Snobs; they existed for years and years, and were no more known than America. But presently,—*ingens patebat tellus*,—the people became darkly aware that there was such a race. Not above five-and-twenty years since, a name, an expressive monosyllable, arose to designate that race. That name has spread over England like railroads subsequently; Snobs are known and recognised throughout an Empire on which I am given to understand the Sun never sets. *Punch* appears at the ripe season, to chronicle their history: and the individual comes forth to write that history in *Punch*."*

I have (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful: it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish; to track Snobs through history, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles; to sink shafts in society and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snobbishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never have heard, "beating with equal foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors." It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense per-centage of Snobs, I believe, is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs: to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

When I was taking the waters at Bagnigge Wells, and living at the Imperial Hotel there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so insufferable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley, of a certain dragoon regiment. He wore japanned boots and moustachios: he lisped, drawled, and left the "r's" out of his words: he was always

* These papers were originally published in that popular periodical

flourishing about, and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odour of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob, and that either he or I should quit the Inn. I first began harmless conversations with him; frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak *first:* then I handed him the paper: then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily and—and use my fork in the light of a toothpick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

Should the Colonel see this, will he remember the Gent. who asked him if he thought Publicoaler was a fine writer, and drove him from the Hotel with a four-pronged fork?

CHAPTER I.

THE SNOB PLAYFULLY DEALT WITH.

THERE are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by positive,

varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honourable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in no wise affecting Mr. Marrowfat's honour, or my esteem for him—had occurred, which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias—indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

My dear friend was, in this instance, the Snob *relative*. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen Monte Fiasco clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company doing likewise. I have seen, at the hospitable board of H. I. H. the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden—(who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants)—I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely-beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long, long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy—our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June, last year.

We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable Lady G.

Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the Countess Dei Spinachi—his lending me the 1700*l.* I almost burst into tears with joy—my voice trembled with emotion. "George, my boy!" I exclaimed, "George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!"

Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, George answered, "*Frank, shall it be Hock or Madeira?*" I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her Ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas, and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the continent, where the usage

if I should go to one of the tea-parties in a dressing gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman, viz., pumps, a gold waistcoat, a crush hat, a sham frill, and a white choker—I should be insulting society, and *eating peas with my knife*. Let the porters of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory Snob. It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for their common comfort.

I am naturally averse to egotism, and hate self-laudation consumedly; but I can't help relating here a circumstance illustrative of the point in question, in which I must think I acted with considerable prudence.

Being at Constantinople a few years since—(on a delicate mission),—the Russians were playing a double game, between ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an *extra negotiator*—Leckerbiss Pasha of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer palace at Bujukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee; and the Russian agent Count de Diddloff on his dexter side. Diddloff is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain: he had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation: but of course we were friends in public, and saluted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

The Galeongee is—or was, alas! for a bow-string has done for him—a staunch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers, and had flaps of bread for plates: the only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Amongst the dishes a very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafœtida, capsicums, and other condiments, the most abominable mixture that ever mortal smelt or tasted. The Galeongee ate of this hugely; and pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel, would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

I never shall forget the look of poor Diddloff, when his Excel-

lency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball and exclaiming, "Buk Buk" (it is very good), administered the horrible bolus to Diddloff. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it: he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he drank off nearly a pint before he knew his error. It finished him: he was carried away from the dining-room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer-house on the Bosphorus.

When it came to my turn, I took down the condiment with a smile, said Bismillah, licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served, made up a ball myself so dexterously, and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with so much grace, that his heart was won. Russia was put out of Court at once, *and the treaty of* Kabobanople *was signed*. As for Diddloff, all was over with *him*, he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and Sir Roderic Murchison saw him, under the No. 3967, working in the Ural mines.

The moral of this tale I need not say, is, that there are many disagreeable things in society which you are bound to take down, and to do so with a smiling face.

nobles had set down their owners at the banquet-hall, their varlets and servitors came to quaff a flaggon of nut-brown ale in the King's Arms gardens, hard by. We watched these fellows from our lattice. By Saint Boniface! 'twas a rare sight!

The tulips in Mynheer Van Dunk's gardens were not more gorgeous than the liveries of these pie-coated retainers. All the flowers of the field bloomed in their ruffled bosoms, all the hues of the rainbow gleamed in their plush breeches, and the long-caned ones walked up and down the garden with that charming solemnity, that delightful quivering swagger of the calves, which has always had a frantic fascination for us. The walk was not wide enough for them as the shoulder-knots strutted up and down it in canary, and crimson, and light blue.

Suddenly, in the midst of their pride, a little bell was rung, a side door opened, and (after setting down their Royal Mistress) her Majesty's own crimson footmen, with epaulets and black plushes, came in.

It was pitiable to see the other poor Johns slink off at this arrival! Not one of the honest private Plushes could stand up before the Royal Flunkies. They left the walk: they sneaked into dark holes and drank their beer in silence. The Royal Plush kept possession of the garden until the Royal Plush dinner was announced, when it retired, and we heard from the pavilion where they dined, conservative cheers, and speeches, and Kentish fires. The other Flunkies we never saw more.

My dear Flunkies, so absurdly conceited at one moment, and so abject at the next, are but the types of their masters in this world. *He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob*—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.

And this is why I have, with the utmost respect, ventured to place The Snob Royal at the head of my list, causing all others to give way before him, as the Flunkies before the royal representative in Kensington Gardens. To say of such and such a Gracious Sovereign that he is a Snob, is but to say that his Majesty is a man. Kings, too, are men and Snobs. In a country where Snobs are in the majority, a prime one, surely, cannot be unfit to govern. With us they have succeeded to admiration.

For instance, James I. was a Snob, and a Scotch Snob, than

which the world contains no more offensive creature. He appears to have had not one of the good qualities of a man—neither courage, nor generosity, nor honesty, nor brains; but read what the great Divines and Doctors of England said about him! Charles II. his grandson was a rogue, but not a Snob; whilst Louis XIV., his old squaretoes of a contemporary,—the great worshipper of Bigwiggery—has always struck me as a most undoubted and Royal Snob.

I will not, however, take instances from our own country of Royal Snobs, but refer to a neighbouring kingdom, that of Brentford—and its monarch, the late great and lamented Gorgius IV. With the same humility, with which the footmen at the King's Arms gave way before the Plush Royal, the aristocracy of the Brentford nation bent down and truckled before Gorgius, and proclaimed him the first gentleman in Europe. And it's a wonder to think what is the gentlefolks' opinion of a gentleman, when they gave Gorgius such a title.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent—his bills to be paid—his

Maraschino punch, a shoe-buckle, (this was in the vigour of his youth, and the prime force of his invention,) and a Chinese pavilion, the most hideous building in the world. He could drive a four-in-hand very nearly as well as the Brighton coachman, could fence elegantly, and it is said, played the fiddle well. And he smiled with such irresistible fascination, that persons who were introduced into his august presence became his victims, body and soul, as a rabbit becomes the prey of a great big boa-constrictor.

I would wager that if Mr. Widdicomb were, by a revolution, placed on the throne of Brentford, people would be equally fascinated by his irresistibly majestic smile, and tremble as they knelt down to kiss his hand. If he went to Dublin they would erect an obelisk on the spot where he first landed, as the Paddylanders did when Gorgius visited them. We have all of us read with delight that story of the King's voyage to Haggisland, where his presence inspired such a fury of loyalty; and where the most famous man of the country—the Baron of Bradwardine—coming on board the royal yacht, and finding a glass out of which Gorgius had drunk, put it into his coat pocket as an inestimable relic, and went ashore in his boat again. But the Baron sat down upon the glass and broke it, and cut his coat-tails very much; and the inestimable relic was lost to the world for ever. O noble Bradwardine! what Old-World superstition could set you on your knees before such an idol as that?

If you want to moralise upon the mutability of human affairs, go and see the figure of Gorgius in his real, identical robes, at the wax-work.—Admittance one shilling. Children and flunkies sixpence. Go, and pay sixpence.

CHAPTER III.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY ON SNOBS.

Last Sunday week, being at church in this city, and the service just ended, I heard two Snobs conversing about the Parson. One was asking the other who the clergyman was? "He is Mr. So-and-so," the second Snob answered, "domestic chaplain to the

Earl of What-d'ye-call'um." "Oh, is he?" said the first Snob, with a tone of indescribable satisfaction.—The Parson's orthodoxy and identity were at once settled in this Snob's mind. He knew no more about the Earl than about the Chaplain, but he took the latter's character upon the authority of the former; and went home quite contented with his Reverence, like a little truckling Snob.

This incident gave me more matter for reflection even than the sermon: and wonderment at the extent and prevalence of Lord-olatry in this country. What could it matter to Snob whether his Reverence were chaplain to his Lordship or not? What peerage-worship there is all through this free country! How we are all implicated in it, and more or less down on our knees.—And with regard to the great subject on hand, I think that the influence of the Peerage upon Snobbishness has been more remarkable than that of any other institution. The increase, encouragement, and maintenance of Snobs are among the "priceless services," as Lord John Russell says, which we owe to the nobility.

It can't be otherwise. A man becomes enormously rich, or he jobs successfully in the aid of a minister, or he wins a great battle, or executes a treaty, or is a clever lawyer who makes a multitude

they shall be Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels at nineteen, when hoary-headed old lieutenants are spending thirty years at drill: they shall command ships at one-and-twenty, and veterans who fought before they were born. And as we are eminently a free people, and in order to encourage all men to do their duty, we say to any man of any rank—get enormously rich, make immense fees as a lawyer, or great speeches, or distinguish yourself and win battles—and you, even you, shall come into the privileged class, and your children shall reign naturally over ours."

How can we help Snobbishness, with such a prodigious national institution erected for its worship? How can we help cringing to Lords? Flesh and blood can't do otherwise. What man can withstand this prodigious temptation? Inspired by what is called a noble emulation, some people grasp at honours and win them; others, too weak or mean, blindly admire and grovel before those who have gained them; others, not being able to acquire them, furiously hate, abuse, and envy. There are only a few bland and not-in-the-least-conceited philosophers, who can behold the state of society, viz., Toadyism, organised:—base Man-and-Mammon worship, instituted by command of law:—Snobbishness, in a word, perpetuated, and mark the phenomenon calmly. And of these calm moralists, is there one, I wonder, whose heart would not throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a couple of Dukes down Pall Mall? No: it is impossible, in our condition of society, not to be sometimes a Snob.

On one side it encourages the Commoner to be snobbishly mean: and the noble to be snobbishly arrogant. When a noble Marchioness writes in her travels about the hard necessity under which steam-boat travellers labour of being brought into contact "with all sorts and conditions of people:" implying that a fellowship with God's creatures is disagreeable to her Ladyship, who is their superior:—when, I say, the Marchioness of —— writes in this fashion, we must consider that out of her natural heart it would have been impossible for any woman to have had such a sentiment; but that the habit of truckling and cringing, which all who surround her have adopted towards this beautiful and magnificent lady,—this proprietor of so many black and other diamonds,—has really induced her to believe that she is the superior of the

world in general: and that people are not to associate with her except awfully at a distance. I recollect being once at the City of Grand Cairo, through which a European Royal Prince was passing India-wards. One night at the inn there was a great disturbance: a man had drowned himself in the well hard by: all the inhabitants of the hotel came bustling into the Court, and amongst others your humble servant, who asked of a certain young man the reason of the disturbance. How was I to know that this young gent. was a Prince? He had not his crown and sceptre on: he was dressed in a white jacket and felt hat: but he looked surprised at anybody speaking to him: answered an unintelligible monosyllable, and—*beckoned his Aide-de-Camp to come and speak to me.* It is our fault, not that of the great, that they should fancy themselves so far above us. If you *will* fling yourself under the wheels, Juggernaut will go over you, depend upon it; and if you and I, my dear friend, had Kotoo performed before us every day,—found people whenever we appeared grovelling in slavish adoration, we should drop into the airs of superiority quite naturally, and accept the greatness with which the world insisted upon endowing us.

Here is an instance, out of Lord L————'s travels, of that calm, good-natured, undoubting way in which a great man accepts

did his best to satisfy those noble jaws, and my lord receives the entertainment, and dismisses the giver with a rebuke. It is like a three-tailed Pasha grumbling about an unsatisfactory buck-sheesh.

But how should it be otherwise in a country where Lord-olatry is part of our creed, and when our children are brought up to respect the Peerage as the Englishman's second Bible?

CHAPTER IV.

"THE COURT CIRCULAR," AND ITS INFLUENCE ON SNOBS.

EXAMPLE is the best of precepts; so let us begin with a true and authentic story, showing how young aristocratic Snobs are reared, and how early their Snobbishness may be made to bloom. A beautiful and fashionable lady—(pardon, gracious Madam, that your story should be made public; but it is so moral that it ought to be known to the universal world)—told me that in her early youth she had a little acquaintance, who is now indeed a beautiful and fashionable lady too. In mentioning Miss Snobky, daughter of Sir Snobby Snobky, whose presentation at Court caused such a sensation last Thursday, need I say more?

When Miss Snobky was so very young as to be in the nursery regions, and to walk of early mornings in St. James's Park, protected by a French governess and followed by a huge hirsute flunkey in the canary-coloured livery of the Snobkys, she used occasionally in these promenades to meet with young Lord Claude Lollipop, the Marquis of Sillabub's younger son. In the very height of the season, from some unexplained cause, the Snobkys suddenly determined upon leaving town. Miss Snobky spoke to her female friend and confidante. "What will poor Claude Lollipop say when he hears of my absence?" asked the tender-hearted child.

"Oh, perhaps he won't hear of it," answers the confidante.

"*My dear, he will read it in the papers*," replied the dear little fashionable rogue of seven years old. She knew already her importance, and how all the world of England, how all the would-

be-genteel people, how all the silver-fork worshippers, how all the tattle-mongers, how all the grocers' ladies, the tailors' ladies, the attorneys' and merchants' ladies, and the people living at Clapham and Brunswick Square, who have no more chance of consorting with a Snobky, than my beloved reader has of dining with the Emperor of China—yet watched the movements of the Snobkys with interest, and were glad to know when they came to London and left it.

Here is the account of Miss Snobky's dress, and that of her mother Lady Snobky, from the papers of last Friday:—

"MISS SNOBKY.

"Habit de Cour, composed of a yellow nankeen illusion dress over a slip of rich pea-green corduroy, trimmed en tablier, with bouquets of Brussels sprouts: the body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with calimanco, and festooned with a pink train and white radishes. Head dress, carrots and lappets.

"LADY SNOBKY.

"Costume de Cour, composed of a train of the most superb Pekin bandannas, elegantly trimmed with spangles, tinfoil, and red-tape. Bodice and under-dress of sky-blue velveteen, trimmed

a shoe, and for all her life she has little feet, and is a cripple. O my dear Miss Wiggins, thank your stars that those beautiful feet of yours—though I declare when you walk they are so small as to be almost invisible—thank your stars that society never so practised upon them, but look around and see how many friends of ours in the highest circles have had their *brains* so prematurely and hopelessly pinched and distorted.

How can you expect that those poor creatures are to move naturally when the world and their parents have mutilated them so cruelly? As long as a Court Circular exists, how the deuce are people whose names are chronicled in it ever to believe themselves the equals of the cringing race which daily reads that abominable trash? I believe that ours is the only country in the world now, where the Court Circular remains in full flourish—where you read, "This day His Royal Highness Prince Pattypan was taken an airing in his go-cart." "The Princess Pimminy was taken a drive, attended by her ladies of honour and accompanied by her doll," &c. We laugh at the solemnity with which Saint Simon announces that *Sa Majesté se médicamente aujourd'hui.* Under our very noses the same folly is daily going on. That wonderful and mysterious man, the author of the Court Circular, drops in with his budget at the newspaper offices every night. I once asked the editor of a paper to allow me to lie in wait and see him.

I am told that in a kingdom where there is a German King-Consort (Portugal it must be, for the Queen of that country married a German Prince, who is greatly admired and respected by the natives), whenever the consort takes the diversion of shooting among the rabbit-warrens of Cintra, or the pheasant-preserves of Mafra, he has a keeper to load his guns, as a matter of course, and then they are handed to the nobleman, his equerry, and the nobleman hands them to the Prince, who blazes away—gives back the discharged gun to the nobleman, who gives it to the keeper, and so on. But the Prince *won't take the gun from the hands of the loader.*

As long as this unnatural and monstrous etiquette continues, Snobs there must be. The three persons engaged in this transaction are, for the time being, Snobs.

1. The keeper—the least Snob of all, because he is discharging his daily duty; but he appears here as a Snob, that is to say, in a position of debasement, before another human being, (the Prince,) with whom he is only allowed to communicate through another party. A free Portuguese game-keeper, who professes himself to be unworthy to communicate directly with any person, confesses himself to be a Snob.

2. The nobleman in waiting is a Snob. If it degrades the Prince to receive the gun from the gamekeeper, it is degrading to the nobleman in waiting to execute that service. He acts as a Snob towards the keeper, whom he keeps from communication with the Prince—a Snob towards the Prince, to whom he pays a degrading homage.

3. The King-Consort of Portugal is a Snob for insulting fellow-men in this way. There's no harm in his accepting the services of the keeper directly; but indirectly he insults the service performed, and the two servants who perform it; and therefore, I say respectfully, is a most undoubted, though royal Sn—b.

And then you read in the *Diario do Goberno*—"Yesterday, His Majesty the king took the diversion of shooting in the woods of Cintra, attended by Colonel the Honourable Whiskerando Sombrero. His Majesty returned to the Necessidades to lunch,

CHAPTER V.

WHAT SNOBS ADMIRE.

Now let us consider how difficult it is even for great men to escape from being Snobs. It is very well for the reader, whose fine feelings are disgusted by the assertion that Kings, Princes, Lords, are Snobs, to say, "You are confessedly a Snob yourself. In professing to depict Snobs, it is only your own ugly mug which you are copying with a Narcissus-like conceit and fatuity." But I shall pardon this explosion of ill-temper on the part of my constant reader, reflecting upon the misfortune of his birth and country. It is impossible for *any* Briton, perhaps, not to be a Snob in some degree. If people can be convinced of this fact, an immense point is gained, surely. If I have pointed out the disease, let us hope that other scientific characters may discover the remedy.

If you, who are a person of the middle ranks of life, are a Snob,—you whom nobody flatters particularly; you who have no toadies; you whom no cringing flunkies or shopmen bow out of doors; you whom the policeman tells to move on; you who are jostled in the crowd of this world, and amongst the Snobs our brethren: consider how much harder it is for a man to escape who has not your advantages, and is all his life long subject to adulation; the butt of meanness; consider how difficult it is for the Snob's idol not to be a Snob.

As I was discoursing with my friend Eugenio in this impressive way, Lord Buckram passed us, the son of the Marquis of Bagwig, and knocked at the door of the family mansion in Red Lion Square. His noble father and mother occupied, as everybody knows, distinguished posts in the Courts of late Sovereigns. The Marquis was Lord of the Pantry, and her Ladyship, Lady of the Powder Closet to Queen Charlotte. Buck (as I call him, for we are very familiar) gave me a nod as he passed, and I proceeded to show Eugenio how it was impossible that this nobleman should not be one of ourselves, having been practised upon by Snobs all his life.

His parents resolved to give him a public education, and sent him to school at the earliest possible period. The Reverend Otto

Rose, D.D., Principal of the Preparatory Academy for young noblemen and gentlemen, Richmond Lodge, took this little Lord in hand, and fell down and worshipped him. He always introduced him to fathers and mothers who came to visit their children at the school. He referred with pride and pleasure to the most noble the Marquis of Bagwig, as one of the kind friends and patrons of his Seminary. He made Lord Buckram a bait for such a multiplicity of pupils, that a new wing was built to Richmond Lodge, and thirty-five new little white dimity beds were added to the establishment. Mrs. Rose used to take out the little Lord in the one-horse chaise with her when she paid visits, until the Rector's lady and the Surgeon's wife almost died with envy. His own son and Lord Buckram having been discovered robbing an orchard together, the Doctor flogged his own flesh and blood most unmercifully for leading the young Lord astray. He parted from him with tears. There was always a letter directed to the Most Noble the Marquis of Bagwig, on the Doctor's study table, when any visitors were received by him.

At Eton, a great deal of Snobbishness was thrashed out of Lord Buckram, and he was birched with perfect impartiality. Even there, however, a select band of sucking tuft-hunters followed him. Young Crœsus lent him three-and-twenty brau new sovereigns out of his father's bank. Young Snaily did his exercises for him, and

the same College, having been kept back for that express purpose by his father. He spent a quarter's allowance in giving Buckram a single dinner; but he knew there was always pardon for him for extravagance in such a cause; and a ten-pound note always came to him from home when he mentioned Buckram's name in a letter. What wild visions entered the brains of Mrs. Podge and Miss Podge, the wife and daughter of the Principal of Lord Buckram's College, I don't know, but that reverend old gentleman was too profound a flunky by nature ever for one minute to think that a child of his could marry a nobleman. He therefore hastened on his daughter's union with Professor Crab.

When Lord Buckram, after taking his honorary degree, (for Alma Mater is a Snob, too, and truckles to a Lord like the rest,) —when Lord Buckram went abroad to finish his education, you all know what dangers he ran, and what numbers of caps were set at him. Lady Leach and her daughters followed him from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Baden-Baden; Miss Leggitt burst into tears before his face when he announced his determination to quit Naples, and fainted on the neck of her mamma: Captain Macdragon, of Macdragonstown, county Tipperary, called upon him to "explene his intintions with respect to his sisther, Miss Amalia Macdragon, of Macdragonstown," and proposed to shoot him unless he married that spotless and beautiful young creature, who was afterwards led to the altar by Mr. Muff, at Cheltenham. If perseverance and forty thousand pounds down could have tempted him, Miss Lydia Croesus would certainly have been Lady Buckram. Count Towrowski was glad to take her with half the money, as all the genteel world knows.

And now, perhaps, the reader is anxious to know what sort of a man this is who wounded so many ladies' hearts, and who has been such a prodigious favourite with men. If we were to describe him it would be personal, and *Punch* notoriously is never so. Besides, it really does not matter in the least what sort of a man he is, or what his personal qualities are.

Suppose he is a young nobleman of a literary turn, and that he published poems ever so foolish and feeble, the Snobs would purchase thousands of his volumes: the publishers (who refused my Passion-Flowers, and my grand Epic at any price) would give

him his own. Suppose he is a nobleman of a jovial turn, and has a fancy for wrenching off knockers, frequenting gin-shops, and half murdering policemen; the public will sympathise good-naturedly with his amusements, and say he is a hearty, honest fellow. Suppose he is fond of play and the turf, and has a fancy to be a blackleg, and occasionally condescends to pluck a pigeon at cards; the public will pardon him, and many honest people will court him, as they would court a house-breaker, if he happened to be a Lord. Suppose he is an idiot; yet, by the glorious constitution, he's good enough to govern *us*. Suppose he is an honest, high-minded gentleman; so much the better for himself. But he may be an ass, and yet respected; or a ruffian, and yet be exceedingly popular; or a rogue, and yet excuses will be found for him. Snobs will still worship him. Male Snobs will do him honour, and females look kindly upon him, however hideous he may be.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS.

HAVING received a great deal of obloquy for dragging monarchs,

d the mansions are painted a faint whity-brown: I lose myself the new squares and terraces of the brilliant bran-new ysswater-and-Tyburn-Junction line; and in one and all of these stricts the same truth comes across me. I stop before any ne at hazard, and say, "O house, you are inhabited—O knocker, u are knocked at—O undressed flunky, sunning your lazy calves you lean against the iron railings, you are paid—by Snobs." is a tremendous thought that; and it is almost sufficient to ive a benevolent mind to madness to think that perhaps there is t one in ten of those houses where the "Peerage" does not lie the drawing-room table. Considering the harm that foolish ing book does, I would have all the copies of it burned, as the rber burned all Quixote's books of humbugging chivalry.

Look at this grand house in the middle of the square. The arl of Loughcorrib lives there: he has fifty thousand a-year. A *jeûner dansant* given at his house last week cost, who knows ow much? The mere flowers for the room and bouquets for the dies cost four hundred pounds. That man in drab trowsers, oming crying down the steps, is a dun: Lord Loughcorrib has ained him, and won't see him: that is, his lordship is peeping hrough the blind of his study at him now. Go thy ways, oughcorrib, thou art a Snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite f hospitality; a rogue who passes forged notes upon society;—ut I am growing too eloquent.

You see that fine house, No. 23, where a butcher's boy is inging the area-bell. He has three mutton-chops in his tray. hey are for the dinner of a very different and very respectable mily; for Lady Susan Scraper, and her daughters, Miss Scraper nd Miss Emily Scraper. The domestics, luckily for them, are on oard wages—two huge footmen in light blue and canary, a fat teady coachman who is a Methodist, and a butler who would ever have stayed in the family but that he was orderly to General craper when the General distinguished himself at Walcheren. His widow sent his portrait to the United Service Club, and it is ung up in one of the back dressing-closets there. He is repreented at a parlour window with red curtains; in the distance is whirlwind, in which cannon are firing off; and he is pointing a chart, on which are written the words Walcheren, Tobago.

Lady Susan is, as everybody knows by referring to the "British Bible," a daughter of the great and good Earl Bagwig before mentioned. She thinks everything belonging to her the greatest and best in the world. The first of men naturally are the Buckrams, her own race: then follow in rank the Scrapers. The General was the greatest General: his eldest son, Scraper Buckram Scraper, is at present the greatest and best; his second son the next greatest and best; and herself the paragon of women.

Indeed, she is a most respectable and honourable lady. She goes to church of course: she would fancy the Church in danger if she did not. She subscribes to the Church and Parish Charities: and is a directress of many meritorious charitable institutions—of Queen Charlotte's Lying-inn Hospital—the Washerwomen's Asylum—the British Drummers' Daughters' Home, &c. &c. She is a model of a matron.

The tradesman never lived who could say that his bill was not paid on the quarter-day. The beggars of her neighbourhood avoid her like a pestilence; for when she walks out, protected by John, that domestic has always two or three Mendicity tickets ready for deserving objects. Ten guineas a-year will pay all her charities. There is no respectable lady in all London who gets

up to the Drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of her plumes, lappets, and diamonds, waving over her ladyship's sandy hair, and majestical hooked nose:—you would not think it when you hear "Lady Susan Scraper's carriage" bawled out at midnight so as to disturb all Belgravia:—you would not think it when she comes rustling into church, the obsequious John behind with the bag of Prayer-books. Is it possible, you would say, that so grand and awful a personage as that can be hard up for money? Alas! so it is.

She never heard such a word as Snob, I will engage, in this wicked and vulgar world. And, O stars and garters; how she would start if she heard that she—she, as solemn as Minerva—she, as chaste as Diana (without that heathen goddess's unladylike propensity for field sports)—that she too was a Snob!

A Snob she is, as long as she sets that prodigious value upon herself, upon her name, upon her outward appearance, and indulges in that intolerable pomposity; as long as she goes parading abroad, like Solomon, in all his glory; as long as she goes to bed—as I believe she does—with a turban and a bird of Paradise in it, and a court train to her night-gown; as long as she is so insufferably virtuous and condescending; as long as she does not cut at least one of those footmen down into mutton-chops for the benefit of the young ladies.

I had my notions of her from my old schoolfellow,—her son Sydney Scraper—a Chancery barrister without any practice—the most placid, polite, and genteel of Snobs, who never exceeded his allowance of two hundred a-year, and who may be seen any evening at the Oxford and Cambridge Club, simpering over the *Quarterly Review*, in the blameless enjoyment of his half-pint of Port.

CHAPTER VII.

ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS.

Look at the next house to Lady Susan Scraper's. The first mansion with the awning over the door: that canopy will be let down this evening for the comfort of the friends of Sir Alured

and Lady S. de Mogyns, whose parties are so much admired by the public, and the givers themselves.

Peach-coloured liveries laced with silver, and pea-green plush inexpressibles, render the De Mogyns' flunkies the pride of the ring when they appear in Hyde Park, where Lady de Mogyns, as she sits upon her satin cushions, with her dwarf spaniel in her arms, only bows to the very selectest of the genteel. Times are altered now with Mary Anne, or, as she calls herself, Marian de Mogyns.

She was the daughter of Captain Flack, of the Rathdrum Fencibles, who crossed with his regiment, over from Ireland to Caermarthenshire ever so many years ago, and defended Wales from the Corsican invader. The Rathdrums were quartered at Pontydwdlm, where Marian wooed and won her De Mogyns, a young banker in the place. His attentions to Miss Flack at a race ball were such, that her father said De Mogyns must either die on the field of honour, or become his son-in-law. He preferred marriage. His name was Muggins then, and his father—a flourishing banker, army-contractor, smuggler, and general jobber—almost disinherited him on account of this connexion. There is a story that Muggins the Elder was made a baronet for having lent money to a R-y-l p-rs-n-ge. I do not believe it. The R-y-l

years date to have been drawn on papyrus by a grandson of the patriarch Be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the immense antiquity of f Mogyns.

e time of Boadicea, Hogyn Mogyn, of the hundred Beeves, was a suitor l of Caractacus for the hand of that Princess. He was a person gigantic , and was slain by Suetonius in the battle which terminated the liberties . From him descended directly the Princes of Pontydwdlm, Mogyn of n Harp, (see the Mabinogion of Lady Charlotte Guest,) Bogyn-Merodac- , (the black fiend son of Mogyn,) and a long list of bards and warriors, l both in Wales and Armorica. The independent Princes of Mogyn long gainst the ruthless Kings of England, until finally Gam Mogyns made ssion to Prince Henry, son of Henry IV., and under the name of Sir n de Mogyns, was distinguished at the battle of Agincourt. From him nt Baronet is descended. (And here the descent follows in order until it Thomas Muggins, first Baronet of Pontydwdlm Castle, for 23 years f Parliament for that borough, who had issue, Alured Mogyns Smyth, nt Baronet, who married Marian, daughter of the late General P. Flack, ack, in the Kingdom of Ireland, of the Counts Flack of the H. R. Sir Alured has issue, Alured Caradoc, born 1819, Marian, 1811, delina, Emily Doria, Adelaide Obleans, Katinka Rostopchin, Patrick d 1809.

—a mullion garbled, gules on a saltire reversed of the second. Crest— rampant regardant. Motto—*Ung Roy ung Mogyns*."

as long before Lady de Mogyns shone as a star in the ible world. At first, poor Muggins was in the hands of the the Clancys, the Tooles, the Shanahans, his wife's Irish s; and whilst he was yet but heir apparent, his house red with claret and the national nectar, for the benefit of ernian relatives. Tom Tufto absolutely left the street in hey lived in London, because, he said, "it was infected ch a confounded smell of whiskey from the house of those ople."

s abroad that they learnt to be genteel. They pushed foreign courts, and elbowed their way into the halls of adors. They pounced upon the stray nobility, and seized ords travelling with their bear leaders. They gave parties es, Rome, and Paris. They got a Royal Prince to attend *rées* at the latter place, and it was here that they first d under the name of De Mogyns, which they bear with endour to this day.

rts of stories are told of the desperate efforts made by omitable Lady de Mogyns to gain the place she now

occupies, and those of my beloved readers who live in middle life, and are unacquainted with the frantic struggles, the wicked feuds, the intrigues, cabals, and disappointments which, as I am given to understand, reign in the fashionable world, may bless their stars that they at least are not *fashionable* Snobs. The intrigues set afoot by the De Mogyns, to get the Duchess of Buckskin to her parties, would strike a Talleyrand with admiration. She had a brain fever after being disappointed of an invitation to Lady Aldermanbury's *thé dansant*, and would have committed suicide but for a ball at Windsor. I have the following story from my noble friend Lady Clapperclaw herself,—Lady Kathleen O'Shaughnessy that was, and daughter of the Earl of Turfanthunder:—

"When that ojous disguised Irishwoman, Lady Muggins, was struggling to take her place in the world, and was bringing out her hidjous daughter Blanche," said old Lady Clapperclaw "(Marian has a hump-back and doesn't show, but she's the only lady in the family)—when that wretched Polly Muggins was bringing out Blanche, with her radish of a nose, and her carrots of ringlets, and her turnip for a face, she was most anxious—as her father had been a cow-boy on my father's land—to be patronised by us, and asked me point-blank, in the midst of a silence at Count Volauvents, the French Ambassador's dinner, why I had not sent her a card for my ball?

"'Twenty guineas is sufficient,' says I, and she paid them; so I said, 'Blanche may come, but not you, mind;' and she left me with a world of thanks.

"Would you believe it?—when my ball came the horrid woman made her appearance with her daughter! 'Didn't I tell you not to come?' said I, in a mighty passion. 'What would the world have said?' cries my Lady Muggins; 'my carriage is gone for Sir Alured to the Club; let me stay only ten minutes, dearest Lady Clapperclaw.'

"'Well, as you are here, madam, you may stay and get your supper,' I answered and so left her, and never spoke a word more to her all night.

"And now," screamed out old Lady Clapperclaw, clapping her hands, and speaking with more brogue than ever, "what do you think, after all my kindness to her, the wicked, vulgar, odious, impudent upstart of a cowboy's granddaughter, has done?—she cut me yesterday in Hy' Park, and hasn't sent me a ticket for her ball to-night, though they say Prince George is to be there.'"

Yes, such is the fact. In the race of fashion the resolute and active De Mogyns has passed the poor old Clapperclaw. Her progress in gentility may be traced by the sets of friends whom she has courted, and made, and cut, and left behind her. She has struggled so gallantly for polite reputation that she has won it; pitilessly kicking down the ladder as she advanced degree by degree.

Her Irish relations were first sacrificed; she made her father dine in the steward's room, to his perfect contentment; and would send Sir Alured thither likewise, but that he is a peg on which she hopes to hang her future honours; and is, after all, paymaster of her daughter's fortunes. He is meek and content. He has been so long a gentleman that he is used to it, and acts the part of governor very well. In the day-time he goes from the Union to Arthur's, and from Arthur's to the Union. He is a dead hand at picquet, and loses a very comfortable maintenance to some young fellows, at whist, at the Travellers.

His son has taken his father's seat in Parliament, and has of course joined young England. He is the only man in the country who believes in the De Mogynses, and sighs for the days when a

De Mogyns led the van of battle. He has written a little volume of spoony puny poems. He wears a lock of the hair of Laud, the Confessor and Martyr, and fainted when he kissed the Pope's toe at Rome. He sleeps in white kid gloves, and commits dangerous excesses upon green tea.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT CITY SNOBS.

THERE is no disguising the fact that this series of papers is making a prodigious sensation among all classes in this Empire. Notes of admiration (!), of interrogation (?), of remonstrance, approval, or abuse, come pouring into *Mr. Punch's* box. We have been called to task for betraying the secrets of three different families of De Mogyns; no less than four Lady Susan Scrapers have been discovered; and young gentlemen are quite shy of ordering half-a-pint of port and simpering over the *Quarterly Review* at the Club, lest they should be mistaken for Sydney Scraper, Esq. "What *can* be your antipathy to Baker Street?" asks some fair remonstrant, evidently writing from that quarter.—

he place of honour. No, we are not personal in these candid arks. As Phidias took the pick of a score of beauties before ompleted a Venus: so have we to examine, perhaps, a thousand be, before one is expressed upon paper.

reat City Snobs are the next in the hierarchy, and ought to be sidered. But here is a difficulty. The great City Snob is monly most difficult of access. Unless you are a capitalist, cannot visit him in the recesses of his bank parlour in bard Street. Unless you are a sprig of nobility there is little e of seeing him at home. In a great City Snob firm there is erally one partner whose name is down for charities, and who uents Exeter Hall; you may catch a glimpse of another (a ntific City Snob) at my Lord N—'s *soirées*, or the lectures of London Institution; of a third, (a City Snob of taste), at ture-auctions, at private views of exhibitions, or at the Opera the Philharmonic. But intimacy is impossible, in most cases, h this grave, pompous, and awful being.

A mere gentleman may hope to sit at almost anybody's table—take his place at my lord duke's in the country—to dance a drille at Buckingham Palace itself—(beloved Lady Wilhelmina ggleWiggle! do you recollect the sensation we made at the ball our late adored Sovereign Queen Caroline at Brandenburgh use, Hammersmith?) but the City Snob's doors are for the st part closed to him; and hence all that one knows of this st class is mostly from hearsay.

In other countries of Europe, the Banking Snob is more expane and communicative than with us, and receives all the world o his circle. For instance, everybody knows the princely spitalities of the Scharlaschild family at Paris, Naples, Frankt, &c. They entertain all the world, even the poor at their se. Prince Polonia, at Rome, and his brother, the Duke of achino, are also remarkable for their hospitalities. I like the rit of the first-named nobleman. Titles not costing much in Roman territory, he has had the head clerk of the banking-use made a Marquis, and his Lordship will screw a *bajocco* out you in exchange as dexterously as any commoner could do. It comfort to be able to gratify such grandees with a farthing or , it makes the poorest man feel that he can do good. The

Polonias have intermarried with the greatest and most ancient families of Rome, and you see their heraldic cognizance (a mushroom *or* on an azure field) quartered in a hundred places in the city, with the arms of the Colonnas and Dorias.

Our City Snobs have the same mania of aristocratic marriages. I like to see such. I am of a savage and envious nature,—I like to see these two humbugs which, dividing, as they do, the social empire of this kingdom between them, hate each other naturally—making truce and uniting—for the sordid interests of either. I like to see an old aristocrat swelling with pride of race, the descendant of illustrious Norman robbers, whose blood has been pure for centuries, and who looks down upon common Englishmen as a free-born American does on a nigger,—I like to see old Stiffneck obliged to bow down his head and swallow his infernal pride, and drink the cup of humiliation poured out by Pump and Aldgate's butler. "Pump and Aldgate," says he, "your grandfather was a bricklayer, and his hod is still kept in the bank. Your pedigree begins in a workhouse; mine can be dated from all the royal palaces of Europe. I came over with the Conqueror: I am own cousin to Charles Martel, Orlando Furioso, Philip Augustus, Peter the Cruel, and Frederic Barbarossa. I quarter the Royal Arms of Brentford in my coat. I despise you, but I

hampton, on Saturday, the Lady Blanche Pump, of a son and heir."

After this interesting event, some old acquaintance, who saw young Pump in the parlour at the bank in the City, said to him, familiarly, "How's your wife, Pump, my boy?"

Mr. Pump looked exceedingly puzzled and disgusted, and, after a pause, said, "*Lady Blanche Pump* is pretty well, I thank you."

"*Oh, I thought she was your wife!*" said the familiar brute, Snooks, wishing him good-bye; and ten minutes after, the story was all over the Stock Exchange, where it is told, when young Pump appears, to this very day.

We can imagine the weary life this poor Pump, this martyr to Mammon, is compelled to undergo. Fancy the domestic enjoyments of a man who has a wife who scorns him; who cannot see his own friends in his own house; who having deserted the middle rank of life, is not yet admitted to the higher; but who is resigned to rebuffs and delay and humiliation, contented to think that his son will be more fortunate.

It used to be the custom of some very old-fashioned clubs in this city, when a gentleman asked for change for a guinea, always to bring it to him in *washed silver:* that which had passed immediately out of the hands of the vulgar being considered "as too coarse to soil a gentleman's fingers." So, when the City Snob's money has been washed during a generation or so; has been washed into estates, and woods, and castles and town-mansions; it is allowed to pass current as real aristocratic coin. Old Pump sweeps a shop, runs of messages, becomes a confidential clerk and partner. Pump the Second becomes chief of the house, spins more and more money, marries his son to an Earl's daughter. Pump Tertius goes on with the bank; but his chief business in life is to become the father of Pump Quartus, who comes out a full-blown aristocrat, and takes his seat as Baron Pumpington, and his race rules hereditarily over this nation of Snobs.

CHAPTER IX.

ON SOME MILITARY SNOBS.

As no society in the world is more agreeable than that of well-bred and well-informed military gentlemen, so likewise, none is more insufferable than that of Military Snobs. They are to be found of all grades, from the General Officer, whose padded old breast twinkles over with a score of stars, clasps, and decorations, to the budding Cornet, who is shaving for a beard, and has just been appointed to the Saxe Coburg Lancers.

I have always admired that dispensation of rank in our country, which sets up this last-named little creature (who was flogged only last week because he could not spell) to command great whiskered warriors, who have faced all dangers of climate and battle; which, because he has money to lodge at the agent's, will place him over the heads of men who have a thousand times more experience and desert: and which, in the course of time, will bring him all the honours of his profession, when the veteran soldier he commanded has got no other reward for his bravery than a berth in Chelsea Hospital, and the veteran officer he superseded has slunk into shabby

It must have often been a matter of wonder to the candid reader, that the Army, the most enormous Job of all our political institutions, should yet work so well in the field; and we must cheerfully give Grig, and his like, the credit for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it. The Duke's dandy regiments fought as well as any (they said better than any, but that is absurd). The great Duke himself was a dandy once, and jobbed on, as Marlborough did before him. But this only proves that dandies are brave as well as other Britons—as all Britons. Let us concede that the high-born Grig rode into the entrenchments at Sobraon as gallantly as Corporal Wallop, the ex-ploughboy.

The times of war are more favourable to him than the periods of peace. Think of Grig's life in the Bombardier Guards, or the Jack-boot Guards; his marches from Windsor to London, from London to Windsor, from Knightsbridge to Regent's Park; the idiotic services he has to perform, which consist in inspecting the pipeclay of his company, or the horses in the stable, or bellowing out "Shoulder humps! Carry humps!" all which duties the very smallest intellect that ever belonged to mortal man suffice to comprehend. The professional duties of a footman are quite as difficult and various. The red-jackets who hold gentlemen's horses in St. James's Street could do the work just as well as those vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little Lieutenants, who may be seen sauntering about Pall Mall, in high-heeled little boots, or rallying round the standard of their regiment in the Palace Court, at eleven o'clock, when the band plays. Did the beloved reader ever see one of the young fellows staggering under the flag, or, above all, going through the operation of saluting it? It is worth a walk to the Palace to witness that magnificent piece of tom-foolery.

I have had the honour of meeting once or twice an old gentleman, whom I look upon to be a specimen of army-training, and who has served in crack regiments, or commanded them, all his life. I allude to Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c., &c. His manners are irreproachable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough Snob.

A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old, and Sir George

is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere: his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes: he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses. He never read a book in his life, and, with his purple, old gouty fingers, still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells filthy garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and his services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us, with a stupid and artless candour, which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any

and bloated army Snob. No: when epaulets are not sold; when corporal punishments are abolished, and Corporal Smith has a chance to have his gallantry rewarded as well as that of Lieutenant Grig; when there is no such rank as Ensign and Lieutenant, (the existence of which rank is an absurd anomaly, and an insult upon all the rest of the army), and should there be no war, I should not be disinclined to be a Major-General myself.

I have a little sheaf of Army-Snobs in my portfolio, but shall pause in my attack upon the forces until next week.

CHAPTER X.

MILITARY SNOBS.

WALKING in the Park yesterday with my young friend Tagg, and discoursing with him upon the next number of the Snob, at the very nick of time who should pass us but two very good specimens of Military Snobs,—the Sporting Military Snob, Captain Rag, and the "larking," or raffish Military Snob, Ensign Famish. Indeed you are fully sure to meet them lounging on horseback, about five o'clock, under the trees by the Serpentine, examining critically the inmates of the flashy broughams which parade up and down "the Lady's Mile."

Tagg and Rag are very well acquainted, and so the former, with that candour inseparable from intimate friendship, told me his dear friend's history. Captain Rag is a small dapper north-country man. He went when quite a boy into a crack light cavalry regiment, and by the time he got his troop, had cheated all his brother officers so completely, selling them lame horses for sound ones, and winning their money by all manner of strange and ingenious contrivances, that his Colonel advised him to retire, which he did without much reluctance, accommodating a youngster, who just entered the regiment, with a glandered charger at an uncommonly stiff figure.

He has since devoted his time to billiards, steeple-chasing, and the turf. His head quarters are Rummer's, in Conduit Street, where he keeps his kit, but he is ever on the move in the

exercise of his vocation as a gentleman jockey and gentleman leg.

According to *Bell's Life*, he is an invariable attendant at all races, and an actor in most of them. He rode the winner at Leamington; he was left for dead in a ditch a fortnight ago at Harrow; and yet there he was, last week, at the Croix de Berny, pale and determined as ever, astonishing the *badauds* of Paris by the elegance of his seat and the neatness of his rig, as he took a preliminary gallop on that vicious brute "The Disowned," before starting for "the Trench Grand National."

He is a regular attendant at the Corner, where he compiles a limited but comfortable libretto. During the season he rides often in the Park, mounted on a clever, well-bred pony. He is to be seen escorting that celebrated horsewoman, Fanny Highflyer, or in confidential converse with Lord Thimblerig, the eminent handicapper.

He carefully avoids decent society, and would rather dine off a steak at the One Tun with Sam Snaffle the jockey, Captain O'Rourke, and two or three other notorious turf robbers, than with the choicest company in London. He likes to announce at Rummer's that he is going to run down and spend his Saturday and Sunday in a friendly way with Hocus, the leg, at his little

cigars all day. The policemen about the Haymarket know the little creature, and the early cabmen salute him. The closed doors of fish and lobster shops open after service, and vomit out little Famish, who is either tipsy and quarrelsome—when he wants to fight the cabmen, or drunk and helpless, when some kind friend (in yellow satin) takes care of him. All the neighbourhood, the cabmen, the police, the early potato-men, and the friends in yellow satin, know the young fellow, and he is called Little Bobby by some of the very worst reprobates in Europe.

His mother, Lady Fanny Famish, believes devotedly that Robert is in London solely for the benefit of consulting the physician, is going to have him exchanged into a dragoon regiment, which doesn't go to that odious India; and has an idea that his chest is delicate, and that he takes gruel every evening, when he puts his feet in hot water. Her Ladyship resides at Cheltenham, and is of a serious turn.

Bobby frequents the Union-Jack Club of course; where he breakfasts on pale ale and devilled kidneys at three o'clock; where beardless young heroes of his own sort congregate, and make merry, and give each other dinners; where you may see half-a-dozen of young rakes of the fourth or fifth order lounging and smoking on the steps; where you behold Slapper's long-tailed leggy mare in the custody of a red-jacket until the Captain is primed for the Park with a glass of curaçoa: and where you see Hobby, of the Highland Buffs, driving up with Dobby, of the Madras Fusiliers, in the great banging, swinging cab, which the latter hires from Rumble of Bond Street.

In fact, Military Snobs are of such number and variety, that a hundred weeks of *Punch* would not suffice to give an audience to them. There is, besides the disreputable old Military Snob who has seen service, the respectable old Military Snob, who has seen none, and gives himself the most prodigious Martinet-airs. There is the Medical-Military Snob, who is generally more outrageously military in his conversation than the greatest *sabreur* in the army. There is the Heavy-Dragoon Snob, whom young ladies admire, with his great stupid pink face and yellow moustachios—a vacuous, solemn, foolish, but brave and honourable Snob. There is the Amateur-Military Snob, who writes Captain on his card because

he is a Lieutenant in the Bungay Militia. There is the Lady-killing Military Snob; and more, who need not be named.

But let no man, we repeat, charge *Mr. Punch* with disrespect for the Army in general—that gallant and judicious Army, every man of which, from F. M. the Duke of Wellington, &c., downwards—(with the exception of H. R. H. Field-Marshal Prince Albert, who, however, can hardly count as a military man,) reads *Punch* in every quarter of the globe.

Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the Army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the Battle of Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language. And you who doubt if chivalry exists, or the age of heroism has passed by—think of Sir Henry Hardinge, with his son, "dear little Arthur," riding in front of the lines at Ferozeshah. I hope no English painter will endeavour to illustrate that scene; for who is there to do justice to it! The history of the world contains no more brilliant and heroic picture. No, no; the men who perform these deeds with such brilliant valour, and describe them with such modest manliness—*such* are not Snobs. Their country admires them, their Sovereign rewards them, and *Punch*, the universal railer, takes off his hat and says, Heaven save them!

a noise, and puts away his show, and silences his drum, and takes off his hat, and holds his peace.

And I know this, that if there are some Clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry, Fie upon them, fie upon them! while, though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunication against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little count of the many good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men, who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favour. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same: and let me whisper my belief, *entre nous*, that of those eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the church by going thither often.

But you who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business;—do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him.

Every man can do that. When old Father Noah was overtaken in his cups, there was only one of his sons that dared to make merry at his disaster, and he was not the most virtuous of the family. Let us too turn away silently, nor huzza like a parcel of school-boys, because some big young rebel suddenly starts up and whops the schoolmaster.

I confess, though, if I had by me the names of those seven or eight Irish Bishops, the probates of whose wills were mentioned in last year's journals, and who died leaving behind them some two hundred thousand pounds a-piece—I would like to put *them* up as patrons of my Clerical Snobs, and operate upon them as successfully as I see from the newspapers Mr. Eisenberg, Chiropodist, has lately done upon "His Grace the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Tapioca."

And I confess, that when those Right Reverend Prelates come up to the gates of Paradise with their probates of wills in their hands, I confess I think that their chance is * * * * But the gates of Paradise is a far way to follow their Lordships; so let us trip down again, lest awkward questions be asked there about our own favourite vices too.

And don't let us give way to the vulgar prejudice, that clergymen are an over-paid and luxurious body of men. When that eminent ascetic, the late Sydney Smith—(by the way, by what law of nature is it that so many Smiths in this world are called Sydney Smith?)—lauded the system of great prizes in the Church, —without which he said gentlemen would not be induced to follow the clerical profession; he admitted most pathetically that the Clergy in general were by no means to be envied for their worldly prosperity. From reading the works of some modern writers of repute, you would fancy that a parson's life was passed in gorging himself with plum-pudding and port-wine; and that his Reverence's fat chaps were always greasy with the crackling of tithe pigs. Caricaturists delight to represent him so; round, short-necked, pimple-faced, apoplectic, bursting out of waistcoat, like a black-pudding, a shovel-hatted fuzz-wigged Silenus.

"standing" a bottle of port for poor old Polly Rabbits, who has her thirteenth child; or treating himself to a suit of corduroys for little Bob Scarecrow, whose breeches are sadly out at elbows. Think of these temptations, brother moralists and philosophers, and don't be too hard on the parson.

But what is this? Instead of "showing up" the parsons, are we indulging in maudlin praises of that monstrous black-coated race? O saintly Francis, lying at rest under the turf; O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth! O noble and dear old Elias! how should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again, if it ever casts ridicule upon either!

CHAPTER XII.

ON CLERICAL SNOBS AND SNOBBISHNESS.

"DEAR MR. SNOB," an amiable young correspondent writes, who signs himself Snobling, "ought the clergyman who, at the request of a noble Duke, lately interrupted a marriage ceremony between two persons perfectly authorised to marry, to be ranked or not among the Clerical Snobs?"

This, my dear young friend, is not a fair question. One of the illustrated weekly papers has already seized hold of the clergyman, and blackened him most unmercifully, by representing him in his cassock performing the marriage service. Let that be sufficient punishment; and, if you please, do not press the query.

It is very likely that if Miss Smith had come with a license to marry Jones, the parson in question, not seeing old Smith present, would have sent off the beadle in a cab to let the old gentleman know what was going on; and would have delayed the service until the arrival of Smith senior. He very likely thinks it his duty to ask *all* marriageable young ladies, who come without their papa, why their parent is absent; and, no doubt, *always* sends off the beadle for that missing governor.

Or, it is very possible that the Duke of Cœurdelion was Mr.

Whatdyecallum's most intimate friend, and has often said to him, "Whatdyecallum, my boy, my daughter must never marry the Capting. If ever they try at your church, I beseech you, considering the terms of intimacy on which we are, to send off Rattan in a hack-cab to fetch me."

In either of which cases, you see, dear Snobling, that though the parson would not have been authorised, yet he might have been excused for interfering. He has no more right to stop my marriage than to stop my dinner, to both of which, as a free-born Briton, I am entitled by law, if I can pay for them. But, consider pastoral solicitude, a deep sense of the duties of his office, and pardon this inconvenient, but genuine zeal.

But if the clergyman did in the Duke's case what he would *not* do in Smith's; if he has no more acquaintance with the Cœurdelion family than I have with the Royal and Serene House of Saxe-Coburg Gotha,—*then*, I confess, my dear Snobling, your question might elicit a disagreeable reply, and one which I respectfully decline to give. I wonder what Sir George Tufto would say, if a sentry left his post because a noble lord (not in the least connected with the service) begged the sentinel not to do his duty?

Alas! that the beadle who canes little boys and drives them

descendants of Eve and Adam, whose inheritance is divided amongst us.

I hereby call upon all Dukes, Earls, Baronets, and other potentates, not to lend themselves to this shameful scandal and error, and beseech all Bishops, who read this publication, to take the matter into consideration, and to protest against the continuance of the practice, and to declare, "We *won't* confirm or christen Lord Tomnoddy, or Sir Carnaby Jenks, to the exclusion of any other young Christian;" the which declaration, if their Lordships are induced to make, a great *lapis offensionis* will be removed, and the Snob Papers will not have been written in vain.

A story is current of a celebrated *nouveau-riche*, who having had occasion to oblige that excellent prelate the Bishop of Bullocksmithy, asked his Lordship in return, to confirm his children privately in his Lordship's own chapel; which ceremony the grateful prelate accordingly performed. Can satire go farther than this? Is there even in this most amusing of prints, any more *naïve* absurdity? It is as if a man wouldn't go to heaven unless he went in a special train, or as if he thought (as some people think about vaccination) Confirmation more effectual when administered at first hand. When that eminent person, the Begum Sumroo, died, it is said she left ten thousand pounds to the Pope, and ten thousand to the Archbishop of Canterbury,—so that there should be no mistake,—so as to make sure of having the ecclesiastical authorities on her side. This is only a little more openly and undisguisedly snobbish than the cases before alluded to. A well-bred Snob is just as secretly proud of his riches and honours as a *parvenu* Snob who makes the most ludicrous exhibition of them: and a high-born Marchioness or Duchess just as vain of herself and her diamonds, as Queen Quashyboo, who sews a pair of epaulets on to her skirt, and turns out in state in a cocked hat and feathers.

It is not out of disrespect to my peerage, which I love and honour, (indeed, have I not said before, that I should be ready to jump out of my skin if two Dukes would walk down Pall Mall with me?)—it is not out of disrespect for the individuals, that I wish these titles had never been invented; but, consider, if there were no tree, there would be no shadow; and how much more

honest society would be, and how much more serviceable the clergy would be (which is our present consideration) if these temptations of rank and continual baits of worldliness were not in existence, and perpetually thrown out to lead them astray.

I have seen many examples of their falling away. When, for instance, Tom Sniffle first went into the country as Curate for Mr. Fuddlestone, (Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone's brother,) who resided on some other living, there could not be a more kind, hard-working, and excellent creature, than Tom. He had his aunt to live with him. His conduct to his poor was admirable. He wrote annually reams of the best-intentioned and most vapid sermons. When Lord Brandyball's family first came down into the country, and invited him to dine at Brandyball Park, Sniffle was so agitated that he almost forgot how to say grace, and upset a bowl of currant-jelly sauce in Lady Fanny Toffy's lap.

What was the consequence of his intimacy with that noble family? He quarrelled with his aunt for dining out every night. The wretch forgot his poor altogether, and killed his old nag by always riding over to Brandyball; where he revelled in the maddest passion for Lady Fanny. He ordered the neatest new clothes and ecclesiastical waistcoats from London; he appeared with corazza-shirts, lackered boots, and perfumery; he bought a blood-horse

in love: his creditors came down upon him. Mr. Hemp, of Portugal Street, proclaimed his name lately as a reverend outlaw; and he has been seen at various foreign watering-places; sometimes doing duty; sometimes "coaching" a stray gentleman's son at Carlsruhe or Kissingen; sometimes—must we say it?—lurking about the roulette-tables with a tuft to his chin.

If temptation had not come upon this unhappy fellow in the shape of a Lord Brandyball, he might still have been following his profession, humbly and worthily. He might have married his cousin with four thousand pounds, the wine-merchant's daughter (the old gentleman quarrelled with his nephew for not soliciting wine-orders from Lord B. for him): he might have had seven children, and taken private pupils, and eked out his income, and lived and died a country parson.

Could he have done better? You who want to know how great and good, and noble such a character may be, read Stanley's "Life of Doctor Arnold."

CHAPTER XIII.

ON CLERICAL SNOBS.

Among the varieties of the Snob Clerical, the University Snob, and the Scholastic Snob ought never to be forgotten; they form a very strong battalion in the black-coated army.

The wisdom of our ancestors (which I admire more and more every day) seemed to have determined that the education of youth was so paltry and unimportant a matter, that almost any man, armed with a birch and a regulation cassock and degree, might undertake the charge: and many an honest country gentleman may be found to the present day, who takes very good care to have a character with his butler when he engages him, and will not purchase a horse without the strongest warranty and the closest inspection; but sends off his son, young John Thomas, to school without asking any questions about the Schoolmaster, and places the lad at Switchester College, under Doctor Block, because he (the good old English gentleman) had been at Switchester, under Doctor Buzwig, forty years ago.

We have a love for all little boys at school; for many scores of thousands of them read and love *Punch*:—may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read! He will not have his young friends to be Snobs in the future, or to be bullied by Snobs, or given over to such to be educated. Our connexion with the youth at the Universities is very close and affectionate. The candid undergraduate is our friend. The pompous old College Don trembles in his common room, lest we should attack him and show him up as a Snob.

When railroads were threatening to invade the land which they have since conquered, it may be recollected what a shrieking and outcry the authorities of Oxford and Eton made, lest the iron abominations should come near those seats of pure learning, and tempt the British youth astray. The supplications were in vain; the railroad is in upon them, and the Old-World institutions are doomed. I felt charmed to read in the papers the other day a most veracious puffing advertisement headed, "To College and back for Five Shillings." "The College Gardens (it said) will be thrown open on this occasion; the College youths will perform a regatta; the Chapel of King's College will have its celebrated music;"—and all for five shillings! The Goths have got into Rome; Napoleon Stephenson draws his republican lines

tinctions in a place of education, so absurd and monstrous do they seem to be.

The lads with gold and silver lace are sons of rich gentlemen, and called Fellow Commoners; they are privileged to feed better than the pensioners, and to have wine with their victuals, which the latter can only get in their rooms.

The unlucky boys who have no tassels to their caps, are called sizars—*servitors* at Oxford—(a very pretty and gentlemanlike title). A distinction is made in their clothes because they are poor; for which reason they wear a badge of poverty, and are not allowed to take their meals with their fellow-students.

When this wicked and shameful distinction was set up, it was of a piece with all the rest—a part of the brutal, unchristian, blundering feudal system. Distinctions of rank were then so strongly insisted upon, that it would have been thought blasphemy to doubt them, as blasphemous as it is in parts of the United States now, for a nigger to set up as the equal of a white man. A ruffian like Henry VIII. talked as gravely about the divine powers vested in him, as if he had been an inspired prophet. A wretch like James I. not only believed that there was in himself a particular sanctity, but other people believed him. Government regulated the length of a merchant's shoes as well as meddled with his trade, prices, exports, machinery. It thought itself justified in roasting a man for his religion, or pulling a Jew's teeth out if he did not pay a contribution, or ordered him to dress in a yellow gabardine, and locked him in a particular quarter.

Now a merchant may wear what boots he pleases, and has pretty nearly acquired the privilege of buying and selling without the Government laying its paws upon the bargain. The stake for heretics is gone; the pillory is taken down; Bishops are even found lifting up their voices against the remains of persecution, and ready to do away with the last Catholic Disabilities. Sir Robert Peel, though he wished it ever so much, has no power over Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's grinders, or any means of violently handling that gentleman's jaw. Jews are not called upon to wear badges: on the contrary, they may live in Piccadilly, or the Minories, according to fancy; they may dress like Christians, and do sometimes in a most elegant and fashionable manner.

Why is the poor College servitor to wear that name and that badge still? Because Universities are the last places into which Reform penetrates. But now that she can go to College and back for five shillings, let her travel down thither.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS.

ALL the men of Saint Boniface will recognise Hugby and Crump in these two pictures. They were tutors in our time, and Crump is since advanced to be President of the College. He was formerly, and is now, a rich specimen of a University snob.

At five-and-twenty, Crump invented three new metres, and published an edition of an exceedingly improper Greek Comedy, with no less than twenty emendations upon the German text of Schnupfenius and Schnapsius. These services to religion instantly pointed him out for advancement in the Church, and he is now President of St. Boniface, and very narrowly escaped the bench.

Crump thinks St. Boniface the centre of the world, and his position as President the highest in England. He expects the

As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about Crump than about the Grand Lama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge; but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor; and if they venture to sit down, Crump's follower, Mr. Toady, whispers, "Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up?—The President is passing;" or "Gentlemen, the President prefers that undergraduates should not sit down;" or words to a similar effect.

To do Crump justice, he does not cringe now to great people. He rather patronises them than otherwise; and, in London, speaks quite affably to a Duke who has been brought up at his college, or holds out a finger to a Marquis. He does not disguise his own origin, but brags of it with considerable self-gratulation:—"I was a Charity-boy," says he; "see what I am now; the greatest Greek scholar of the greatest College of the greatest University of the greatest Empire in the world." The argument being, that this is a capital world for beggars, because he, being a beggar, has managed to get on horseback.

Hugby owes his eminence to patient merit and agreeable perseverance. He is a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with just enough of scholarship to fit him to hold a lecture, or set an examination paper. He rose by kindness to the aristocracy. It was wonderful to see the way in which that poor creature grovelled before a nobleman or a lord's nephew, or even some noisy and disreputable commoner, the friend of a lord. He used to give the young noblemen the most painful and elaborate breakfasts, and adopt a jaunty genteel air, and talk with them (although he was decidedly serious) about the opera, or the last run with the hounds. It was good to watch him in the midst of a circle of young tufts, with his mean, smiling, eager, uneasy familiarity. He used to write home confidential letters to their parents, and made it his duty to call upon them when in town, to condole or rejoice with them when a death, birth, or marriage took place in their family; and to feast them whenever they came to the University. I recollect a letter lying on a desk in his lecture-room for a whole term, beginning, "My Lord Duke." It was to show us that he corresponded with such dignities.

When the late lamented Lord Glenlivat, who broke his neck at

a hurdle-race, at the premature age of twenty-four, was at the University, the amiable young fellow, passing to his rooms in the early morning, and seeing Hugby's boots at his door, on the same staircase, playfully wadded the insides of the boots with cobbler's wax, which caused excruciating pains to the Rev. Mr. Hugby, when he came to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St. Crispin's.

Everybody gave the credit of this admirable piece of fun to Lord Glenlivat's friend, Bob Tizzy, who was famous for such feats, and who had already made away with the college pump-handle; filed St. Boniface's nose smooth with his face; carried off four images of nigger-boys from the tobacconists; painted the senior proctor's horse pea-green, &c., &c.; and Bob (who was of the party certainly, and would not peach) was just on the point of incurring expulsion, and so losing the family living which was in store for him, when Glenlivat nobly stepped forward, owned himself to be the author of the delightful *jeu d'esprit*, apologised to the tutor, and accepted the rustication.

Hugby cried when Glenlivat apologised; if the young nobleman had kicked him round the court, I believe the tutor would have been happy, so that an apology and a reconciliation might subsequently ensue. "My lord," said he, "in your conduct on this

borough House, and the Marquis of Farintosh's evening parties. He is a member of Sydney Scraper's Club, where, however, he drinks his pint of claret.

Sometimes you may see him on Sundays, at the hour when tavern doors open, whence issue little girls with great jugs of porter; when charity-boys walk the streets, bearing brown dishes of smoking shoulders of mutton and baked 'taturs; when Sheeny and Moses are seen smoking their pipes before their lazy shutters in Seven-Dials; when a crowd of smiling persons in clean outlandish dresses, in monstrous bonnets and flaring printed gowns, or in crumpled glossy coats and silks, that bear the creases of the drawers where they have lain all the week, file down High Street, —sometimes, I say, you may see Hugby coming out of the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, with a stout gentlewoman leaning on his arm, whose old face bears an expression of supreme pride and happiness as she glances round at all the neighbours, and who faces the Curate himself, and marches into Holborn, where she pulls the bell of a house, over which is inscribed, "Hugby, Haberdasher." It is the mother of the Rev. F. Hugby, as proud of her son in his white choker as Cornelia of her jewels at Rome. That is old Hugby bringing up the rear with the Prayer-books, and Betsy Hugby, the old maid, his daughter,—old Hugby, Haberdasher and Churchwarden.

In the front room up-stairs, where the dinner is laid out, there is a picture of Muffborough Castle; of the Earl of Muffborough, K.X., Lord Lieutenant for Diddlesex; an engraving from an Almanac, of St. Boniface College, Oxon.; and a sticking-plaister portrait of Hugby when young, in a cap and gown. A copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's Family" is on the book-shelf by the "Whole Duty of Man," the Reports of the Missionary Societies, and the Oxford University Calendar. Old Hugby knows part of this by heart; every living belonging to Saint Boniface, and the name of every tutor, fellow, nobleman, and undergraduate.

He used to go to meeting and preach himself, until his son took orders; but of late the old gentleman has been accused of Puseyism, and is quite pitiless against the Dissenters.

CHAPTER XV.

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS.

I SHOULD like to fill several volumes with accounts of various University Snobs; so fond are my reminiscences of them, and so numerous are they. I should like to speak, above all, of the wives and daughters of some of the Professor-Snobs; their amusements, habits, jealousies; their innocent artifices to entrap young men; their pic-nics, concerts, and evening parties. I wonder what has become of Emily Blades, daughter of Blades the Professor of the Mandingo language? I remember her shoulders to this day, as she sate in the midst of a crowd of about seventy young gentlemen, from Corpus and Catherine Hall, entertaining them with ogles and French songs on the guitar. Are you married, fair Emily of the shoulders? What beautiful ringlets those were that used to dribble over them!—what a waist!—what a killing sea-green shot-silk gown!—what a cameo, the size of a muffin! There were thirty-six young men of the University in love at one time with Emily Blades: and no words are sufficient to describe the pity, the sorrow, the deep, deep commiseration—the rage, fury,

genius prompted. He got a fellowship: and then took to himself a wife, and a living. He presides over a parish now, and thinks it rather a dashing thing to belong to the Oxford and Cambridge Club; and his parishioners love him, and snore under his sermons. No, no, *he* is not a Snob. It is not straps that make the gentleman, or high-lows that unmake him, be they ever so thick. My son, it is you who are the Snob if you lightly despise a man for doing his duty, and refuse to shake an honest man's hand because it wears a Berlin glove.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pine-apples and ices at each others' rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret.

One looks back to what was called "a wine-party" with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again. Milk punch—smoking—ghastly headache—frightful spectacle of dessert table next morning, and smell of tobacco—your guardian, the clergyman, dropping in, in the midst of this—expecting to find you deep in Algebra, and discovering the Gyp administering soda-water.

There were young men who despised the lads who indulged in the coarse hospitalities of wine-parties, who prided themselves in giving *récherchés* little French dinners. Both wine-party-givers and dinner-givers were Snobs.

There were what used to be called "dressy" Snobs:—Jimmy, who might be seen at five o'clock elaborately rigged out, with a camellia in his button-hole, glazed boots, and fresh kid gloves twice a day;—Jessamy, who was conspicuous for his "jewellery,"—a young donkey, glittering all over with chains, rings, and shirt-studs;—Jacky, who rode every day solemnly on the Blenheim Road, in pumps and white silk stockings, with his hair curled,—all three of whom flattered themselves they gave laws to the University about dress—all three most odious varieties of Snobs.

Sporting Snobs of course there were, and are always—those happy beings in whom Nature has implanted a love of slang: who loitered about the horsekeeper's stables, and drove the London

coaches—a stage in and out, and might be seen swaggering through the courts in pink of early mornings, and indulged in dice and blind-hookey at nights, and never missed a race, or a boxing-match; and rode flat-races, and kept bull-terriers. Worse Snobs even than these were poor miserable wretches, who did not like hunting at all, and could not afford it, and were in mortal fear at a two-foot ditch; but who hunted because Glenlivat and Cinqbars hunted. The Billiard Snob and the Boating Snob were varieties of these, and are to be found elsewhere than in Universities.

Then there were Philosophical Snobs, who used to ape statesmen at the Spouting Clubs, and who believed as a fact, that Government always had an eye on the University where to select orators for the House of Commons. There were audacious young Free-thinkers, who adored nobody or nothing, except perhaps Robespierre and the Koran, and panted for the day when the pale name of priest should shrink and dwindle away before the indignation of an enlightened world.

But the worst of all University Snobs, are those unfortunates who go to rack and ruin from their desire to ape their betters. Smith becomes acquainted with great people at College, and is ashamed of his father the tradesman. Jones has fine acquaint-

CHAPTER XVI.

ON LITERARY SNOBS.

What will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I make no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies, indiscriminately, hesitate when the turn comes to *égorger* his own flesh and blood?

My dear and excellent querist, whom does the Schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't Brutus chop his offspring's head off? You have a very bad opinion indeed of the present state of Literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman, if the latter's death could do the state any service.

But the fact is, that in the literary profession THERE ARE NO SNOBS. Look round at the whole body of British men of letters, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

Men and women, as far as I have known them, they are all modest in their demeanour, elegant in their manners, spotless in their lives, and honourable in their conduct to the world and to each other. You *may*, occasionally, it is true, hear one literary man abusing his brother; but why? Not in the least out of malice; not at all from envy; merely from a sense of truth and public duty. Suppose, for instance, I good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend *Mr. Punch's* person, and say, *Mr. P.* has a hump-back, and his nose and chin are more crooked than those features in the Apollo or Antinous, which we are accustomed to consider as our standards of beauty; does this argue malice on my part towards *Mr. Punch?* Not in the least. It is the critic's duty to point out defects as well as merits, and he invariably does his duty with the utmost gentleness and candour.

An intelligent foreigner's testimony about our manners is always worth having, and I think, in this respect, the work of an eminent American, Mr. N. P. Willis, is eminently valuable and

impartial. In his "History of Ernest Clay," a crack Magazine writer, the reader will get an exact account of the life of a popular man of letters in England. He is always the great lion of society.

He takes the *pas* of Dukes and Earls; all the nobility crowd to see him: I forget how many Baronesses and Duchesses fall in love with him. But on this subject let us hold our tongues. Modesty forbids that we should reveal the names of the heart-broken Countesses and dear Marchionesses who are pining for every one of the contributors in this periodical.

If anybody wants to know how intimately authors are connected with the fashionable world, they have but to read the genteel novels. What refinement and delicacy pervades the works of Mrs. Barnaby! What delightful good company do you meet with in Mrs. Armytage! She seldom introduces you to anybody under a Marquis! I don't know anything more delicious than the pictures of genteel life in *Ten Thousand a Year*, except perhaps the *Young Duke*, and *Coningsby*. There's a modest grace about *them*, and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear Sir—to true blood.

And what linguists many of our writers are! Lady Bulwer, Lady Londonderry, Sir Edward himself—they write the French language with a luxurious elegance and ease, which sets them far

again is *Blackwood's Magazine*—conspicuous for modest elegance and amiable satire; that Review never passes the bounds of politeness in a joke. It is the arbiter of manners; and, while gently exposing the foibles of Londoners (for whom the *beaux esprits* of Edinburgh entertain a justifiable contempt), it is never coarse in its fun. The fiery enthusiasm of the *Athenæum* is well-known: and the bitter wit of the too difficult *Literary Gazette*. The *Examiner* is perhaps too timid, and the *Spectator* too boisterous in its praise—but who can carp at these minor faults? No, no; the critics of England and the authors of England are unrivalled as a body; and hence it becomes impossible for us to find fault with them.

Above all, I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession*. Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success. If Jones dines with a lord, Smith never says Jones is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does Jones, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a Duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor Brown, the young penny-a-liner.

That sense of equality and fraternity amongst Authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign; and it is probable that towards the end of the season, one or two will be asked to dinner by Sir Robert Peel.

They are such favourites with the public, that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the people has for its instructors.

Literature is held in such honour in England, that there is a

sum of near twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

If every word of this is true, how, I should like to know, am I to write about Literary Snobs?

CHAPTER XVII.

A LITTLE ABOUT IRISH SNOBS

You do not, to be sure, imagine that there are no other Snobs in Ireland than those of the amiable party who wish to make pikes of iron railroads, (it's a fine Irish economy) and to cut the throats of the Saxon invaders. These are of the venemous sort; and had they been invented in his time, St. Patrick would have banished them out of the kingdom along with the other dangerous reptiles.

I think it is the Four Masters, or else it's Olaus Magnus, or else it's certainly O'Neill Daunt, in the Catechism of Irish

have had to tell, when they returned to Pall Mall, and smoked their cigars upon the steps of White's!

The Irish snobbishness developes itself not in pride so much as in servility and mean admirations, and trumpery imitations of their neighbours. And I wonder De Tocqueville and De Beaumont, and the *Times Commissioner*, did not explain the Snobbishness of Ireland as contrasted with our own. Ours is that of Richard's Norman Knights, — haughty, brutal, stupid, and perfectly self-confident;—theirs, of the poor, wondering, kneeling, simple chieftains. They are on their knees still before English fashion—these simple, wild people; and indeed it is hard not to grin at some of their *naïve* exhibitions.

Some years since, when a certain great orator was Lord Mayor of Dublin, he used to wear a red gown and a cocked hat, the splendour of which delighted him as much as a new curtain-ring in her nose or a string of glass beads round her neck charms Queen Quasheeneaboo. He used to pay visits to people in this dress; to appear at meetings hundreds of miles off, in the red velvet gown. And to hear the people crying "Yes, me Lard!" and "No, me Lard!" and to read the prodigious accounts of his Lordship in the papers: it seemed as if the people and he liked to be taken in by this twopenny splendour. Twopenny magnificence, indeed, exists all over Ireland, and may be considered as the great characteristic of the Snobbishness of that country.

When Mrs. Mulholligan, the grocer's lady, retires to Kingstown, she has "Mulholliganville" painted over the gate of her villa; and receives you at a door that won't shut, or gazes at you out of a window that is glazed with an old petticoat.

Be it ever so shabby and dismal, nobody ever owns to keeping a shop. A fellow whose stock in trade is a penny roll or a tumbler of lollipops, calls his cabin the "American Flour Stores," or the "Depository for Colonial Produce," or some such name.

As for Inns, there are none in the country; Hotels abound, as well furnished as Mulholliganville; but again, there are no such people as landlords and landladies, the landlord is out with the hounds, and my lady, in the parlour talking with the Captain or playing the piano.

If a gentleman has a hundred a year to leave to his family they

all become gentlemen, all keep a nag, ride to hounds, and swagger about in the "Phaynix," and grow tufts to their chins like so many real aristocrats.

A friend of mine has taken to be a painter, and lives out of Ireland, where he is considered to have disgraced the family by choosing such a profession. His father is a wine-merchant; and his elder brother an apothecary.

The number of men one meets in London and on the Continent who have a pretty little property of five-and-twenty hundred a year in Ireland is prodigious—those who *will* have nine thousand a year in land when somebody dies are still more numerous. I myself have met as many descendants from Irish kings as would form a brigade.

And who has not met the Irishman who apes the Englishman, and who forgets his country and tries to forget his accent, or to smother the taste of it, as it were? "Come, dine with me, my boy," says O'Dowd, of O'Dowdstown, "you'll *find us all English there;*" which he tells you with a brogue as broad as from here to Kingstown Pier. And did you never hear Mrs. Captain Macmanus talk about "I-ah-land," and her account of her "fawther's esteet?" Very few men have rubbed through the world without hearing and witnessing some of these Hibernian

believe his story nor the hearer:—but they make-believe to believe, and solemnly do honour to humbug.

Oh Ireland! Oh my country! (for I make little doubt that I am descended from Brian Boroo too) when will you acknowledge that two and two make four, and call a pikestaff a pikestaff?—that is the very best use you can make of the latter. Irish snobs will dwindle away then, and we shall never hear tell of Hereditary Bondsmen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARTY-GIVING SNOBS.

Our selection of Snobs for the past few weeks has been too exclusively of a political character.* "Give us private Snobs," cry the dear ladies. (I have before me the letter of one fair correspondent of the fishing village of Brighthelmstone in Sussex, and could her commands ever be disobeyed?) "Tell us more, dear Mr. Snob, about your experience of Snobs in society." Heaven bless the dear souls!—they are accustomed to the word now—the odious, vulgar, horrid, unpronounceable word slips out of their lips with the prettiest glibness possible. I should not wonder if it were used at Court amongst the Maids of Honour. In the very best society I know it is. And why not? Snobbishness is vulgar—the mere words are not: that which we call a Snob, by any other name would still be Snobbish.

Well, then. As the season is drawing to a close: as many hundreds of kind souls, snobbish or otherwise, have quitted London; as many hospitable carpets are taken up; and window-blinds are pitilessly papered with the *Morning Herald;* and mansions once inhabited by cheerful owners are now consigned to the care of the housekeeper's dreary *locum tenens*—some mouldy old woman, who, in reply to the hopeless clanging of the bell, peers at you for a moment from the area, and then slowly unbolting the

* On re-perusing these papers, I have found them so stupid, so personal, so snobbish—in a word, that I have withdrawn them from this collection, —THE SNOB.

great hall door, informs you my lady has left town, or that "the family's in the country," or "gone up the Rind,"—or what not—as the season and parties are over; why not consider Party-giving Snobs for awhile, and review the conduct of some of those individuals who have quitted the town for six months?

Some of those worthy Snobs are making-believe to go yachting and, dressed in telescopes and pea-jackets, are passing their time between Cherbourg and Cowes; some living higgledy-piggledy in dismal little huts in Scotland, provisioned with canisters of portable soup, and fricandeaux hermetically sealed in tin, are passing their days slaughtering grouse on the moors; some are dosing and bathing away the effects of the season at Kissigen, or watching the ingenious game of *Trente et quarante* at Homburg and Ems. We can afford to be very bitter upon them now they are all gone. Now there are no more parties, let us have at the Party-giving Snobs. The dinner-giving, the ball-giving, the *déjeûner*-giving, the *conversazione*-giving Snobs—Lord! Lord! what havoc might have been made amongst them had we attacked them during the plethora of the season! I should have been obliged to have a guard to defend me from fiddlers and pastrycooks, indignant at the abuse of their patrons. Already I'm told that, from some flippant and unguarded expressions considered derogatory to

Good Heavens! What do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in a door-way (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful); after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttleton's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy —you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the *conversazione* giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four hundredth time that night; and, if she's *very* glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss? I wouldn't kiss h- for the world. Why do I grin when I see her, as if I was de[illegible]ighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way?—Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society; whose dictates we all of us obey.

Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Botibol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty, we call her,) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ("The Death-Shriek;" "Damien;" "The Faggot of Joan of Arc;" and "Translations from the German" —of course)—the conversazione women salute each other, calling each other, "My dear Lady Ann," and "My dear good Eliza,"

and hating each other, as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronise her Fridays.

All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call "the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps"—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. "The Great Cacafogo," Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by—"A great creature, Thumpenstrumpff, is at the instrument—the Hetman Platoff's Pianist, you know."

To hear this Cacafogo and Thumpenstrumpff, a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons; the old stiff stout bald-headed

That's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is roaring out their names; poor Cacafogo is quavering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lanthorn of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honour's lordship's cab.

And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday!

CHAPTER XIX.

DINING-OUT SNOBS.

In England Dinner-giving Snobs occupy a very important place in society, and the task of describing them is tremendous. There was a time in my life when the consciousness of having eaten a man's salt rendered me dumb regarding his demerits, and I thought it a wicked act and a breach of hospitality to speak ill of him.

But why should a saddle of mutton blind you, or a turbot and lobster-sauce shut your mouth for ever? With advancing age, men see their duties more clearly. I am not to be hoodwinked any longer by a slice of venison, be it ever so fat; and as for being dumb on account of turbot and lobster-sauce—of course I am; good manners ordain that I should be so, until I have swallowed the compound — but not afterwards; directly the victuals are discussed, and John takes away the plate, my tongue begins to wag. Does not yours, if you have a pleasant neighbour?—a lovely creature, say, of some five-and-thirty, whose daughters have not yet quite come out—they are the best talkers. As for your young misses, they are only put about the table to look at—like the flowers in the centre-piece. Their blushing

youth and natural modesty prevents them from that easy, confidential conversational *abandon* which forms the delight of the intercourse with their dear mothers. It is to these, if he would prosper in his profession, that the Dining-out Snob should address himself. Suppose you sit next to one of these, how pleasant it is, in the intervals of the banquet, actually to abuse the victuals and the giver of the entertainment! It's twice as *piquant* to make fun of a man under his very nose.

What *is* a Dinner-giving Snob? some innocent youth, who is not *répandu* in the world, may ask—or some simple reader who has not the benefits of London experience.

My dear sir, I will show you—not all, for that is impossible—but several kinds of Dinner-giving Snobs. For instance, suppose you, in the middle rank of life, accustomed to Mutton, roast on Tuesday, cold on Wednesday, hashed on Thursday, &c., with small means, and a small establishment, choose to waste the former and set the latter topsy-turvy by giving entertainments unnaturally costly—you come into the Dinner-giving Snob class at once. Suppose you get in cheap made dishes from the pastrycook's, and hire a couple of greengrocers, or carpet-beaters, to figure as footmen, dismissing honest Molly, who waits on common days, and bedizening your table (ordinarily ornamented with willow-pattern [illegible]

Tufthunt never has a dinner now, but you see this solemn old toothless patrician at the right-hand of Mrs. Tufthunt—Tufthunt is a Dinner-giving Snob.

Old Livermore, old Soy, old Chuttney, the East India Director, old Cutler, the Surgeon, &c.,—that society of old fogies, in fine, who give each other dinners round and round, and dine for the mere purpose of guttling—these, again, are Dinner-giving Snobs.

Again, my friend Lady MacScrew, who has three grenadier flunkies in lace round the table, and serves up a scrag of mutton on silver, and dribbles you out bad sherry and port by thimblefuls, is a Dinner-giving Snob of the other sort; and I confess, for my part, I would rather dine with old Livermore or old Soy than with her Ladyship.

Stinginess is snobbish. Ostentation is snobbish. Too great profusion is snobbish. Tuft-hunting is snobbish: but I own there are people more snobbish than all those whose defects are above mentioned: viz., those individuals who can, and don't give dinners at all. The man without hospitality shall never sit *sub iisdem trabibus* with *me*. Let the sordid wretch go mumble his bone alone!

What, again, is true hospitality? Alas, my dear friends and brother Snobs! how little do we meet of it after all! Are the motives *pure* which induce your friends to ask you to dinner? This has often come across me. Does your entertainer want something from you? For instance, I am not of a suspicious turn; but it *is* a fact that when Hookey is bringing out a new work, he asks the critics all round to dinner; that when Walker has got his picture ready for the Exhibition, he somehow grows exceedingly hospitable, and has his friends of the press to a quiet cutlet and a glass of Sillery. Old Hunks, the miser, who died lately (leaving his money to his housekeeper) lived many years on the fat of the land, by simply taking down, at all his friends', the names and Christian names *of all the children*. But though you may have your own opinion about the hospitality of your acquaintances; and though men who ask you from sordid motives are most decidedly Dinner-giving Snobs, it is best not to inquire into their motives too keenly. Be not too curious about the

mouth of a gift-horse. After all, a man does not intend to insult you by asking you to dinner.

Though, for that matter, I know some characters about town who actually consider themselves injured and insulted if the dinner or the company is not to their liking. There is Guttleton, who dines at home off a shilling's worth of beef from the cook's shop, but if he is asked to dine at a house where there are not peas at the end of May, or cucumbers in March along with the turbot, thinks himself insulted by being invited. "Good Ged!" says he, "what the deuce do the Forkers mean by asking *me* to a family dinner? I can get mutton at home;" or "What infernal impertinence it is of the Spooners to get *entrées* from the pastrycook's, and fancy that *I* am to be deceived with their stories about their French cook!" Then, again, there is Jack Puddington—I saw that honest fellow t'other day quite in a rage, because, as chance would have it, Sir John Carver asked him to meet the very same party he had met at Colonel Cramley's the day before, and he had not got up a new set of stories to entertain them. Poor Dinner-giving Snobs! you don't know what small thanks you get for all your pains and money! How we Dining-out Snobs sneer at your cookery, and pooh-pooh your old Hock, and are incredulous about your four-and-sixpenny Champagne; and know that the side-

CHAPTER XX.

DINNER-GIVING SNOBS FURTHER CONSIDERED.

If my friends would but follow the present prevailing fashion, I think they ought to give me a testimonial for the paper on Dinner-giving Snobs, which I am now writing. What do you say now to a handsome comfortable dinner-service of plate (*not* including plates, for I hold silver plates to be sheer wantonness, and would almost as soon think of silver tea-cups), a couple of neat tea-pots, a coffee-pot, trays, &c., with a little inscription to my wife, Mrs. Snob; and a half-score of silver tankards for the little Snoblings, to glitter on the homely table where they partake of their quotidian mutton?

If I had my way, and my plans could be carried out, dinner-giving would increase as much on the one hand as dinner-giving Snobbishness would diminish:—to my mind the most amiable part of the work lately published by my esteemed friend (if upon a very brief acquaintance he will allow me to call him so), Alexis Soyer, the Regenerator; what he (in his noble style) would call the most succulent, savory, and elegant passages; are those which relate, not to the grand banquets and ceremonial dinners, but to "his dinners at home."

The "dinner at home" ought to be the centre of the whole system of dinner-giving. Your usual style of meal that is plenteous, comfortable, and in its perfection, should be that to which you welcome your friends, as it is that of which you partake yourself.

For, towards what woman in the world do I entertain a higher regard than towards the beloved partner of my existence, Mrs. Snob? who should have a greater place in my affections than her six brothers (three or four of whom we are pretty sure will favour us with their company at seven o'clock), or her angelic mother, my own valued mother-in-law?—for whom, finally would I wish to cater more generously than for your very humble servant, the present writer? Now, nobody supposes that the Birmingham plate is had out, the disguised carpet-beaters introduced to the

clusion of the neat parlour-maid, the miserable *entrées* from the strycook's ordered in, and the children packed off (as it is sup-sed) to the nursery, but really only to the staircase, down which ey slide during the dinner-time, waylaying the dishes as they come t, and fingering the round bumps on the jellies, and the forced-eat balls in the soup. Nobody, I say, supposes that a dinner at me is characterised by the horrible ceremony, the foolish make-ifts, the mean pomp and ostentation which distinguish our nquets on grand field-days.

Such a notion is monstrous. I would as soon think of having y dearest Bessy sitting opposite me in a turban and bird of aradise, and showing her jolly mottled arms out of blond sleeves her famous red satin gown: aye, or of having Mr. Toole every y, in a white waistcoat, at my back, shouting, "Silence *faw* the air!"

Now, if this be the case; if the Brummagem-plate pomp and the ocessions of disguised footmen are odious and foolish in every-y life, why not always? Why should Jones and I, who are in e middle rank, alter the modes of our being to assume an *éclat* hich does not belong to us—to entertain our friends, who (if we e worth anything, and honest fellows at bottom) are men of the

same. My dear Jones, ask any of those whom you have the honour of knowing, if such be not the case.

I am far from wishing that their Graces should treat me in a similar fashion. Splendour is a part of their station, as decent comfort (let us trust), of yours and mine. Fate has comfortably appointed gold plate for some, and has bidden others contentedly to wear the willow pattern. And being perfectedly contented (indeed humbly thankful—for look around, O Jones, and see the myriads who are not so fortunate,) to wear honest linen, while magnificos of the world are adorned with cambric and point-lace; surely we ought to hold as miserable, envious fools, those wretched Beaux Tibbs's of society, who sport a lace dickey, and nothing besides. The poor silly jays, who trail a peacock's feather behind them, and think to simulate the gorgeous bird whose nature it is to strut on palace-terraces, and to flaunt his magnificent fan-tail in the sunshine.

The jays with peacocks' feathers are the Snobs of this world: and never since the days of Æsop were they more numerous in any land, than they are at present in this free country.

How does this most ancient apologue apply to the subject in hand—the Dinner-giving Snob? The imitation of the great is universal in this city, from the palaces of Kensingtonia and Belgravia, even to the remotest corner of Brunswick Square. Peacocks' feathers are stuck in the tails of most families. Scarce one of us domestic birds but imitates the lanky, pavonine strut, and shrill, genteel scream. O you misguided Dinner-giving Snobs, think how much pleasure you lose, and how much mischief you do with your absurd grandeurs and hypocrisies! You stuff each other with unnatural forced-meats, and entertain each other to the ruin of friendship (let alone health) and the destruction of hospitality and good-fellowship—you, who but for the peacock's tail might chatter away as much at your ease, and be so jovial and happy!

When a man goes into a great set company of dinner-giving and dinner-receiving Snobs; if he has a philosophical turn of mind, he will consider what a huge humbug the whole affair is; the dishes and the drink, and the servants and the plate, and the host and hostess, and the conversation, and the company,—the philosopher included.

The host is smiling and hob-nobbing, and talking up and down e table; but a prey to secret terrors and anxieties lest the wines e has brought up from the cellar should prove insufficient; lest a rked bottle should destroy his calculations; or our friend the rpet-beater, by making some *bévue*, should disclose his real ality of green-grocer, and show that he is not the family butler.

The hostess is smiling resolutely through all the courses, niling through her agony; though her heart is in the kitchen, d she is speculating with terror lest there be any disaster there. the *souffle* should collapse, or if Wiggins does not send the ices time—she feels as if she would commit suicide—that smiling, lly woman!

The children up-stairs are yelling, as their maid is crimping eir miserable ringlets with hot tongs, tearing Miss Emmy's hair t by the roots, or scrubbing Miss Polly's dumpy nose with ottled soap till the little wretch screams herself into fits. The ung males of the family are employed, as we have stated, in ratical exploits upon the landing-place.

The servants are not servants, but the before-mentioned retail adesmen.

The plate is not silver, but a mere shiny Birmingham lacquer;

and friendly, were they brought together in a natural unpretentious way, and but for an unhappy passion for peacocks' feathers in England. Gentle shades of Marat and Robespierre! when I see how all the honesty of society is corrupted among us by the miserable fashion-worship, I feel as angry as Mrs. Fox just mentioned, and ready to order a general *battue* of peacocks.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME CONTINENTAL SNOBS.

Now that September has come, and all our parliamentary duties are over, perhaps no class of Snobs are in such high feather as the Continental Snobs. I watch these daily as they commence their migrations from the beach at Folkestone. I see shoals of them depart (not perhaps without an innate longing too to quit the island along with those happy Snobs). Farewell, dear friends, I say, you little know that the individual who regards you from the beach is your friend and historiographer and brother.

I went to-day to see our excellent friend Snooks, on board the *Queen of the French;* many scores of Snobs were there, on the deck of that fine ship, marching forth in their pride and bravery. They will be at Ostend in four hours; they will inundate the Continent next week; they will carry into far lands the famous image of the British Snob. I shall not see them—but am with them in spirit; and indeed there is hardly a country in the known and civilised world in which these eyes have not beheld them.

I have seen Snobs, in pink coats and hunting boots, scouring over the Campagna of Rome: and have heard their oaths and their well-known slang in the galleries of the Vatican, and under the shadowy arches of the Colosseum. I have met a Snob on a dromedary in the desert, and picknicking under the pyramid of Cheops. I like to think how many gallant British Snobs there are, at this minute of writing, pushing their heads out of every window in the court-yard of Meurice's in the Rue de Rivoli; or roaring out "Garsong, du pang," "Garson, du vang;" or swaggering down the Toledo at Naples; or even how many will

e on the look-out for Snooks on Ostend pier,—for Snooks, and he rest of the Snobs on board the *Queen of the French*.

Look at the Marquis of Carabas and his two carriages. My dy Marchioness comes on board, looks round with that happy air f mingled terror and impertinence which distinguishes her lady-hip, and rushes to her carriage, for it is impossible that she should ingle with the other Snobs on deck. There she sits, and will be l in private. The strawberry-leaves on her chariot-panels are graved on her ladyship's heart. If she were going to heaven stead of to Ostend, I rather think she would expect to have *es places réservées* for her, and would send to order the best ooms. A courier, with his money-bag of office round his houlders—a huge scowling footman, whose dark pepper-and-salt very glistens with the heraldic insignia of the Carabases—a razen-looking, tawdry French *femme-de-chambre* (none but a male pen can do justice to that wonderful tawdry toilette of the dy's maid *en voyage*)—and a miserable *dame de compagnie*, are inistering to the wants of her ladyship and her King Charles's paniel. They are rushing to and fro with Eau-de-Cologne, pocket-andkerchiefs which are all fringe and cypher, and popping mys-erious cushions behind and before, and in every available corner

you'd best take the pistol-case into the cabin." Little Pompey travels with a dressing-case, and without a beard; whom he is going to shoot with his pistols, who on earth can tell? and what he is to do with his servant but wait upon him, I am at a loss to conjecture.

Look at honest Nathan Houndsditch and his lady, and their little son. What a noble air of blazing contentment illuminates the features of those Snobs of Eastern race! What a toilette Houndsditch's is! What rings and chains, what gold-headed canes and diamonds, what a tuft the rogue has got to his chin (the rogue! he will never spare himself any cheap enjoyment!) Little Houndsditch has a little cane with a gilt head and little mosaic ornaments—altogether an extra air. As for the lady, she is all the colours of the rainbow: she has a pink parasol, with a white lining, and a yellow bonnet, and an emerald green shawl, and a shot silk pelisse; and drab boots and rhubarb-coloured gloves; and party-coloured glass buttons, expanding from the size of a fourpenny piece to a crown, glitter and twiddle all down the front of her gorgeous costume. I have said before, I like to look at "the Peoples" on their gala days, they are so picturesquely and outrageously splendid and happy.

Yonder comes Captain Bull; spick and span, tight and trim, who travels for four or six months every year of his life, who does not commit himself by luxury of raiment or insolence of demeanour, but I think is as great a Snob as any man on board. Bull passes the season in London, sponging for dinners, and sleeping in a garret near his Club. Abroad, he has been everywhere; he knows the best wine at every inn in every capital in Europe; lives with the best English company there; has seen every palace and picture-gallery from Madrid to Stockholm; speaks an abominable little jargon of half-a-dozen languages—and knows nothing—nothing. Bull hunts tufts on the Continent, and is a sort of amateur courier. He will scrape acquaintance with old Carabas before they make Ostend; and will remind his lordship that he met him at Vienna twenty years ago, or gave him a glass of Schnaps up the Righi. We have said Bull knows nothing: he knows the birth, arms and pedigree of all the peerage, has poked his little eyes into every one of the carriages at

—their panels noted and their crests surveyed; he knows all the continental stories of English scandal—how Count Towrowski run off with Miss Baggs at Naples—how *very* thick Lady Smigsmag was with young Cornichon of the French legation at Florence—the exact amount which Jack Duceace won of Bob Greengoose at Baden—what it is that made the Staggs settle on the Continent: the sum for which the O'Goggarty estates are mortgaged, &c. If he can't catch a lord he will hook on to a baronet, or else the old wretch will catch hold of some beardless young stripling of fashion, and show him "life" in various and amiable and inaccessible quarters. Faugh! the old brute! If he has every one of the vices of the most boisterous youth; at least he is comforted by having no conscience. He is utterly stupid, but of a jovial turn. He believes himself to be quite a respectable member of society: but perhaps the only good action he ever did in his life is the involuntary one of giving an example to be avoided, and showing what an odious thing in the social picture is that figure of the debauched old man who passes through life rather a decorous Silenus, and dies some day in his garret, alone, unrepenting, and unnoted, save by his astonished heirs, who find that the dissolute old miser has left

dandy from the University, her son, is Mrs. Kewsy, the eminent barrister's lady, who would rather die than not be in the fashion. She has the Peerage in her carpet-bag, you may be sure; but she is altogether cut out by Mrs. Quod, the attorney's wife, whose carriage, with the apparatus of rumbles, dickeys, and imperials, scarcely yields in splendour to the Marquis of Carabas's own travelling chariot, and whose courier has even bigger whiskers and a larger morocco money-bag than the Marquis's own travelling gentleman. Remark her well: she is talking to Mr. Spout, the new member for Jawborough, who is going out to inspect the operations of the Zollverein, and will put some very severe questions to Lord Palmerston next session upon England and her relations with the Prussian-blue trade, the Naples-soap trade, the German-tinder trade, &c. Spout will patronise King Leopold at Brussels; will write letters from abroad to the *Jawborough Independent;* and, in his quality of *Member du Parliamong Britanique*, will expect to be invited to a family dinner with every sovereign whose dominions he honours with a visit during his tour.

The next person is———but hark! the bell for shore is ringing, and, shaking Snooks's hand cordially, we rush on the pier, waving him a farewell as the noble black ship cuts keenly through the sunny azure waters, bearing away that cargo of Snobs outward bound.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONTINENTAL SNOBBERY CONTINUED.

We are accustomed to laugh at the French for their braggadocio propensities, and intolerable vanity about la France, la gloire, l'Empéreur, and the like; and yet I think in my heart that the British Snob, for conceit and self-sufficiency and braggartism in his way, is without a parallel. There is always something uneasy in a Frenchman's conceit. He brags with so much fury, shrieking, and gesticulation; yells out so loudly that the Français is at the head of civilisation, the centre of thought, &c., that one can't but

see the poor fellow has a lurking doubt in his own mind that he is not the wonder he professes to be.

About the British Snob, on the contrary, there is commonly no noise, no bluster, but the calmness of profound conviction. We are better than all the world; we don't question the opinion at all; it's an axiom. And when a Frenchman bellows out, "*La France, Monsieur, la France est à la tête du monde civilisé!*" we laugh good-naturedly at the frantic poor devil. *We* are the first chop of the world: we know the fact so well in our secret hearts, that a claim set up elsewhere is simply ludicrous. My dear brother reader, say, as a man of honour, if you are not of this opinion? Do you think a Frenchman your equal? You don't—you gallant British Snob—you know you don't: no more, perhaps, does the Snob your humble Servant, brother.

And I am inclined to think it is this conviction, and the consequent bearing of the Englishman towards the foreigner whom he condescends to visit, this confidence of superiority which holds up the head of the owner of every English hat-box from Sicily to St. Petersburgh, that makes us so magnificently hated throughout Europe as we are; this—more than all our little victories, and of which many Frenchmen and Spaniards have never heard—this

Holland, or condescending to inspect the Prussian reviews. When Nicholas came here, who reviews a quarter of a million of pairs of moustachios to his breakfast every morning, we took him off to Windsor and showed him two whole regiments of six or eight hundred Britons a-piece, with an air as much as to say,—"There, my boy, look at *that*. Those are *Englishmen*, those are, and your master whenever you please," as the nursery song says. The British Snob is long, long past scepticism, and can afford to laugh quite good-humouredly at those conceited Yankees, or besotted little Frenchmen, who set up as models of mankind. *They* forsooth!

I have been led into these remarks by listening to an old fellow at the Hotel du Nord, at Boulogne, and who is evidently of the Slasher sort. He came down and seated himself at the breakfast-table, with a surly scowl on his salmon-coloured blood-shot face, strangling in a tight, cross-barred cravat; his linen and his appointments so perfectly stiff and spotless that everybody at once recognised him as a dear countryman. Only our port-wine and other admirable institutions could have produced a figure so insolent, so stupid, so gentlemanlike. After a while our attention was called to him by his roaring out, in a voice of plethoric fury, "O!"

Everybody turned round at the O, conceiving the Colonel to be as his countenance denoted him, in intense pain; but the waiters knew better, and instead of being alarmed, brought the Colonel the kettle. O, it appears, is the French for hot-water. The Colonel (though he despises it heartily) thinks he speaks the language remarkably well. Whilst he was inhausting his smoking tea, which went rolling and gurgling down his throat, and hissing over the "hot coppers" of that respectable veteran, a friend joined him, with a wizened face and very black wig, evidently a Colonel too.

The two warriors, waggling their old heads at each other, presently joined breakfast, and fell into conversation, and we had the advantage of hearing about the old war, and some pleasant conjectures as to the next, which they considered imminent. They paha'd the French fleet; they pooh-pooh'd the French Commercial Marine; they showed how, in a war, there would be a cordon (a

cordong, by —) of steamers along our coast, and by.—, ready at a minute to land anywhere on the other shore, to give the French as good a thrashing as they got in the last war, by ——. In fact, a rumbling cannonade of oaths was fired by the two veterans during the whole of their conversation.

There was a Frenchman in the room, but as he had not been above ten years in London, of course he did not speak the language, and lost the benefit of the conversation. "But oh, my country!" says I to myself, "it's no wonder that you are so beloved! If I were a Frenchman, how I would hate you!"

That brutal ignorant peevish bully of an Englishman is showing himself in every city of Europe. One of the dullest creatures under Heaven, he goes trampling Europe under foot, shouldering his way into galleries and cathedrals, and bustling into palaces with his buckram uniform. At church or theatre, gala or picture gallery, *his* face never varies. A thousand delightful sights pass before his blood-shot eyes, and don't affect him. Countless brilliant scenes of life and manners are shown him, but never move him. He goes to church, and calls the practices there degrading and superstitious, as if *his* altar was the only one that was acceptable. He goes to picture-galleries, and is more

and winking away into eternity." With which my friend Pan, heaving a great sigh, as if confessing his inability to look Infinity in the face, sank back resigned, and swallowed a large bumper of Claret.

I (who, like other great men, have but one idea), thought to myself, that as the stars are, so are the Snobs:—the more you gaze upon those luminaries, the more you behold—now nebulously congregated—now faintly distinguishable—now brightly defined—until they twinkle off in endless blazes, and fade into the immeasurable darkness. I am but as a child playing on the sea-shore. Some telescopic philosopher will arise one day, some great Snobonomer, to find the laws of the great science which we are now merely playing with, and to define, and settle, and classify that which is at present but vague theory, and loose, though elegant assertion.

Yes: a single eye can but trace a very few and simple varieties of the enormous universe of Snobs. I sometimes think of appealing to the public, and calling together a congress of *savans*, such as met at Southampton—each to bring his contributions and read his paper on the Great Subject. For what can a single poor few do, even with the subject at present in hand? English Snobs on the Continent—though they are a hundred thousand times less numerous than on their native island, yet even these few are too many. One can only fix a stray one here and there. The individuals are caught—the thousands escape. I have noted down but three whom I have met with in my walk this morning through this pleasant marine city of Boulogne.

There is the English Raff Snob, that frequents *estaminets* and *cabarets*; who is heard yelling, "We won't go home till morning!" and startling the midnight echoes of quiet continental towns with shrieks of English slang. The boozy unshorn wretch is seen hovering round quays as packets arrive, and tippling drams in inn bars where he gets credit. He talks French with slang familiarity: he and his like quite people the debt-prisons on the Continent. He plays pool at the billiard-houses, and may be seen engaged at cards and dominoes of forenoons. His signature is to be seen on countless bills of exchange: it belonged to an honourable family once, very likely; for the English Raff most probably

egan by being a gentleman, and has a father over the water who ashamed to hear his name. He has cheated the old "governor" peatedly in better days, and swindled his sisters of their por- ons, and robbed his younger brothers. Now he is living on his ife's jointure: she is hidden away in some dismal garret, patching abby finery and cobbling up old clothes for her children—the ost miserable and slatternly of women.

Or sometimes the poor woman and her daughters go about midly, giving lessons in English and music, or do embroidery and ork under-hand, to purchase the means for the *pot-au-feu;* while aff is swaggering on the quay, or tossing off glasses of Cognac the *Café*. The unfortunate creature has a child still every ear, and her constant hypocrisy is to try and make her girls elieve that their father is a respectable man, and to huddle him t of the way, when the brute comes home drunk.

Those poor ruined souls get together and have a society of eir own, the which it is very affecting to watch—those tawdry pre- nces at gentility, those flimsy attempts at gaiety: those woful llies: that jingling old piano; O, it makes the heart sick to see d hear them. As Mrs. Raff, with her company of pale aughters, gives a penny tea to Mrs. Diddler, and they talk about

their swindling; or see a prison in a large continental town which is not more or less peopled with English rogues.

A still more loathsome and dangerous Snob than the above transparent and passive scamp, is frequent on the continent of Europe, and my young Snob friends who are travelling thither should be especially warned against him. Captain Legg is a gentleman, like Raff, though perhaps of a better degree. He has robbed his family too, but of a great deal more, and has boldly dishonoured bills for thousands, where Raff has been boggling over the clumsy conveyance of a ten-pound note. Legg is always at the best inn, with the finest waistcoats and moustachios, or tearing about in the flashest of britzkas, while poor Raff is tipsifying himself with spirits, and smoking cheap tobacco. It is amazing to think that Legg, so often shown up, and known everywhere, is flourishing yet. He would sink into utter ruin, but for the constant and ardent love of gentility that distinguishes the English Snob. There is many a young fellow of the middle classes who must know Legg to be a rogue and a cheat; and yet from his desire to be in the fashion, and his admiration of tip-top swells, and from his ambition to air himself by the side of a Lord's son, will let Legg make an income out of him; content to pay, so long as he can enjoy that society. Many a worthy father of a family, when he hears that his son is riding about with Captain Legg, Lord Levant's son, is rather pleased that young Hopeful should be in such good company.

Legg and his friend, Major Macer, make professional tours through Europe, and are to be found at the right places at the right time. Last year I heard how my young acquaintance, Mr. Muff, from Oxford, going to see a little life at a Carnival ball at Paris, was accosted by an Englishman who did not know a word of the d—— language, and hearing Muff speak it so admirably, begged him to interpret to a waiter with whom there was a dispute about refreshments. It was quite a comfort, the stranger said, to see an honest English face; and did Muff know where there was a good place for supper? So those two went to supper, and who should come in, of all men in the world, but Major Macer? And so Legg introduced Macer, and so there came on a little intimacy, and three-card loo, &c., &c. Year after

ear scores of Muffs, in various places in the world, are victimised
Legg and Macer. The story is so stale, the trick of seduction
entirely old and clumsy, that it is only a wonder people can be
ken in any more: but the temptations of vice and gentility
gether are too much for young English Snobs, and those simple
ung victims are caught fresh every day. Though it is only to
kicked and cheated by men of fashion, your true British Snob
ill present himself for the honour.

I need not allude here to that very common British Snob, who
akes desperate efforts at becoming intimate with the great
ntinental aristocracy, such as old Rolls, the baker, who has set
his quarters in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and will receive
ne but Carlists, and no French gentleman under the rank of a
arquis. We can all of us laugh at *that* fellow's pretensions
ell enough—we who tremble before a great man of our own
tion. But, as you say, my brave and honest John Bull of a
ob, a French Marquis of twenty descents is very different from
English Peer; and a pack of beggarly German and Italian
uersten and Principi awaken the scorn of an honest-minded
riton. But our aristocracy—that's a very different matter.
ey are the real leaders of the world—the real old original and-

phaeton, was in waiting to take me up at the station. The vehicle was not certainly splendid, but such a carriage as would accommodate a plain man (as Ponto said he was) and a numerous family. We drove by beautiful fresh fields and green hedges, through a cheerful English landscape; the high road, as smooth and trim as the way in a nobleman's park, was charmingly checkered with cool shade and golden sunshine. Rustics in snowy smock-frocks, jerked their hats off smiling as we passed. Children, with cheeks as red as the apples in the orchards, bobbed curtsies to us at the cottage-doors. Blue church spires rose here and there in the distance: and as the buxom gardener's wife opened the white gate at the Major's little ivy-covered lodge, and we drove through the neat plantations of firs and evergreens, up to the house, my bosom felt a joy and elation which I thought it was impossible to experience in the smoky atmosphere of a town. "Here," I mentally exclaimed, "is all peace, plenty, happiness. Here, I shall be rid of Snobs. There can be none in this charming Arcadian spot."

Stripes, the Major's man (formerly corporal in his gallant corps), received my portmanteau, and an elegant little present, which I had brought from town as a peace-offering to Mrs. Ponto; viz., a cod and oysters from Grove's, in a hamper about the size of a coffin.

Ponto's house ("The Evergreens" Mrs. P. has christened it) is a perfect Paradise of a place. It is all over creepers, and bow-windows, and verandahs. A wavy lawn tumbles up and down all round it, with flower-beds of wonderful shapes, and zigzag gravel walks, and beautiful but damp shrubberies of myrtles and glistening laurustinums, which have procured it its change of name. It was called Little Bullock's Pound in old Doctor Ponto's time. I had a view of the pretty grounds, and the stable, and the adjoining village and church, and a great park beyond, from the windows of the bed-room whither Ponto conducted me. It was the yellow bed-room, the freshest and pleasantest of bed-chambers; the air was fragrant with a large bouquet that was placed on the writing table; the linen was fragrant with the lavender in which it had been laid; the chintz hangings of the bed and the big sofa were, if not fragrant with flowers, at least

ainted all over with them; the pen-wiper on the table was the nitation of a double dahlia; and there was accommodation for ny watch in a sun-flower on the mantelpiece. A scarlet-leafed reeper came curling over the windows, through which the setting un was pouring a flood of golden light. It was all flowers and reshness. O, how unlike those black chimney-pots in St. Alban's Place, London, on which these weary eyes are accustomed to look.

"It must be all happiness here, Ponto," said I, flinging myself lown into the snug *bergère*, and inhaling such a delicious draught f country air as all the *millefleurs* of Mr. Atkinson's shop cannot mpart to any the most expensive pocket-handkerchief.

"Nice place, isn't it?" said Ponto. "Quiet and unpretending. like everything quiet. You've not brought your valet with ou? Stripes will arrange your dressing things;" and that functionary, entering at the same time, proceeded to gut my portmanteau, and to lay out the black kerseymeres, "the rich cut velvet Genoa waistcoat," the white choker, and other polite rticles of evening costume, with great gravity and dispatch. "A reat dinner-party," thinks I to myself, seeing these preparations and not, perhaps, displeased at the idea that some of the best people in the neighbourhood were coming to see me). "Hark,

expecting to find a score of healthy country folks in the drawing-room. There was only one person there; a tall and Roman-nosed lady, glistering over with bugles, in deep mourning. She rose, advanced two steps, made a majestic curtsey, during which all the bugles in her awful head-dress began to twiddle and quiver—and then said, "Mr. Snob, we are very happy to see you at the Evergreens," and heaved a great sigh.

This, then, was Mrs. Major Ponto; to whom making my very best bow, I replied, that I was very proud to make her acquaintance, as also that of so charming a place as the Evergreens.

Another sigh. "We are distantly related, Mr. Snob," said she, shaking her melancholy head. "Poor dear Lord Rubadub!"

"O!" says I; not knowing what the deuce Mrs. Major Ponto meant.

"Major Ponto told me that you were of the Leicestershire Snobs; a very old family, and related to Lord Snobbington, who married Laura Rubadub, who is a cousin of mine, as was her poor dear father, for whom we are mourning. What a seizure! only sixty-three, and apoplexy quite unknown until now in our family! In life we are in death, Mr. Snob. Does Lady Snobbington bear the deprivation well?

"Why, really Ma'am, I—I don't know," I replied, more and more confused.

As she was speaking I heard a sort of *cloop*, by which well-known sound I was aware that somebody was opening a bottle of wine, and Ponto entered, in a huge white neckcloth, and a rather shabby black suit.

"My love," Mrs. Major Ponto said to her husband; "we were talking of our cousin—poor dear Lord Rubadub. His death has placed some of the first families in England in mourning. Does Lady Rubadub keep the house in Hill Street, do you know?"

I didn't know, but I said, "I believe she does," at a venture; and, looking down to the drawing-room table, saw the inevitable, abominable, maniacal, absurd, disgusting *Peerage*, open on the table, interleaved with annotations, and open at the article "Snobbington."

"Dinner is served," says Stripes, flinging open the door; and I gave Mrs. Major Ponto my arm.

CHAPTER XXV.

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

Of the dinner to which we now sate down, I am not going to e a severe critic. The mahogany I hold to be inviolable; but is I will say, that I prefer Sherry to Marsala when I can get it, d the latter was the wine of which I have no doubt I heard the cloop" just before dinner. Nor was it particularly good of its nd: however, Mrs. Major Ponto did not evidently know the fference, for she called the liquor Amontillado during the whole the repast, and drank but half a glass of it, leaving the rest for e Major and his guest.

Stripes was in the livery of the Ponto family—a thought abby but gorgeous in the extreme—lots of magnificent worsted ce, and livery buttons of a very notable size. The honest llow's hands, I remarked, were very large and black; and a fine lour of the stable was wafted about the room as he moved to and o in his ministration. I should have preferred a clean maid-rvant, but the sensations of Londoners are too acute perhaps on

were paste, and that the Marquis had disposed of them beforehand?" "How was it that Snuffin, the great tobacco merchant, broke off the marriage which was on the tapis between him and their second daughter; and was it true that a mulatto lady came over from the Havanna and forbid the match?"

"Upon my word, Madam," I had begun, and was going on to say that I didn't know one word about all these matters which seemed so to interest Mrs. Major Ponto, when the Major, giving me a tread or stamp with his large foot under the table, said—

"Come, come, Snob, my boy, we are all tiled, you know. We *know* you're one of the fashionable people about town: *we* saw your name at Lady Clapperclaw's *soirées*, and the Champignon breakfasts; and as for the Rubadubs, of course, as relations—" * *

"Oh, of course, I dine there twice a-week," I said; and then I remembered that my cousin, Humphry Snob, of the Middle Temple, *is* a great frequenter of genteel societies, and to have seen his name in the *Morning Post* at the tag-end of several party lists. So, taking the hint, I am ashamed to say I indulged Mrs. Major Ponto with a deal of information about the first families in England, such as would astonish those great personages if they knew them. I described to her most accurately the three reigning beauties of last season at Almack's: told her in confidence that his Grace the D— of W—— was going to be married the day after his Statue was put up; that his Grace the D— of D—— was also about to lead the fourth daughter of the Archduke Stephen to the hymeneal altar:—and talked to her, in a word, just in the style of Mrs. Gore's last fashionable novel.

Mrs. Major was quite fascinated by this brilliant conversation. She began to trot out scraps of French, just for all the world as they do in the novels; and kissed her hand to me quite graciously, telling me to come soon to caffy, *ung pu de Musick o salong*—with which she tripped off like an elderly fairy.

"Shall I open a bottle of Port, or do you ever drink such a thing as Hollands and water?" says Ponto, looking ruefully at me. This was a very different style of thing to what I had been led to expect from him at our smoking-room at the club: where he swaggers about his horses and his cellar: and slapping me on the shoulder used to say, "Come down to Mangelwurzelshire,

Snob, my boy, and I'll give you as good a day's shooting, and as good a glass of Claret as any in the county."—"Well," I said, "I liked Hollands much better than Port, and Gin even better than Hollands." This was lucky. It *was* gin; and Stripes brought in hot water on a splendid plated tray.

The jingling of a harp and piano soon announced that Mrs. Ponto's *ung pu de Musick* had commenced, and the smell of the stable again entering the dining-room, in the person of Stripes, summoned us to *caffy* and the little concert. She beckoned me with a winning smile to the sofa, on which she made room for me, and where we could command a fine view of the backs of the young ladies who were performing the musical entertainment. Very broad backs they were too, strictly according to the present mode, for crinoline or its substitutes is not an expensive luxury, and young people in the country can afford to be in the fashion at very trifling charges. Miss Emily Ponto at the piano, and her sister Maria at that somewhat exploded instrument, the harp, were in light blue dresses that looked all flounce and spread out like Mr. Green's balloon when inflated.

"Brilliant touch Emily has—what a fine arm Maria's is," Mrs. Ponto remarked good-naturedly, pointing out the merits of her

deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear, and sharp, that I am sure Stripes must have heard it in the stable.

"What a finger!" says Mrs. Ponto; and indeed it *was* a finger, as knotted as a turkey's drumstick, and splaying all over the piano. When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of "Gettin' up Stairs," and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again shrieking to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss Wirt played the "Gettin' up Stairs" with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity: plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys—you wept and trembled as you were gettin' up stairs. Miss Wirt's hands seemed to faint and wail and die in variations: again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss Wirt was storming a breach; and although I knew nothing of music, as I sate and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my *caffy* grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music.

"Glorious creature! Isn't she?" said Mrs. Ponto. "Squirtz's favourite pupil—inestimable to have such a creature. Lady Carabas would give her eyes for her! A prodigy of accomplishments! Thank you, Miss Wirt!"—and the young ladies gave a heave and a gasp of admiration—a deep-breathing gushing sound, such as you hear at church when the sermon comes to a full stop.

Miss Wirt put her two great double-knuckled hands round a waist of her two pupils, and said, "My dear children, I hope you will be able to play it soon as well as your poor little governess. When I lived with the Dunsinanes, it was the dear Duchess's favourite, and Lady Barbara and Lady Jane McBeth learned it. It was while hearing Jane play that, I remember, that dear Lord Castletoddy first fell in love with her? and though he is but an Irish Peer, with not more than fifteen thousand a year, I persuaded Jane to have him. Do you know Castletoddy, Mr. Snob?—round

owers—sweet place—County Mayo. Old Lord Castletoddy (the present Lord was then Lord Inishowan) was a most eccentric old man—they say he was mad. I heard his Royal Highness the poor dear Duke of Sussex—(*such* a man, my dears, but alas! addicted to smoking!)—I heard his Royal Highness say to the Marquis of Anglesea, 'I am sure Castletoddy is mad!' but Inishowan wasn't in marrying my sweet Jane, though the dear child had but her ten thousand pounds *pour tout potage!*"

"Most invaluable person," whispered Mrs. Major Ponto to me. 'Has lived in the very highest society:" and I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find this one ruling the roast, and to think that even the majestic Mrs. Ponto bent before her.

As for *my* pipe, so to speak, it went out at once. I hadn't a word to say against a woman who was intimate with every Duchess in the Red Book. She wasn't the rose-bud, but she had been near it. She had rubbed shoulders with the great, and about these we talked all the evening incessantly, and about the fashions, and about the Court, until bed-time came.

"And are there Snobs in this Elysium?" I exclaimed, jumping into the lavender-perfumed bed. Ponto's snoring boomed from the neighbouring bed-room in reply.

those stunning variations, and keeps her magnificent finger in exercise.

I asked this great creature in what other branches of education she instructed her pupils? "The modern languages," says she modestly, "French, German, Spanish, and Italian, Latin and the rudiments of Greek if desired. English of course; the practice of Elocution, Geography and Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes, Algebra, (but only as far as quadratic equations); for a poor ignorant female, you know, Mr. Snob, cannot be expected to know everything. Ancient and Modern History no young woman can be without; and of these I make my beloved pupils *perfect mistresses*. Botany, Geology, and Mineralogy, I consider as amusements. And with these I assure you we manage to pass the days at the Evergreens not unpleasantly."

Only these, thought I—what an education! But I looked in one of Miss Ponto's manuscript song-books and found five faults of French in four words: and in a waggish mood asking Miss Wirt whether Dante Algiery was so called because he was born at Algiers? received a smiling answer in the affirmative, which made me rather doubt about the accuracy of Miss Wirt's knowledge.

When the above little morning occupations are concluded, these unfortunate young women perform what they call Callisthenic Exercises in the garden. I saw them to-day, without any crinoline, pulling the garden roller.

Dear Mrs. Ponto was in the garden too, and as limp as her daughters; in a faded bandeau of hair, in a battered bonnet, in a holland pinafore, in pattens, on a broken chair, snipping leaves off a vine. Mrs. Ponto measures many yards about in an evening. Ye heavens! what a guy she is in that skeleton morning costume!

Besides Stripes, they keep a boy called Thomas or Tummus. Tummus works in the garden or about the pigstye and stable; Thomas wears a page's costume of eruptive buttons.

When anybody calls, and Stripes is out of the way, Tummus flings himself like mad into Thomas's clothes, and comes out metamorphosed like Harlequin in the pantomime. To-day, as Mrs. P. was cutting the grape-vine, as the young ladies were at

the roller, down comes Tummus like a roaring whirlwind, with "Missus, Missus, there's company coomin!" Away skurry the young ladies from the roller, down comes Mrs. P. from the old chair, off flies Tummus to change his clothes, and in an incredibly short space of time Sir John Hawbuck, my Lady Hawbuck, and Master Hugh Hawbuck are introduced into the garden with brazen effrontery by Thomas, who says, "Please Sir Jan and my Lady to walk this year way: *I know* Missus is in the rose-garden."

And there, sure enough, she was!

In a pretty little garden bonnet, with beautiful curling ringlets, with the smartest of aprons and the freshest of peal-coloured gloves, this amazing woman was in the arms of her dearest Lady Hawbuck. "Dearest Lady Hawbuck, how good of you! Always among my flowers! can't live away from them!"

"Sweets to the sweet! hum—a-ha—haw!" says Sir John Hawbuck, who piques himself on his gallantry, and says nothing without "a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!"

"Whereth yaw pinnafaw?" cries Master Hugh, "*We* thaw you in it, over the wall, didn't we, Pa?"

"Hum—a-ha—a-haw!" burst out Sir John, dreadfully alarmed, "Where's Ponto? Why wasn't he at Quarter Sessions? How

leave off practice at ten. From seven till ten, and from ten till five, is a very fair allowance of slumber for a man who says he's *not* a lazy man. It is my private opinion, that when Ponto retires to what is called his "Study," he sleeps too. He locks himself up there daily two hours with the newspaper.

I saw the *Hawbuck* scene out of the Study which commands the garden. It's a curious object, that Study. Ponto's library mostly consists of boots. He and Stripes have important interviews here of mornings, when the potatoes are discussed, or the fate of the calf ordained, or sentence passed on the pig, &c. All the major's bills are docketed on the Study table and displayed like a lawyer's briefs. Here, too, lie displayed his hooks, knives, and other gardening irons, his whistles, and strings of spare buttons. He has a drawer of endless brown paper for parcels, and another containing a prodigious and never-failing supply of string. What a man can want with so many gig-whips I can never conceive. These, and fishing-rods, and landing-nets, and spurs, and boot-trees, and balls for horses, and surgical implements for the same, and favourite pots of shiny blacking, with which he paints his own shoes in the most elegant manner, and buck-skin gloves stretched out on their trees, and his gorget, sash, and sabre of the Horse Marines, with his boot-hooks underneath in a trophy; and the family medicine-chest, and in a corner the very rod with which he used to whip his son, Wellesley Ponto, when a boy (Wellesley never entered the "Study" but for that awful purpose)—all these, with *Mogg's Road Book*, the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, and a backgammon board, form the Major's library. Under the trophy there's a picture of Mrs. Ponto, in a light blue dress and train, and no waist, when she was first married; a fox's brush lies over the frame, and serves to keep the dust off that work of art.

"My library's small," says Ponto, with the most amazing impudence, "but well selected, my boy—well selected. I have been reading the *History of England* all the morning."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

We had the fish, which, as the kind reader may remember, I had brought down in a delicate attention to Mrs. Ponto, to variegate the repast of next day; and cod and oyster sauce, twice laid, salt cod and scolloped oysters, formed parts of the bill of fare; until I began to fancy that the Ponto family, like our late revered monarch George II., had a fancy for stale fish. And about this time the pig being consumed, we began upon a sheep.

But how shall I forget the solemn splendour of a second course, which was served up in great state by Stripes in a silver dish and cover, a napkin twisted round his dirty thumbs; and consisted of a landrail, not much bigger than a corpulent sparrow.

"My love, will you take any game?" says Ponto, with prodigious gravity; and stuck his fork into that little mouthful of an island in the silver sea. Stripes, too, at intervals, dribbled out the Marsala with a solemnity which would have done honour to a Duke's butler. The Barmecide's dinner to Shacabac was only one degree removed from these solemn banquets.

"Half a dozen little gallipots," interposed Miss Wirt, the governess: he, he, he! and the young ladies laughed in chorus.

"We only live with the country families," Miss Wirt* continued, tossing up her head. "The Duke is abroad: we are at feud with the Carabases; the Ringwoods don't come down till Christmas: in fact, nobody's here till the hunting season—positively nobody."

"Whose is the large red house just outside of the town?"

"What! the *château-calicot?* he, he, he! That purse-proud ex-linendraper, Mr. Yardley, with the yellow liveries, and the wife in red velvet? How *can* you, my dear Mr. Snob, be so satirical? The impertinence of those people is really something quite overwhelming."

"Well, then, there is the parson, Doctor Chrysostom. He's a gentleman, at any rate."

At this Mrs. Ponto looked at Miss Wirt. After their eyes had met and they had wagged their heads at each other, they looked up to the ceiling. So did the young ladies. They thrilled. It was evident I had said something very terrible. Another black sheep in the Church? thought I, with a little sorrow; for I don't care to own that I have a respect for the cloth. "I—I hope there's nothing wrong?"

"Wrong?" says Mrs. P. clasping her hands with a tragic air.

"Oh!" says Miss Wirt, and the two girls, gasping in chorus.

"Well," says I, "I'm very sorry for it. I never saw a nicer-looking old gentleman, or a better school, or heard a better sermon."

"He used to preach those sermons in a surplice," hissed out Mrs. Ponto. "He's a Puseyite, Mr. Snob."

"Heavenly powers!" says I, admiring the pure ardour of these

* I have since heard that this aristocratic lady's father was a livery-button maker in St. Martin's Lane: where he met with misfortunes, and his daughter acquired her taste for heraldry. But it may be told to her credit, that out of her earnings she has kept the bed-ridden old bankrupt in great comfort and secrecy at Pentonville; and furnished her brother's outfit for the Cadetship which her patron, Lord Swigglebiggle, gave her when he was at the Board of Control. I have this information from a friend. To hear Miss Wirt herself, you would fancy that her Papa was a Rothschild, and that the markets of Europe were convulsed when he went into the *Gazette*.

emale theologians; and Stripes came in with the tea. It's so eak that no wonder Ponto's sleep isn't disturbed by it.

Of mornings we used to go out shooting. We had Ponto's own elds to sport over (where we got the fieldfare), and the non-reserved part of the Hawbuck property: and one evening, in a tubble of Ponto's, skirting the Carabas woods, we got among ome pheasants, and had some real sport. I shot a hen, I know, reatly to my delight. "Bag it," says Ponto, in rather a hurried anner, "here's somebody coming." So I pocketed the bird.

"You infernal poaching thieves!" roars out a man from the edge in the garb of a gamekeeper. "I wish I could catch you n this side of the hedge. I'd put a brace of barrels into you, that would."

"Curse that Snapper," says Ponto, moving off; "he's always atching me like a spy."

"Carry off the birds, you sneaks, and sell 'em to London," oars the individual, who it appears was a keeper of Lord Carabas. You'll get six shillings a brace for 'em."

"*You* know the price of 'em well enough, and so does your aster too, you scoundrel," says Ponto, still retreating.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

"Be hanged to your aristocrats!" Ponto said, in some conversation we had regarding the family at Carabas, between whom and the Evergreens there was a feud,—"When I first came into the County—it was the year before Sir John Buff contested in the Blue interest—the Marquis, then Lord St. Michaels, who, of course, was Orange to the core, paid me and Mrs. Ponto such attentions, that I fairly confess I was taken in by the old humbug, and thought that I'd met with a rare neighbour. 'Gad, Sir, we used to get pines from Carabas, and pheasants from Carabas, and it was—'Ponto, when will you come over and shoot?'—and—'Ponto, our pheasants want thinning,'—and my Lady would insist upon her dear Mrs. Ponto coming over to Carabas to sleep, and put me I don't know to what expense for turbans and velvet gowns for my wife's toilette. Well, Sir, the election takes place, and though I was always a Liberal, personal friendship of course induces me to plump for St. Michaels, who comes in at the head of the poll. Next year, Mrs. P. insists upon going to town—with lodgings in Clarges Street at ten pounds a-week, with a hired Brougham, and new dresses for herself and the girls, and the deuce and all to pay. Our first cards were to Carabas House; my Lady's are returned by a great big flunky: and I leave you to fancy my poor Betsy's discomfiture as the lodging-house maid took in the cards, and Lady St. Michaels drives away, though she actually saw us at the drawing-room window. Would you believe it, Sir, that though we called four times afterwards those infernal aristocrats never returned our visit; that though Lady St. Michaels gave nine dinner-parties and four *déjeûners* that season, she never asked us to one; and that she cut us dead at the Opera, though Betsy was nodding to her the whole night. We wrote to her for tickets for Almack's; she writes to say that all hers were promised; and said, in the presence of Wiggins, her lady's-maid, who told it to Diggs, my wife's woman, that she couldn't conceive how people in our station of life could so far forget themselves as to

wish to appear in any such place! Go to Castle Carabas! I'd sooner die than set my foot in the house of that impertinent, insolvent, insolent jackanapes—and I hold him in scorn!" After this, Ponto gave me some private information regarding Lord Carabas's pecuniary affairs; how he owed money all over the County; how Jukes the carpenter was utterly ruined and couldn't get a shilling of his bill; how Biggs the butcher hanged himself for the same reason; how the six big footmen never received a guinea of wages, and Snaffle, the state coachman, actually took off his blown-glass whig of ceremony and flung it at Lady Carabas's feet on the Terrace before the Castle; all which stories, as they are private, I do not think proper to divulge. But these details did not stifle my desire to see the famous mansion of Castle Carabas, nay, possibly excited my interest to know more about that lordly house and its owners.

At the entrance of the park, there are a pair of great gaunt mildewed lodges—mouldy Doric temples with black chimney-pots in the finest classic taste, and the gates of course are surmounted by the *chats bottés*, the well-known supporters of the Carabas family. "Give the lodge-keeper a shilling," says Ponto, (who drove me near to it in his four-wheeled cruelty-chaise), "I warrant

Up that long avenue the Snobographer walked in solitude. At the seventy-ninth tree on the left-hand-side, the insolvent butcher hanged himself. I scarcely wondered at the dismal deed, so woful and sad were the impressions connected with the place. So, for a mile-and-a-half I walked—alone and thinking of death.

I forgot to say the house is in full view all the way—except when intercepted by the trees on the miserable island in the lake—an enormous red-brick mansion, square, vast, and dingy. It is flanked by four stone towers with weathercocks. In the midst of the grand façade is a huge Ionic portico, approached by a vast, lonely, ghastly staircase. Rows of black windows framed in stone, stretch on either side, right and left—three stories and eighteen windows of a row. You may see a picture of the palace and staircase, in the Views of England and Wales, with four carved and gilt carriages waiting at the gravel walk, and several parties of ladies and gentlemen in wigs and hoops, dotting the fatiguing lines of the stairs.

But these stairs are made in great houses for people *not* to ascend. The first Lady Carabas (they are but eighty years in the peerage), if she got out of her gilt coach in a shower, would be wet to the skin before she got half-way to the carved Ionic portico, where four dreary statues of Peace, Plenty, Piety and Patriotism, are the only sentinels. You enter these palaces by back doors. "That was the way the Carabases got their peerage," the misanthropic Ponto said after dinner.

Well—I rang the bell at a little low side-door; it clanged and jingled and echoed for a long, long while, till at length a face, as of a housekeeper, peered through the door, and, as she saw my hand in my waistcoat pocket, opened it. Unhappy, lonely, housekeeper, I thought. Is Miss Crusoe in her island more solitary? The door clapped to, and I was in Castle Carabas.

"The side entrance and All," says the housekeeper. "The halligator hover the mantelpiece was brought home by Hadmiral St. Michaels, when a Capting with Lord Hanson. The harms on the cheers is the harms of the Carabas family." The hall was rather comfortable. We went clapping up a clean stone back-

stair, and then into a back passage cheerfully decorated with ragged light-green kidderminster, and issued upon

"THE GREAT ALL.

"The great all is seventy-two feet in lenth, fifty-six in breath, and thirty-eight feet 'igh. The carvings of the chimlies, representing the buth of Venus, and Ercules, and Eyelash, is by Van Chislum, the most famous sculpture of his hage and country. The ceiling, by Calimanco, represents Painting, Harchitecture and Music, (the naked female figure with the barrel horgan) introducing George, fust Lord Carabas, to the Temple of the Muses. The winder ornaments is by Vanderputty. The floor is Patagonian marble; and the chandelier in the centre was presented to Lionel, second Marquis, by Lewy the Sixteenth, whose 'ead was cut hoff in the French Revelation. We now henter

"THE SOUTH GALLERY,

"One 'undred and forty-eight in lenth by thirty-two in breath; it is profusely hornaminted by the choicest works of Hart. Sir Andrew Katz, founder of the Carabas family and banker of the Prince of Horange, Kneller. Her present Ladyship, by Lawrence. Lord St. Michaels, by the same—he is represented sittin' on a rock

that bed, and people sleeping at the other end be ignorant of it. Gracious powers! fancy little Lord Carabas in a night-cap ascending those steps after putting out the candle!

The sight of that seedy and solitary splendour was too much for me. I should go mad were I that lonely housekeeper—in those enormous galleries—in that lonely library, filled up with ghastly folios that nobody dares read, with an inkstand on the centre table like the coffin of a baby, and sad portraits staring at you from the bleak walls with their solemn mouldy eyes. No wonder that Carabas does not come down here often. It would require two thousand footmen to make the place cheerful. No wonder the coachman resigned his wig, that the masters are insolvent, and the servants perish in this huge dreary out-at-elbow place.

A single family has no more right to build itself a temple of that sort than to erect a tower of Babel. Such a habitation is not decent for a mere mortal man. But, after all, I suppose poor Carabas had no choice. Fate put him there as it sent Napoleon to St. Helena. Suppose it had been decreed by Nature that you and I should be Marquises? We wouldn't refuse, I suppose, but take Castle Carabas and all, with debts, duns, and mean makeshifts, and shabby pride, and swindling magnificence.

Next season, when I read of Lady Carabas's splendid entertainments in the *Morning Post*, and see the poor old insolvent cantering through the Park—I shall have a much tenderer interest in these great people than I have had heretofore. Poor old shabby Snob! Ride on and fancy the world is still on its knees before the house of Carabas! Give yourself airs, poor old bankrupt Magnifico, who are under money-obligations to your flunkies; and must stoop so as to swindle poor tradesmen! And for us, O my brother Snobs, oughtn't we to feel happy if our walk through life is more even, and that we are out of the reach of that surprising arrogance and that astounding meanness to which this wretched old victim is obliged to mount and descend.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

NOTABLE as my reception had been (under that unfortunate mistake of Mrs. Ponto that I was related to Lord Snobbington, which I was not permitted to correct), it was nothing compared to the bowing and kotooing, the raptures, and flurry which preceded and welcomed the visit of a real live lord and lord's son, a brother officer of Cornet Wellesley Ponto, in the 120th Hussars, who came over with the young Cornet from Guttlebury, where their distinguished regiment was quartered—this was my Lord Gules, Lord Saltire's grandson and heir: a very young short sandy-haired and tobacco-smoking nobleman, who cannot have left the nursery very long, and who, though he accepted the honest Major's invitation to the Evergreens in a letter written in a schoolboy handwriting, with a number of faults of spelling, may yet be a very fine classical scholar for what I know: having had his education at Eton, where he and young Ponto were inseparable.

At any rate, if he can't write, he has mastered a number of other accomplishments wonderful for one of his age and size. He is one

With such high talents, who can say how far he may not go? He may take to politics as a *délassement*, and be Prime Minister after Lord George Bentinck.

My young friend Wellesley Ponto is a gaunt and bony youth, with a pale face profusely blotched. From his continually pulling something on his chin, I am led to fancy that he believes he has what is called an Imperial growing there. That is not the only tuft that is hunted in the family, by the way. He can't, of course, indulge in those expensive amusements which render his aristocratic comrade so respected: he bets pretty freely when he is in cash, and rides when somebody mounts him (for he can't afford more than his regulation chargers). At drinking he is by no means inferior; and why do you think he brought his noble friend, Lord Gules, to the Evergreens?—Why? because he intended to ask his mother to order his father to pay his debts, which she couldn't refuse before such an exalted presence. Young Ponto gave me all this information with the most engaging frankness. We are old friends. I used to tip him when he was at school.

"Gad!" says he, "our wedgment's so *doothid* exthpenthif. Must hunt, you know. A man couldn't live in the wedgment if he didn't. Mess expenses enawmuth. Must dine at mess. Must drink champagne and claret. Our's aint a port and sherry light-infantry mess. Uniform's awful. Fitzstultz, our Colonel, will have 'em so. Must be a distinction you know. At his own expense Fitzstultz altered the plumes in the men's caps (you called them shaving brushes, Snob, my boy: most absurd and unjust that attack of yours, by the way); that altewation alone cotht him five hundred pound. The year befaw latht he horthed the wegiment at an immenthe expenthe, and we're called the Queen'th Own Pyebalds from that day. Ever theen uth on pawade? The Empewar Nicholath burtht into tearth of envy when he thaw uth at Windthor. And you see," continued my young friend, "I brought Gules down with me, as the Governor is very sulky about shelling out, just to talk my mother over, who can do anything with him. Gules told her that I was Fitzstultz's favourite of the whole regiment; and, Gad! she thinks the Horse Guards will give me my troop for nothing,

and he humbugged the Governor that I was the greatest screw in the army. Aint it a good dodge?"

With this Wellesley left me to go and smoke a cigar in the stables with Lord Gules, and make merry over the cattle there, under Stripes's superintendence. Young Ponto laughed with his friend, at the venerable four-wheeled cruelty-chaise; but seemed amazed that the latter should ridicule still more an ancient chariot of the build of 1824, emblazoned immensely with the arms of the Pontos and the Snaileys, from which latter distinguished family Mrs. Ponto issued.

I found poor Pon. in his study among his boots, in such a rueful attitude of despondency, that I could not but remark it. "Look at that!" says the poor fellow, handing me over a document. "It's the second change in uniform since he's been in the army, and yet there's no extravagance about the lad. Lord Gules tells me he is the most careful youngster in the regiment, God bless him! But look at that! by Heaven, Snob, look at that, and say how can a man of nine hundred keep out of the Bench? He gave a sob as he handed me the paper across the table; and his old face, and his old corduroys, and his shrunk shooting-jacket, and his lean shanks, looked, as he spoke, more miserably haggard, bankrupt, and threadbare.

That evening Mrs. Ponto and her family made their darling Wellesley give a full, true, and particular account of everything that had taken place at Lord Fitzstultz's; how many servants waited at dinner; and how the ladies Schneider dressed; and what his Royal Highness said when he came down to shoot; and who was there? "What a blessing that boy is to me!" said she, as my pimple-faced young friend moved off to resume smoking operations with Gules in the now vacant kitchen;—and poor Ponto's dreary and desperate look, shall I ever forget that?

O you parents and guardians! O you men and women of sense in England! O you legislators about to assemble in Parliament! read over that tailor's bill above printed—read over that absurd catalogue of insane gimcracks and madman's tomfoolery—and say how are you ever to get rid of Snobbishness when society does so much for its education?

Three hundred and forty pounds for a young chap's saddle and breeches! Before George, I would rather be a Hottentot or a Highlander. We laugh at poor Jocko, the monkey, dancing in uniform; or at poor Jeames, the flunkey, with his quivering calves and plush tights; or at the nigger Marquis of Marmelade, dressed out with sabre and epaulets, and giving himself the airs of a field-marshal. Lo! is not one of the Queen's Pyebalds, in full fig, as great and foolish a monster?

CHAPTER XXX.

ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

At last came that fortunate day at the Evergreens, when I was to be made acquainted with some of the "county families" with whom only people of Ponto's rank condescended to associate. And now, although poor Ponto had just been so cruelly made to bleed on occasion of his son's new uniform, and though he was in the direst and most cut-throat spirits with an overdrawn account at the banker's, and other pressing evils of poverty; although a tenpenny bottle of Marsala and an awful parsimony presided generally at his table, yet the poor fellow was obliged to

assume the most frank and jovial air of cordiality; and all the covers being removed from the hangings, and new dresses being procured for the young ladies, and the family plate being unlocked and displayed, the house and all within assumed a benevolent and festive appearance. The kitchen fires began to blaze, the good wine ascended from the cellar, a professed cook actually came over from Guttlebury to compile culinary abominations. Stripes was in a new coat, and so was Ponto, for a wonder, and Tummus's button-suit was worn *en permanence*.*

And all this to show off the little lord, thinks I. All this in honour of a stupid little cigarrified Cornet of dragoons, who can barely write his name,—while an eminent and profound moralist like—somebody—is fobbed off with cold mutton and relays of pig. Well, well: a martyrdom of cold mutton is just bearable. I pardon Mrs. Ponto, from my heart I do, especially as I wouldn't turn out of the best bed-room, in spite of all her hints; but held my ground in the chintz tester, vowing that Lord Gules, as a young man, was quite small and hardy enough to make himself comfortable elsewhere.

The great Ponto party was a very august one. The Hawbucks came in their family coach, with the blood-red hand emblazoned all over it; and their man in yellow livery waited in country

If the keeping of polite company could make a woman happy, surely my kind hostess Mrs. Ponto was on that day a happy woman. Every person present (except the unlucky impostor who pretended to a connexion with the Snobbington Family, and General Sago, who had brought home I don't know how many lacs of rupees from India,) was related to the Peerage or the Baronetage. Mrs. P. had her heart's desire. If she had been an Earl's daughter herself, could she have expected better company?—and her family were in the oil-trade at Bristol, as all her friends very well know.

What I complained of in my heart was not the dining—which, for this once, was plentiful and comfortable enough—but the prodigious dulness of the talking part of the entertainment. O, my beloved brother Snobs of the City, if we love each other no better than our country brethren, at least we amuse each other more; if we bore ourselves, we are not called upon to go ten miles to do it!

For instance, the Hipsleys came ten miles from the south, and the Hawbucks ten miles from the north, of the Evergreens; and were magnates in two different divisions of the County of Mangelwurzelshire. Hipsley, who is an old baronet, with a bothered estate, did not care to show his contempt for Hawbuck, who is a new creation, and rich. Hawbuck, on his part, gives himself patronising airs to General Sago, who looks upon the Pontos as little better than paupers. "Old Lady Blanche," says Ponto, "I hope will leave something to her god-daughter—my second girl—we've all of us half-poisoned ourselves with taking her physic."

Lady Blanche and Lady Rose Fitzague have, the first, a medical, and the second a literary turn. I am inclined to believe the former had a wet *compresse* around her body, on the occasion when I had the happiness of meeting her. She doctors everybody in the neighbourhood, of which she is the ornament; and has tried everything on her own person. She went into Court, and testified publicly her faith in St. John Long: she swore by Doctor Buchan, she took quantities of Gambouge's Universal Medicine, and whole boxfulls of Parr's Life Pills. She has cured a multiplicity of headaches by Squinstone's Eyesnuff; she wears

a picture of Hahnemann in her bracelet and a lock of Priessnitz's hair in a brooch. She talked about her own complaints and those of her *confidante* for the time being, to every lady in the room successively, from our hostess down to Miss Wirt, taking them into corners, and whispering about bronchitis, hepatitis, St. Vitus, neuralgia, cephalalgia, and so forth. I observed poor fat Lady Hawbuck in a dreadful alarm after some communication regarding the state of her daughter Miss Lucy Hawbuck's health, and Mrs. Sago turn quite yellow, and put down her third glass of Madeira, at a warning glance from Lady Blanche.

Lady Rose talked literature, and about the book-club at Guttlebury, and is very strong in voyages and travels. She has a prodigious interest in Borneo, and displayed a knowledge of the history of the Punjaub and Kaffirland that does credit to her memory. Old General Sago, who sat perfectly silent and plethoric, roused up as from a lethargy when the former country was mentioned, and gave the company his story about a hog-hunt at Ramjugger. I observed her ladyship treated with something like contempt her neighbour the Reverend Lionel Pettipois, a young divine whom you may track through the country by little "awakening" books at half-a-crown a hundred, which dribble out of his pockets wherever he goes. I saw him give Miss Wirt a

CHAPTER XXXI.

A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS.

"WHY, dear Mr. Snob," said a young lady of rank and fashion (to whom I present my best compliments), "if you found everything so *snobbish* at the Evergreens, if the pig bored you and the mutton was not to your liking, and Mrs. Ponto was a humbug, and Miss Wirt a nuisance, with her abominable piano practice,—why did you stay so long?"

Ah Miss, what a question! Have you never heard of gallant British soldiers storming batteries, of doctors passing nights in plague wards of lazarettos, and other instances of martyrdom? What do you suppose induced gentlemen to walk two miles up to the batteries of Sobraon, with a hundred and fifty thundering guns bowling them down by hundreds?—not pleasure, surely. What causes your respected father to quit his comfortable home for his chambers, after dinner, and pore over the most dreary law papers until long past midnight? Duty, Mademoiselle; duty, which must be done alike by military, or legal, or literary gents. There's a power of martyrdom in our profession.

You won't believe it? Your rosy lips assume a smile of incredulity—a most naughty and odious expression in a young lady's face. Well then, the fact is, that my chambers, No. 24, Pump Court, Temple, were being painted by the Honourable Society, and Mrs. Slamkin, my laundress, having occasion to go into Durham to see her daughter, who is married, and has presented her with the sweetest little grandson—a few weeks could not be better spent than in rusticating. But ah, how delightful Pump Court looked when I revisited its well-known chimney-pots! *Cari luogi.* Welcome, welcome, O fog and smut!

But if you think there is no moral in the foregoing account of the Pontine family, you are, Madam, most painfully mistaken. In this very chapter we are going to have the moral—why, the whole of the papers are nothing *but* the moral, setting forth as they do the folly of being a Snob.

You will remark that in the Country Snobography my poor

riend Ponto has been held up almost exclusively for the public aze—and why? Because we went to no other house? Because ther families did not welcome us to their mahogany? No, no. ir John Hawbuck of the Haws, Sir John Hipsley of Briary Hall, don't shut the gates of hospitality: of General Sago's Mulligatawny I could speak from experience. And the two old adies at Guttlebury, were they nothing? Do you suppose that n agreeable young dog who shall be nameless, would not be made velcome? Don't you know that people are too glad to see *nybody* in the country?

But those dignified personages do not enter into the scheme of he present work, and are but minor characters of our Snob Drama; just as, in the play, kings and emperors are not half so mportant as many humble persons. The *Doge of Venice*, for nstance, gives way to *Othello*, who is but a nigger; and the *King f France* to *Falconbridge*, who is a gentleman of positively no birth at all. So with the exalted characters above mentioned. I perfectly well recollect that the claret at Hawbuck's was not by ny means so good as that of Hipsley's, while, on the contrary, ome white hermitage at the Haws (by the way, the butler only gave me half a glass each time) was supernacular. And I remem-ber the conversations. Oh, Madam, Madam, how stupid they

Madam, is the Frog that tries to swell himself to ox size. Let us pelt the silly brute out of his folly.

Look, I pray you, at the case of my unfortunate friend Ponto, a good-natured, kindly English gentleman—not over-wise, but quite passable—fond of port-wine, of his family, of country sports and agriculture, hospitably minded, with as pretty a little patrimonial country house as heart can desire, and a thousand pounds a-year. It is not much; but *entre nous*, people can live for less, and not uncomfortably.

For instance, there is the Doctor, whom Mrs. P. does not condescend to visit: that man educates a mirific family, and is loved by the poor for miles round: and gives them port-wine for physic and medicine, gratis. And how those people can get on with their pittance, as Mrs. Ponto says, is a wonder to *her*.

Again, there is the Clergyman, Doctor Chrysostom,—Mrs. P. says they quarrelled about Puseyism, but I am given to understand it was because Mrs. C. had the *pas* of her at the Haws—you may see what the value of his living is any day in the *Clerical Guide;* but you don't know what he gives away.

Even Pettipois allows that, in whose eyes the Doctor's surplice is a scarlet abomination; and so does Pettipois do his duty in his way, and administer not only his tracts and his talk, but his money and his means to his people. As a lord's son, by the way, Mrs. Ponto is uncommonly anxious that he should marry *either* of the girls whom Lord Gules does not intend to choose.

Well, although Pon.'s income would make up almost as much as that of these three worthies put together—O my dear Madam, see in what hopeless penury the poor fellow lives! What tenant can look to *his* forbearance? What poor man can hope for *his* charity? "Master's the best of men," honest Stripe says, "and when we was in the ridgment, a more free-handed chap didn't live. But the way in which Missus *du* scryou, I wonder the young ladies is alive, that I du."

They live upon a fine governess and fine masters, and have clothes made by Lady Carabas's own milliner; and their brother rides with earls to cover; and only the best people in the country visit at the Evergreens, and Mrs. Ponto thinks herself a paragon of wives and mothers, and a wonder of the world,

or doing all this misery and humbug, and snobbishness, on a housand a-year.

What an inexpressible comfort it was, my dear Madam, when Stripes put my portmanteau in the four-wheeled chaise, and (poor Pon. being touched with sciatica) drove me over to the Carabas Arms at Guttlebury, where we took leave. There were some bagmen there, in the Commercial Room, and one talked about the house he represented; and another about his dinner, and a third about the Inns on the road, and so forth—a talk, not very wise, but honest and to the purpose—about as good as that of the country gentlemen: and Oh, how much pleasanter than listening to Miss Wirt's show-pieces on the piano, and Mrs. Ponto's genteel cackle about the fashion and the county families!

CHAPTER XXXII.

SNOBBIUM GATHERUM.

When I see the great effect which these papers are producing in an intelligent public, I have a strong hope, that before long we shall have a regular Snob-department in the newspapers, just as

these two gentlemen. "We don't want," the great county of Mangelwurzelshire seems to say, "that a man should be able to write good grammar; or that he should keep a Christian tongue in his head; or that he should have the commonest decency of temper, or even a fair share of good sense, in order to represent us in Parliament. All we require is, that a man should be recommended to us by the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire. And all that we require of the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire is that he should have fifty thousand a-year and hunt the country." O you pride of all Snobland! O you crawling, truckling, self-confessed lackeys and parasites!

But this is growing too savage: don't let us forget our usual amenity and that tone of playfulness and sentiment with which the beloved reader and writer have pursued their mutual reflections hitherto. Well, Snobbishness pervades the little Social Farce as well as the great State Comedy; and the self-same moral is tacked to either.

There was, for instance, an account in the papers of a young lady who, misled by a fortune-teller, actually went part of the way to India (as far as Bagnigge Wells, I think) in search of a husband who was promised her there. Do you suppose this poor deluded little soul would have left her shop for a man below her in rank, or for anything but a darling of a Captain in epaulets and a red coat? It was her Snobbish sentiment that misled her, and made her vanities a prey to the swindling fortune-teller.

Case 2 was that of Mademoiselle de Saugrenue "the interesting young Frenchwoman with a profusion of jetty ringlets," who lived for nothing at a boarding-house at Gosport, was then conveyed to Fareham gratis: and being there, and lying on the bed of the good old lady her entertainer, the dear girl took occasion to rip open the mattress, and steal a cash-box, with which she fled to London. How would you account for the prodigious benevolence exercised towards the interesting young French lady? Was it her jetty ringlets on her charming face—Bah! Do ladies love others for having pretty faces and black hair?—she said *she was a relation of* Lord de Saugrenue: talked of her ladyship her aunt, and of herself as a De Saugrenue. The honest boarding-house people were at her feet at once. Good honest simple lord-loving children of Snobland.

Finally, there was the case of "the Right Honourable Mr. Vernon," at York. The Right Honourable was the son of a nobleman, and practised on an old lady. He procured from her dinners, money, wearing apparel, spoons, implicit credence, and an entire refit of linen. Then he cast his nets over a family of father, mother, and daughters, one of whom he proposed to marry. The father lent him money, the mother made jams and pickles for him, the daughters vied with each other in cooking dinners for the Right Honourable—and what was the end? One day the traitor fled, with a tea-pot and a basket-full of cold victuals. It was the "Right Honourable" which baited the hook which gorged all these greedy, simple Snobs. Would they have been taken in by a commoner? What old lady is there, my dear sir, who would take in you and me, were we ever so ill to do, and comfort us, and clothe us, and give us her money, and her silver forks? Alas and alas! what mortal man that speaks the truth can hope for such a landlady? And yet, all these instances of fond and credulous Snobbishness have occurred in the same week's paper, with who knows how many score more?

Just as we had concluded the above remarks comes a pretty little note sealed with a pretty little butterfly—bearing a northern post-mark—and to the following effect:—

our father was a military man, has travelled much, been in the best society, &c.) We *have* a coachman and helper, but we don't put the latter into buttons, nor make them wait at table, like Stripes and Tummus.*

"We are just the same to persons with a handle to their name as to those without it. We wear a moderate modicum of crinoline,† and are never *limp*‡ in the morning. We have good and abundant dinners on *china* (though we have plate§), and just as good when alone as with company.

"Now, my dear *Mr. Punch*, will you *please* give us a short answer in your next number, and I will be *so* much obliged to you. Nobody knows we are writing to you, not even our father; nor will we ever tease‖ you again if you will only give us an answer—just for fun, now do!

"If you get as far as this, which is doubtful, you will probably fling it into the fire. If you do, I cannot help it; but I am of a sanguine disposition, and entertain a lingering hope. At all events, I shall be impatient for next Sunday, for you reach us on that day, and I am ashamed to confess, we *cannot* resist opening you in the carriage driving home from church.¶

"I remain, &c. &c., for myself and sisters.
"Excuse this scrawl, but I always write *headlong*."**

"P.S. You were rather stupid last week, don't you think?†† We keep no gamekeeper, and yet have always abundant game for friends to shoot, in spite of the poachers. We never write on perfumed paper—in short, I can't help thinking that if you knew us you would not think us Snobs."

To this I reply in the following manner:—"My dear young

* That is, as you like. I don't object to buttons in moderation.

† Quite right. ‡ Bless you!

§ Snobbish; and I doubt whether you ought to dine as well when alone as with company. You will be getting too good dinners.

‖ We like to be teased; but tell Papa.

¶ O, garters and stars! what will Captain Gordon and Exeter Hall say to this!

** Dear little enthusiast!

†† You were never more mistaken, Miss, in your life.

dies, I know your post-town: and shall be at church there the nday *after* next; when, will you please to wear a tulip or some tle trifle in your bonnets, so that I may know you? You will cognise me and my dress—a quiet-looking young fellow, in a hite top coat, a crimson satin neckcloth, light blue trowsers, with ossy tipped boots, and an emerald breast-pin. I shall have a ack crape round my white hat; and my usual bamboo cane with e richly-gilt knob. I am sorry there will be no time to get up ustachios between now and next week.

"From seventeen to two-and-twenty! Ye gods! what ages! ear young creatures, I can see you all three. Seventeen suits e, as nearest my own time of life; but mind, I don't say two-nd-twenty is too old. No, no. And that pretty, roguish, emure, middle one. Peace, peace, thou silly little fluttering eart!

"*You* Snobs, dear young ladies! I will pull any man's nose ho says so. There is no harm in being of a good family. You n't help it, poor dears. What's in a name? What is in a andle to it? I confess openly that I should not object to being Duke myself; and between ourselves you might see a worse leg r a garter.

"*You* Snobs, dear little good-natured things, no! that is I

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

EVERYBODY of the middle rank who walks through this life with a sympathy for his companions on the same journey—at any rate, every man who has been jostling in the world for some three or four lustres—must make no end of melancholy reflections upon the fate of those victims whom Society, that is, Snobbishness, is immolating every day. With love and simplicity and natural kindness Snobbishness is perpetually at war. People dare not be happy for fear of Snobs. People dare not love for fear of Snobs. People pine away lonely under the tyranny of Snobs. Honest kindly hearts dry up and die. Gallant generous lads, blooming with hearty youth, swell into bloated old-bachelorhood, and burst and tumble over. Tender girls wither into shrunken decay, and perish solitary, from whom Snobbishness has cut off the common claim to happiness and affection with which Nature endowed us all. My heart grows sad as I see the blundering tyrant's handy-work. As I behold it I swell with cheap rage, and glow with fury against the Snob. Come down, I say, thou skulking dulness. Come down, thou stupid bully, and give up thy brutal ghost! And I arm myself with the sword and spear, and taking leave of my family, go forth to do battle with that hideous ogre and giant, that brutal despot in Snob Castle, who holds so many gentle hearts in torture and thrall.

When *Punch* is king, I declare there shall be no such thing as old maids and old bachelors. The Reverend Mr. Malthus shall be burned annually, instead of Guy Fawkes. Those who don't marry shall go into the workhouse. It shall be a sin for the poorest not to have a pretty girl to love him.

The above reflections came to mind after taking a walk with an old comrade, Jack Spiggot by name, who is just passing into the state of old bachelorhood, after the manly and blooming youth in which I remember him. Jack was one of the handsomest fellows in England when we entered together in the Highland Buffs; but I quitted the Cuttykilts early, and lost sight of him for many years.

Ah! how changed he is from those days! He wears a waistband w, and has begun to dye his whiskers. His cheeks, which were d, are now mottled; his eyes, once so bright and stedfast, are the lour of peeled plover's eggs.

"Are you married, Jack?" says I, remembering how comedly in love he was with his cousin Letty Lovelace, when the uttykilts were quartered at Strathbungo some twenty years ago.

"Married? no," says he. "Not money enough. Hard enough keep myself, much more a family, on five hundred a-year. ome to Dickinson's; there's some of the best Madeira in London ere, my boy." So we went and talked over old times. The bill r dinner and wine consumed was prodigious, and the quantity of randy-and-water that Jack took showed what a regular boozer he as. "A guinea or two guineas. What the devil do I care what spend for my dinner?" says he.

"And Letty Lovelace?" says I.

Jack's countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh resently. "Letty Lovelace!" says he. "She's Letty Lovelace ill; but Gad, such a wizened old woman! She's as thin as a read-paper; (you remember what a figure she had): her nose has ot red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill; always quarrelling

and as tough and as sour as this bit of lemon peel. Don't put much into your punch, Snob, my boy. No man *can* stand punch after wine."

"And what are your pursuits, Jack?" says I.

"Sold out when the Governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a-year for a week. Dreadful slow. Shilling whist. Four sisters—all unmarried except the youngest—awful work. Scotland in August. Italy in the winter; cursed rheumatism. Come to London in March, and toddle about at the Club, old boy; and we won't go home till maw-aw-rning till daylight does appear."

"And here's the wreck of two lives!" mused the present Snobographer, after taking leave of Jack Spiggot. "Pretty merry Letty Lovelace's rudder lost and she cast away, and handsome Jack Spiggot stranded on the shore like a drunken Trinculo."

What was it that insulted Nature (to use no higher name), and perverted her kindly intentions towards them? What cursed frost was it that nipped the love that both were bearing, and condemned the girl to sour sterility, and the lad to selfish old-bachelorhood? It was the infernal Snob tyrant who governs us all, who says, "Thou shalt not love without a lady's-maid; thou shalt not marry without a carriage and horses; thou shalt have no wife in thy heart, and no children on thy knee, without a page in buttons and a French *bonne;* thou shalt go to the devil unless thou hast a Brougham; marry poor, and society shall forsake thee; thy kinsmen shall avoid thee as a criminal; thy aunts and uncles shall turn up their eyes and bemoan the sad, sad manner in which Tom or Harry has thrown himself away." You, young woman, may sell yourself without shame, and marry old Crœsus; you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jointure. But if you are poor, wo be to you! Society, the brutal Snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. Wither, poor girl, in your garret: rot, poor bachelor, in your Club.

When I see those graceless recluses—those unnatural monks and nuns of the order of St. Beelzebub,* my hatred for Snobs and

* This, of course, is understood to apply only to those unmarried persons whom a mean and Snobbish fear about money has kept from fulfilling their natural destiny. Many persons there are devoted to celibacy because they cannot

heir worship, and their idols, passes all continence. Let us hew own that man-eating Juggernaut, I say, that hideous Dagon; nd I glow with the heroic courage of Tom Thumb, and join battle ith the giant Snob.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

In that noble romance called *Ten Thousand a Year*, I remember profoundly pathetic description of the Christian manner in which he hero, Mr. Aubrey, bore his misfortunes. After making a display f the most florid and grandiloquent resignation, and quitting his ountry mansion, the writer supposes Aubrey to come to town in post-chaise and pair sitting bodkin probably between his wife nd sister. It is about seven o'clock, carriages are rattling about, nockers are thundering, and tears bedim the fine eyes of Kate nd Mrs. Aubrey as they think that in happier times at this hour —their Aubrey used formerly to go out to dinner to the houses f the aristocracy his friends. This is the gist of the passage —the elegant words I forget. But the noble, noble sentiment I

What is the more remarkable, is, that Gray has a wife there. Mrs. Gray was a Miss Harley Baker: and I suppose I need not say *that* is a respectable family. Allied to the Cavendishes, the Oxfords, the Marrybones, they still, though rather *déchus* from their original splendour, hold their heads as high as any. Mrs. Harley Baker, I know, never goes to church without John behind to carry her prayer-book; nor will Miss Welbeck, her sister, walk twenty yards a shopping without the protection of Figby, her sugar-loaf page; though the old lady is as ugly as any woman in the parish, and as tall and whiskery as a Grenadier. The astonishment is, how Emily Harley Baker could have stooped to marry Raymond Gray. She, who was the prettiest and proudest of the family; she, who refused Sir Cockle Byles, of the Bengal Service; she, who turned up her little nose at Essex Temple, Q.C., and connected with the noble house of Albyn; she, who had but 4000*l.* *pour tout potage*, to marry a man who had scarcely as much more. A scream of wrath and indignation was uttered by the whole family when they heard of this *mésalliance*. Mrs. Harley Baker never speaks of her daughter now but with tears in her eyes, and as a ruined creature. Miss Welbeck says, "I consider that man a villain;" and has denounced poor good-natured Mrs. Perkins as a swindler, at whose ball the young people met for the first time.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray, meanwhile, live in Gray's Inn Lane, aforesaid, with a maid-servant and a nurse, whose hands are very full, and in a most provoking and unnatural state of happiness. They have never once thought of crying about their dinner, like the wretchedly puling and Snobbish womankind of my favourite Snob Aubrey, of *Ten Thousand a Year*; but on the contrary, accept such humble victuals as Fate awards them with a most perfect and thankful good grace—nay, actually have a portion for a hungry friend at times—as the present writer can gratefully testify.

I was mentioning these dinners, and some admirable lemon puddings which Mrs. Gray makes, to our mutual friend the great Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, when that gentleman's face assumed an expression of almost apoplectic terror, and he gasped out, "What! Do they give dinners?" He seemed to

think it a crime and a wonder that such people should dine at all, and that it was their custom to huddle round their kitchen fire over a bone and a crust. Whenever he meets them in society, it is a matter of wonder to him (and he always expresses his surprise very loud) how the lady can appear decently dressed, and the man have an unpatched coat to his back. I have heard him enlarge upon this poverty before the whole room at the Conflagrative Club, to which he and I and Gray have the honour to belong.

We meet at the Club on most days. At half-past four, Goldmore arrives in St. James's Street, from the City, and you may see him reading the evening papers in the bow window of the Club which enfilades Pall Mall—a large plethoric man, with a bunch of seals in a large bow-windowed light waistcoat. He has large coat-tails, stuffed with agents' letters and papers about companies of which he is a Director. His seals jingle as he walks. I wish I had such a man for an uncle, and that he himself were childless. I would love and cherish him, and be kind to him.

At six o'clock in the full season, when all the world is in St. James's Street, and the carriages are cutting in and out among the cabs on the stand, and the tufted dandies are showing their

Portland Place. As the carriage whirls off, all the young bucks in the Club feel a secret elation. It is a part of their establishment, as it were. That carriage belongs to their Club, and their Club belongs to them. They follow the equipage with interest; they eye it knowingly as they see it in the Park. But halt! we are not come to the Club Snobs yet. O my brave Snobs, what a flurry there will be among you when those papers appear!

Well, you may judge, from the above description, what sort of a man Goldmore is. A dull and pompous Leadenhall Street Crœsus, good-natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable. "Mr. Goldmore can never forget," his lady used to say, "that it was Mrs. Gray's grandfather who sent him to India; and though that young woman has made the most imprudent marriage in the world, and has left her station in society, her husband seems an ingenious and laborious young man, and we shall do everything in our power to be of use to him." So they used to ask the Grays to dinner twice or thrice in a season, when, by way of increasing the kindness, Buff, the butler, is ordered to hire a fly to convey them to and from Portland Place.

Of course I am much too good-natured a friend of both parties not to tell Gray of Goldmore's opinion regarding him, and the Nabob's astonishment at the idea of the briefless barrister having any dinner at all. Indeed, Goldmore's saying became a joke against Gray amongst us wags at the Club, and we used to ask him when he tasted meat last? whether we should bring him home something from dinner? and cut a thousand other mad pranks with him in our facetious way.

One day, then, coming home from the Club, Mr. Gray conveyed to his wife the astounding information that he had asked Goldmore to dinner.

"My love," says Mrs. Gray, in a tremor, "how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining-room won't hold Mrs. Goldmore."

"Make your mind easy, Mrs. Gray; her ladyship is in Paris. It is only Crœsus that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards—to Sadler's Wells. Goldmore said at the Club that he thought Shakspeare was a great dramatic poet, and ought to be patronised; whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet."

"Goodness gracious! what *can* we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know Mrs. Goldmore is always telling us about them; and he dines with Aldermen every day."

"'A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prythee get ready at three;
Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?'"

says Gray, quoting my favourite poet.

"But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible Pattypan, the pastrycook's." * *

"Silence, Frau!" says Gray, in a deep-tragedy voice. "*I* will have the ordering of this repast. Do all things as I bid thee. Invite our friend Snob here to partake of the feast. Be mine the task of procuring it."

"Don't be expensive, Raymond," says his wife.

"Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one. Goldmore's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only do thou in all things my commands." And seeing by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance, that some mad waggery was in preparation, I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

may be), and whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-ninepenny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was Mr. Snob. *He* is never late when invited to dine. But to proceed with my narrative:—

Although Mr. Snob may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Bittlestone Street with his richly gilt-knobbed cane (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss Squilsby's, the brass-plated milliner opposite Raymond Grays, who has three silver-paper bonnets, and two fly-blown French prints of fashion in the window), yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival, compared to that with which the little street thrilled, when at five minutes past five the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkies, the black horses and blazing silver harness of Mr. Goldmore whirled down the street! It is a very little street, of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like Miss Squilsby's. Coal-merchants, architects, and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing-master, and of course several house-agents, occupy the houses—little two-storied edifices with little stucco porticos. Goldmore's carriage overtopped the roofs almost; the first floors might shake hands with Crœsus as he lolled inside; all the windows of those first floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was Mrs. Hammerly in curl-papers; Mrs. Saxby with her front awry; Mr. Wriggles peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water—in fine, a tremendous commotion in Bittlestone Street, as the Goldmore carriage drove up to Mr. Raymond Gray's door.

"How kind it is of him to come with *both* the footmen!" says little Mrs. Gray, peeping at the vehicle too. The huge domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out; the sun was shining; the very organ-boy paused; the footman, the coach, and Goldmore's red face and white waistcoat were blazing in splendour. The herculean plushed one went back to open the carriage-door.

Raymond Gray opened his—in his shirt-sleeves.

He ran up to the carriage. "Come in, Goldmore," says he,

"Just in time, my boy. Open the door Whatdyecallum, and let your master out,"—and Whatdyecallum obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupified astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

"Wawt taim will you please have the *cage*, Sir," says Whatdyecallum, in that peculiar, unspellable, inimitable, flunkyfied, pronunciation which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

"Best have it to the theatre, at night," Gray exclaims; "it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadler's Wells at eleven."

"Yes, at eleven," exclaims Goldmore, perturbedly, and walks with a flurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked Gray as a Jack Ketch over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from doorsteps and balconies; its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

"Go in there, and amuse yourself with Snob," says Gray, opening the little drawing-room door. "I'll call out as soon as the chops are ready. Fanny's below, seeing to the pudding."

"Gracious mercy!" says Goldmore to me, quite confidentially, "How could he ask us? I really had no idea of this—this utter

"I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," says Gray, gravely. "That fork is the only one we have. Fanny has it generally."

"Raymond!" cries Mrs. Gray, in an imploring face.

"She was used to better things, you know: and I hope one day to get her a dinner service. I'm told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce *is* that boy with the beer? And now," said he, springing up, "I'll be a gentleman." And so he put on his coat, and sate down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton chops which he had by this time broiled.

"We don't have meat every day, Mr. Goldmore," he continued, "and it's a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships briefless barristers endure."

"Gracious mercy!" says Mr. Goldmore.

"Where's the half-and-half? Fanny, go over to the 'Keys' and get the beer. Here's sixpence." And what was our astonishment when Fanny got up as if to go!

"Gracious mercy! let *me*," cries Goldmore.

"Not for worlds, my dear sir. She's used to it. They wouldn't serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!" Raymond said, with astounding composure. And Mrs. Gray left the room, and actually came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little Polly (to whom, at her christening, I had the honour of presenting a silver mug, *ex-officio*), followed with a couple of tobacco pipes, and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.

"Did you speak to Tapling about the gin, Fanny, my dear?" Gray asked, after bidding Polly put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little person had some difficulty in reaching—"The last was turpentine, and even your brewing didn't make good punch of it."

"You would hardly suspect, Goldmore, that my wife, a Harley Baker, would ever make gin punch? I think my mother-in-law would commit suicide if she saw her."

"Don't be always laughing at Mamma, Raymond," says Mrs. Gray.

"Well, well, she wouldn't die, and I *don't* wish she would. And

you don't make gin punch, and you don't like it either—and—Goldmore, do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?"

"Gracious mercy!" ejaculates Crœsus once more, as little Polly, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it smiling, to that astonished Director.

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. Gray pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the knives when they were first married; and how he used to drag the children in a little cart; how his wife could toss pancakes; and what parts of his dress she made. He told Tibbits, his clerk (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public house, which Mrs. Fanny had fetched from the neighbouring apartment) —to fetch "the bottle of port wine," when the dinner was over; and told Goldmore as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands, as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and Mrs. Gray had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of the port,

Place." And with this the time came for the play, and we went to see Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells.

The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honour) is, that after this banquet, which Goldmore enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And being a Director of the newly established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had Gray appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee; and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (Buckmuckjee Bobbachee *v.* Ramchowder-Bahawder) in the Privy Council, Lord Brougham complimented Mr. Gray, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

Whether he knows Sanscrit or not, I can't say; but Goldmore got him the business; and so I cannot help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SNOBS AND MARRIAGE.

"We Bachelors in Clubs are very much obliged to you," says my old school and college companion, Essex Temple, "for the opinion which you hold of us. You call us selfish, purple-faced, bloated, and other pretty names. You state, in the simplest possible terms, that we shall go to the deuce. You bid us rot in loneliness, and deny us all claims to honesty, conduct, decent Christian life. Who are you, Mr. Snob, to judge us so? Who are you, with your infernal benevolent smirk and grin, that laugh at all our generation?

"I will tell you my case," says Essex Temple; "mine and my sister Polly's, and you may make what you like of it; and sneer at old maids, and bully old bachelors, if you will.

"I will whisper to you confidentially that my sister Polly was engaged to Serjeant Shirker—a fellow whose talents one cannot deny, and be hanged to them, but whom I have always known to be mean, selfish, and a prig. However, women don't see these

faults in the men whom Love throws in their way. Shirker, who has about as much warmth as an eel, made up to Polly years and years ago, and was no bad match for a briefless barrister, as he was then.

"Have you ever read Lord Eldon's life? Do you remember how the sordid old Snob narrates his going out to purchase two-pence-worth of sprats, which he and Mrs. Scott fried between them? And how he parades his humility, and exhibits his miserable poverty—he who at that time must have been making a thousand pounds a year? Well, Shirker was just as proud of his prudence—just as thankful for his own meanness, and of course would not marry without a competency. Who so honourable? Polly waited, and waited faintly, from year to year. *He* wasn't sick at heart; *his* passion never disturbed his six hours' sleep, or kept his ambition out of mind. He would rather have hugged an attorney any day than have kissed Polly, though she was one of the prettiest creatures in the world; and while she was pining alone up-stairs, reading over the stock of half-a-dozen frigid letters that the confounded prig had condescended to write to her; *he*, be sure, was never busy with anything but his briefs in chambers —always frigid, rigid, self-satisfied, and at his duty. The marriage trailed on year after year, while Mr. Serjeant Shirker grew to be

maids and pretty presents; and the bride must have a *trousseau* of laces, satins, jewel-boxes and tom-foolery, to make her fit to be a lieutenant's wife. There was no hesitation about Pump. He flung about his money as if it had been dross; and Mrs. P. Temple on the horse Tom Tiddler, which her husband gave her, was the most dashing of military women at Brighton or Dublin. How old Mrs. Figtree used to bore me and Polly with stories of Pump's grandeur and the noble company he kept! Polly lives with the Figtrees, as I am not rich enough to keep a home for her.

"Pump and I have always been rather distant. Not having the slightest notions about horseflesh, he has a natural contempt for me; and in our mother's lifetime, when the good old lady was always paying his debts and petting him, I'm not sure there was not a little jealousy. It used to be Polly that kept the peace between us.

"She went to Dublin to visit Pump, and brought back grand accounts of his doings—gayest man about town—Aide-de-Camp to the Lord Lieutenant—Fanny admired everywhere—Her Excellency godmother to the second boy. The eldest with a string of aristocratic Christian names that made the grandmother wild with delight. Presently Fanny and Pump obligingly came over to London, where the third was born.

"Polly was godmother to this, and who so loving as she and Pump now? 'O Essex!' says she to me, 'he is so good, so generous, so fond of his family; so handsome; who can help loving him, and pardoning his little errors?' One day, while Mrs. Pump was yet in the upper regions, and Doctor Fingerfee's brougham at her door every day, having business at Guildhall, whom should I meet in Cheapside but Pump and Polly? The poor girl looked more happy and rosy than I have seen her these twelve years. Pump, on the contrary, was rather blushing and embarrassed.

"I couldn't be mistaken in her face and its look of mischief and triumph. She had been committing some act of sacrifice. I went to the family stockbroker. She had sold out two thousand pounds that morning and given them to Pump. Quarrelling was useless —Pump had the money; he was off to Dublin by the time I reached his mother's, and Polly radiant still. He was going to

nake his fortune; he was going to embark the money in the Bog f Allen—I don't know what. The fact is, he was going to pay is losses upon the last Manchester steeple-chase, and I leave you o imagine how much principal or interest poor Polly ever saw ack again.

"It was more than half her fortune, and he has had another housand since from her. Then came efforts to stave off ruin and revent exposure; struggles on all our parts, and sacrifices, that here Mr. Essex Temple began to hesitate) that needn't be talked f; but they are of no more use than such sacrifices ever are. Pump and his wife are abroad—I don't like to ask where; Polly as the three children, and Mr. Serjeant Shirker has formally written to break off an engagement, on the conclusion of which Miss Temple must herself have speculated, when she alienated the reater part of her fortune.

"And here's your famous theory of poor marriages," Essex Temple cries, concluding the above history. "How do you know hat I don't want to marry myself? How do you dare sneer at ny poor sister? What are we but martyrs of the reckless mar- iage system which Mr. Snob, forsooth, chooses to advocate?" And he thought he had the better of the argument, which, strange o say, is not my opinion.

Circular; read the genteel novels; survey mankind, from Pimlico to Red Lion Square, and see how the Poor Snob is aping the Rich Snob; how the Mean Snob is grovelling at the feet of the Proud Snob; and the Great Snob is lording it over his humble brother. Does the idea of equality ever enter Dives' head? Will it ever? Will the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe (I like a good name) ever believe that Lady Crœsus, her next door neighbour in Belgrave Square, is as good a lady as her Grace? Will Lady Crœsus ever leave off pining for the Duchess's parties, and cease patronising Mrs. Broadcloth, whose husband has not got his Baronetcy yet? Will Mrs. Broadcloth ever heartily shake hands with Mrs. Seedy, and give up those odious calculations about poor dear Mrs. Seedy's income? Will Mrs. Seedy, who is starving in her great house, go and live comfortably in a little one, or in lodgings? Will her landlady, Miss Letsam, ever stop wondering at the familiarity of tradespeople, or rebuking the insolence of Suky, the maid, who wears flowers under her bonnet, like a lady?

But why hope, why wish for such times? Do I wish all Snobs to perish? Do I wish these Snob papers to determine? Suicidal fool, art not thou, too, a Snob and a brother?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CLUB SNOBS.

I WISH to be particularly agreeable to the ladies (to whom I make my most humble obeisance), and we will now, if you please, commence maligning a class of Snobs, against whom, I believe, most female minds are embittered,—I mean Club Snobs. I have very seldom heard even the most gentle and placable woman speak without a little feeling of bitterness against those social institutions, those palaces swaggering in St. James's, which are open to the men; while the ladies have but their dingy three-windowed brick boxes in Belgravia or in Paddingtonia, or in the region between the road of Edgeware and that of Gray's Inn.

In my grandfather's time it used to be Free-Masonry that roused

their anger. It was my grand aunt (whose portrait we still have in the family) who got into the clock-case at the Royal Rosicrucian Lodge at Bungay, Suffolk, to spy the proceedings of the Society, of which her husband was a member, and being frightened by the sudden whirring and striking eleven of the clock (just as the Deputy-Grand-Master was bringing in the mystic gridiron for the reception of a neophyte), rushed out into the midst of the lodge assembled; and was elected, by a desperate unanimity, Deputy-Grand-Mistress for life. Though that admirable and courageous female never subsequently breathed a word with regard to the secrets of the initiation, yet she inspired all our family with such a terror regarding the mysteries of Jachin and Boaz, that none of our family have ever since joined the Society, or worn the dreadful Masonic insignia.

It is known that Orpheus was torn to pieces by some justly indignant Thracian ladies for belonging to an Harmonic Lodge. "Let him go back to Eurydice," they said, "whom he is pretending to regret so." But the history is given in Dr. Lempriere's elegant dictionary in a manner much more forcible than any which this feeble pen can attempt. At once, then, and without verbiage, let us take up this subject-matter of Clubs.

the *Globe* under the other pinion, and the *Daily News* in perusal. "I'll trouble you for *Punch*, Mr. Wiggins," says the unconscionable old gormandiser, interrupting our friend, who is laughing over the periodical in question.

This kind of selfishness ought not to be. No, no. Young Smith, instead of his dinner and his wine, ought to be, where?—at the festive tea-table, to be sure, by the side of Miss Higgs, sipping the bohea, or tasting the harmless muffin; while old Mrs. Higgs looks on, pleased at their innocent dalliance, and my friend Miss Wirt, the governess, is performing Thalberg's last sonata in treble X, totally unheeded, at the piano.

Where should the middle-aged Jones be? At his time of life, he ought to be the father of a family. At such an hour—say, at nine o'clock at night—the nursery-bell should have just rung the children to bed. He and Mrs. J. ought to be, by rights, seated on each side of the fire by the dining-room table, a bottle of Port Wine between them, not so full as it was an hour since. Mrs. J. has had two glasses; Mrs. Grumble (Jones's mother-in-law) has had three: Jones himself has finished the rest, and doses comfortably until bed-time.

And Brown, that old newspaper-devouring miscreant, what right has *he* at a club at a decent hour of night? He ought to be playing his rubber with Miss Mac Whirter, his wife, and the family apothecary. His candle ought to be brought to him at ten o'clock, and he should retire to rest just as the young people were thinking of a dance. How much finer, simpler, nobler, are the several employments I have sketched out for these gentlemen, than their present nightly orgies at the horrid Club.

And, ladies, think of men who do not merely frequent the dining-room and library, but who use other apartments of those horrible dens which it is my purpose to batter down; think of Cannon, the wretch, with his coat off, at his age and size, clattering the balls over the billiard table all night, and making bets with that odious Captain Spot!—think of Pam in a dark room with Bob Trumper, Jack Deuceace, and Charley Vole, playing, the poor dear misguided wretch, guinea points and five pounds on the rubber!—above all, think, O think, of that den of abomination, which, I am told, has been established in *some* clubs, called *the Smoking-Room*,—think

of the debauchees who congregate there, the quantities of reeking whiskey-punch or more dangerous sherry-cobbler which they consume;—think of them coming home at cock-crow and letting themselves into the quiet house with the Chubb key;—think of them, the hypocrites, taking off their insidious boots before they slink up stairs, the children sleeping over-head, the wife of their bosom alone with the waning rushlight in the two-pair front—that chamber so soon to be rendered hateful by the smell of their stale cigars! I am not an advocate of violence; I am not, by nature, of an incendiary turn of mind, but if, my dear ladies, you are for assassinating Mr. Chubb and burning down the Club Houses in St. James's there is *one* Snob, at least, who will not think the worse of you.

The only men who, as I opine, ought to be allowed the use of Clubs, are married men without a profession. The continual presence of these in a house cannot be thought, even by the most uxorious of wives, desirable. Say the girls are beginning to practise their music, which in an honourable English family, ought to occupy every young gentlewoman three hours; it would be rather hard to call upon poor papa to sit in the drawing-room all that time, and listen to the interminable discords and shrieks which are elicited from the miserable piano during the above necessary

at the Contemplative Club, I behold with respectful appreciation the figures within—the honest rosy old fogies, the mouldy old dandies, the waist-belts and glossy wigs and tight cravats of those most vacuous and respectable men. Such men are best there during the day-time surely. When you part with them, dear ladies, think of the rapture consequent on their return. You have transacted your household affairs; you have made your purchases; you have paid your visits; you have aired your poodle in the Park; your French maid has completed the toilette which renders you so ravishingly beautiful by candlelight, and you are fit to make home pleasant to him who has been absent all day.

Such men surely ought to have their Clubs, and we will not class them among Club Snobs therefore:—on whom let us reserve our attack for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CLUB SNOBS.

Such a sensation has been created in the Clubs by the appearance of the last paper on Club Snobs, as can't but be complimentary to me who am one of their number.

I belong to nine clubs. The Union Jack, the Sash and Marling-spike—Military Clubs. The True Blue, the No Surrender, the Blue and Buff, the Guy Fawkes, and the Cato Street—Political Clubs. The Brummell and the Regent—Dandy Clubs. The Acropolis, the Palladium, the Areopagus, the Pnyx, the Pentelicus, the Ilyssus, and the Poluphloisboio Thalasses—Literary Clubs. I never could make out how the latter set of Clubs got their names; *I* don't know Greek for one, and I wonder how many other members of those institutions do.

Ever since the Club Snobs have been announced, I observe a sensation created on my entrance into any one of these places. Members get up and hustle together; they nod, they scowl, as they glance towards the present Snob. "Infernal impudent jackanapes! If he shows me up," says Colonel Bludyer, "I'll break every bone in his skin." "I told you what would come of

admitting literary men into the Club," says Ranville Ranville to his colleague, Spooney, of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office. "These people are very well in their proper places, and as a public man, I make a point of shaking hands with them, and that sort of thing; but to have one's privacy obtruded upon by such people is really too much. Come along, Spooney," and the pair of prigs retire superciliously.

As I came into the coffee-room at the No Surrender, old Jawkins was holding out to a knot of men, who were yawning, as usual. There he stood, waving the *Standard*, and swaggering before the fire. "What," says he, "did I tell Peel last year? If you touch the Corn Laws, you touch the Sugar Question; if you touch the Sugar, you touch the Tea. I am no monopolist. I am a liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice; and if we are to have Free Trade, give me reciprocity. And what was Sir Robert Peel's answer to me? 'Mr. Jawkins,' he said"—

Here Jawkins's eye suddenly turning on your humble servant, he stopped his sentence, with a guilty look—his stale, old, stupid sentence, which every one of us at the Club has heard over and over again.

Jawkins is a most pertinacious Club Snob. Every day he is at

house, and has everything about him that is properly grave, dismal, and comfortable. His dinners are in the *Morning Herald*, among the parties for the week; and his wife and daughters make a very handsome appearance at the Drawing-Room, once a-year, when he comes down to the Club in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform.

He is fond of beginning a speech to you by saying, "When I was in the House, I &c."—in fact he sat for Skittlebury for three weeks in the first Reformed Parliament, and was unseated for bribery; since which he has three times unsuccessfully contested that honourable borough.

Another sort of Political Snob I have seen at most Clubs, and that is the man who does not care so much for home politics, but is great upon foreign affairs. I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere *but* in Clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles, at the expense of some ten thousand a-year each. He is the man who is really seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia, and the atrocious treachery of Louis-Philippe. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye upon the American President, every word of whose speech (goodness help him!) he reads. He knows the names of the contending leaders in Portugal, and what they are fighting about: and it is he who says that Lord Aberdeen ought to be impeached, and Lord Palmerston hanged, or *vice versâ*.

Lord Palmerston's being sold to Russia, the exact number of roubles paid, by what house in the City, is a favourite theme with this kind of Snob. I once overheard him—it was Captain Spitfire, R.N., (who had been refused a ship by the Whigs, by the way)—indulging in the following conversation with Mr. Minns after dinner.

"Why wasn't the Princess Scragamoffsky at Lady Palmerston's party, Minns? Because *she can't show*—and why can't she show? Shall I tell you, Minns, why she can't show? The Princess Scragamoffsky's back is flayed alive, Minns—I tell you it's raw, Sir! On Tuesday last, at twelve o'clock, three drummers of the Preobajinski regiment arrived at Ashburnham House, and at half-past twelve, in the yellow drawing-room at the Russian Embassy, before the ambassadress and four ladies'-maids, the Greek Papa, and the Secretary of Embassy, Madame de Scragamoffsky received

thirteen dozen. She was knouted, Sir, knouted in the midst of England—in Berkeley Square, for having said that the Grand Duchess Olga's hair was red. And now, Sir, will you tell me Lord Palmerston ought to continue Minister?"

Minns. "Good Ged!"

Minns follows Spitfire about, and thinks him the greatest and wisest of human beings.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CLUB SNOBS.

Why does not some great author write "The Mysteries of the Club Houses; or St. James's Street unveiled." It would be a fine subject for an imaginative writer. We must all, as boys, remember when we went to the fair, and had spent all our money—the sort of awe and anxiety with which we loitered round the outside of the show, speculating upon the nature of the entertainment going on within.

Man is a Drama—of Wonder and Passion, and Mystery and Meanness, and Beauty and Truthfulness, and Etcetera. Each

hundred pounds *per diem;* and I find he is but a clerk in an office in the City, with not two hundred pounds income, and his name is Jubber. Sir John Pocklington was, on the contrary, the dirty little snuffy man who cried out so about the bad quality of the beer, and grumbled at being overcharged threehalfpence for a herring, seated at the next table to Jubber on the day when some one pointed the Baronet out to me.

Take a different sort of mystery. I see, for instance, old Fawney stealing round the rooms of the Club, with glassy, meaningless eyes, and an endless greasy simper—he fawns on everybody he meets, and shakes hands with you, and blesses you, and betrays the most tender and astonishing interest in your welfare. You know him to be a quack and a rogue, and he knows you know it. But he wriggles on his way, and leaves a track of slimy flattery after him wherever he goes. Who can penetrate that man's mystery? What earthly good can he get from you or me? You don't know what is working under that leering tranquil mask. You have only the dim instinctive repulsion that warns you, you are in the presence of a knave—beyond which fact all Fawney's soul is a secret to you.

I think I like to speculate on the young men best. Their play is opener. You know the cards in their hand, as it were. Take, for example, Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur.

A specimen or two of the above sort of young fellows may be found, I believe, at most Clubs. They know nobody. They bring a fine smell of cigars into the room with them, and they growl together, in a corner, about sporting matters. They recollect the history of that short period in which they have been ornaments of the world by the names of winning horses. As political men talk about "the Reform year," "the year the Whigs went out," and so forth, these young sporting bucks speak of *Tarnation's* year, or *Opodeldoc's* year, or the year when *Catawampus* ran second for the Chester Cup. They play at billiards in the morning, they absorb pale ale for breakfast, and "top up" with glasses of strong waters. They read *Bell's Life* (and a very pleasant paper too, with a great deal of erudition in the answers to correspondents). They go down to Tattersall's, and swagger in the Park, with their hands plunged in the pockets of their paletots.

What strikes me especially in the outward demeanour of sporting

youth is their amazing gravity, their conciseness of speech, and care-worn and moody air. In the smoking-room at the Regent, when Joe Millerson will be setting the whole room in a roar with laughter, you hear young Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur grumbling together in a corner. "I 'll take your five-and-twenty to one about Brother to Bluenose," whispers Spavin. "Can't do it at the price." Cockspur says, wagging his head ominously. The betting-book is always present in the minds of those unfortunate youngsters. I think I hate that work even more than the *Peerage*. There is some good in the latter—though, generally speaking, a vain record; though De Muggins is not descended from the giant Hogyn Mogyn; though half the other genealogies are equally false and foolish; yet the mottoes are good reading—some of them; and the book itself a sort of gold-laced and liveried lackey to History, and in so far serviceable. But what good ever came out of, or went into, a betting-book? If I could be Caliph Omar for a week, I would pitch every one of those despicable manuscripts into the flames; from my Lord's, who is "in" with Jack Snaffle's stable, and is over-reaching worse-informed rogues and swindling greenhorns; down to Sam's, the butcher-boy's, who books eighteen-penny odds in the tap-room, and "stands to win five-and-twenty bob."

CHAPTER XL.

CLUB SNOBS.

Both sorts of young men, mentioned in my last under the flippant names of Wiggle and Waggle, may be found in tolerable plenty, I think, in Clubs. Wiggle and Waggle are both idle. They come of the middle classes. One of them very likely makes believe to be a barrister, and the other has smart apartments about Piccadilly. They are a sort of second-chop dandies; they cannot imitate that superb listlessness of demeanour, and that admirable vacuous folly which distinguishes the noble and high-born chiefs of the race; but they lead lives almost as bad (were it but for the example), and are personally quite as useless. I am not going to arm a thunderbolt, and launch it at the heads of these little Pall Mall butterflies. They don't commit much public harm, or private extravagance. They don't spend a thousand pounds for diamond ear-rings for an Opera-dancer, as Lord Tarquin can: neither of them ever set up a public-house or broke the bank of a gambling-club, like the young Earl of Martingale. They have good points, kind feelings, and deal honourably in money-transactions—only in their characters of men of second-rate pleasure about town, they and their like are so utterly mean, self-contented, and absurd, that they must not be omitted in a work treating on Snobs.

Wiggle has been abroad, where he gives you to understand that his success among the German countesses and Italian princesses, whom he met at the *tables d'hôte*, was perfectly terrific. His rooms are hung round with pictures of actresses and ballet-dancers. He passes his mornings in a fine dressing-gown, burning pastilles, and reading *Don Juan* and French novels (by the way, the life of the author of *Don Juan*, as described by himself, was the model of the life of a Snob). He has twopenny-halfpenny French prints of women with languishing eyes, dressed in dominoes,—guitars, gondolas, and so forth,—and tells you stories about them.

"It's a bad print," says he, "I know, but I've a reason for liking

it. It reminds me of somebody—somebody I knew in other climes. You have heard of the Principessa di Monte Pulciano? I met her at Rimini. Dear, dear Francesca! That fair-haired, bright-eyed thing in the Bird of Paradise and the Turkish Simar with the love-bird on her finger, I'm sure must have been taken from—from somebody perhaps whom you don't know—but she's known at Munich, Waggle, my boy,—everybody knows the Countess Ottilia di Eulenschreckenstein. Gad, Sir, what a beautiful creature she was when I danced with her on the birthday of Prince Attila of Bavaria, in '44. Prince Carloman was our *vis-à-vis*, and Prince Pepin danced the same *contredanse*. She had a Polyanthus in her bouquet. Waggle, *I have it now*." His countenance assumes an agonised and mysterious expression, and he buries his head in the sofa cushions, as if plunging into a whirlpool of passionate recollections.

Last year he made a considerable sensation, by having on his table a morocco miniature-case locked by a gold key, which he always wore round his neck, and on which was stamped a serpent—emblem of eternity—with the letter M in the circle. Sometimes he laid this upon his little morocco writing-table, as if it were on an altar—generally he had flowers upon it—in the middle of a conversation he would start up and kiss it. He

His poems are the most beautiful things you ever saw. He's written a continuation of *Don Juan*, from his own adventures. Did you ever read his lines to Mary? They're superior to Byron, Sir—superior to Byron."

I was glad to hear this from so accomplished a critic as Waggle; for the fact is, I had composed the verses myself for honest Wiggle one day, whom I found at his chambers plunged in thought over a very dirty old-fashioned album, in which he had not as yet written a single word.

"I can't," says he. "Sometimes I can write whole cantos, and to-day not a line. O, Snob! such an opportunity! Such a divine creature! She's asked me to write verses for her album, and I can't."

"Is she rich?" said I. "I thought you would never marry any but an heiress."

"O, Snob! she's the most accomplished, highly-connected creature!—and I can't get out a line."

"How will you have it," says I: "hot with sugar?"

"Don't, don't! You trample on the most sacred feelings, Snob. I want something wild and tender,—like Byron. I want to tell her that amongst the festive halls, and that sort of thing, you know—I only think about her, you know—that I scorn the world, and am weary of it, you know, and—something about a gazelle, and a bulbul, you know."

"And a yataghan to finish off with," the present writer observed, and we began:—

TO MARY.

I seem, in the midst of the crowd,
  The lightest of all;
My laughter rings cheery and loud,
  In banquet and ball.
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
  For all men to see;
But my soul, and my truth, and my tears
  Are for thee, are for thee!

"Do you call *that* neat, Wiggle?" says I. "I declare it almost makes me cry, myself."

"Now, suppose," says Wiggle, "we say that all the world is at

ny feet—make her jealous, you know, and that sort of thing—and that—that I'm going to *travel*, you know. That perhaps may work upon her feelings."

So *We* (as this wretched prig said) began again:—

Around me they flatter and fawn—
The young and the old,
The fairest are ready to pawn
Their hearts for my gold.
They sue me—I laugh as I spurn
The slaves at my knee,
But in faith, and in fondness, I turn
Unto thee, unto thee!

"Now for the travelling, Wiggle, my boy!" and I began, in a voice choked with emotion—

Away! for my heart knows no rest
Since you taught it to feel;
The secret must die in my breast
I burn to reveal;
The passion I may not * *

"I say, Snob!" Wiggle here interrupted the excited bard (just as I was about to break out into four lines so pathetic that

about. She's five-and-forty. She's red hair. She's a nose like a pump-handle. Her father made his fortune by keeping a ham-and-beef shop, and Wiggle's going to marry her next week."

"So much the better, Waggle, my young friend," I exclaimed. "Better for the sake of womankind that this dangerous dog should leave off lady-killing—this Blue-Beard give up practice. Or, better rather for his own sake. For as there is not a word of truth in any of those prodigious love stories which you used to swallow; nobody has been hurt except Wiggle himself, whose affections will now centre in the ham-and-beef shop. There *are* people, Mr. Waggle, who do these things in earnest, and hold a good rank in the world too. But these are not subjects for ridicule, and though certainly snobs, are scoundrels likewise. Their cases go up to a higher Court."

CHAPTER XLI.

CLUB SNOBS.

BACCHUS is the divinity to whom Waggle devotes his especial worship. "Give me wine, my boy," says he to his friend Wiggle, who is prating about lovely woman; and holds up his glass full of the rosy fluid, and winks at it portentously, and sips it, and smacks his lips after it, and meditates on it, as if he were the greatest of connoisseurs.

I have remarked this excessive wine-amateurship especially in youth. Snoblings from College, Fledglings from the army, Goslings from the public schools, who ornament our clubs, are frequently to be heard in great force upon wine questions. "This bottle's corked," says Snobling; and Mr. Sly, the butler, taking it away, returns presently with the same wine in another jug, which the young amateur pronounces excellent. "Hang champagne!" says Fledgling, "it's only fit for gals and children. Give me pale sherry at dinner, and my twenty-three claret afterwards." "What's port now?" says Gosling; "disgusting thick sweet stuff—where's the old dry wine one *used* to get?" Until

the last twelvemonth, Fledgling drank small-beer at Doctor Swishtail's; and Gosling used to get his dry old port at a gin-shop, in Westminster—till he quitted that seminary, in 1844.

Anybody who has looked at the caricatures of thirty years ago, must remember how frequently bottle-noses, pimpled faces, and other Bardolphian features are introduced by the designer. They are much more rare now (in nature, and in pictures, therefore) than in those good old times; but there are still to be found amongst the youth of our Clubs, lads who glory in drinking-bouts, and whose faces, quite sickly and yellow, for the most part are decorated with those marks which Rowland's Kalydor is said to efface. "I was *so* cut last night—old boy!" Hopkins says to Tomkins (with amiable confidence). "I tell you what we did. We breakfasted with Jack Herring at twelve, and kept up with brandy and soda-water and weeds till four; then we toddled into the Park for an hour; then we dined and drank mulled Port till half-price; then we looked in for an hour at the Haymarket; then we came back to the Club, and had grills and whiskey punch till all was blue.—Hullo, waiter! Get me a glass of cherry-brandy." Club waiters, the civilest, the kindest, the patientest of men, die under the infliction of these cruel young topers. But if the reader wishes to see a perfect picture on the stage of this class of young fellows,

Lath and Sawdust's St. Jullien, Sir: Bung's Leoville is considered remarkably fine; and I think you'd like Jugger's Château-Margaux.

Papworthy. Hum!—hah!—well—give me a crust of bread and a glass of beer. I'll only *lunch*, Poppins.

Capt. Shindy is another sort of Club bore. He has been known to throw all the Club in an uproar about the quality of his mutton chop.

"Look at it, Sir! Is it cooked, Sir? Smell it, Sir! Is it meat fit for a gentleman?" he roars out to the steward, who stands trembling before him, and who in vain tells him that the Bishop of Bullocksmithy has just had three from the same loin. All the waiters in all the Club are huddled round the Captain's mutton-chop. He roars out the most horrible curses at John for not bringing the pickles; he utters the most dreadful oaths because Thomas has not arrived with the Harvey sauce; Peter comes tumbling with the water-jug over Jeames, who is bringing "the glittering canisters with bread." Whenever Shindy enters the room (such is the force of character), every table is deserted, every gentleman must dine as he best may, and all those big footmen are in terror.

He makes his account of it. He scolds, and is better waited upon in consequence. At the Club he has ten servants scudding about to do his bidding.

Poor Mrs. Shindy and the children are, meanwhile, in dingy lodgings somewhere, waited upon by a charity girl, in pattens.

CHAPTER XLII.

CLUB SNOBS.

Every well-bred English female will sympathise with the subject of the harrowing tale, the history of Sackville Maine, I am now about to recount. The pleasures of Clubs have been spoken of: let us now glance for a moment at the dangers of those institutions, and for this purpose I must introduce you to my young acquaintance, Sackville Maine.

It was at a ball at the house of my respected friend, Mrs. Perkins, that I was introduced to this gentleman and his charming

lady. Seeing a young creature before me in a white dress, with white satin shoes; with a pink ribbon, about a yard in breadth, flaming out as she twirled in a Polka in the arms of Monsieur de Springbock, the German diplomatist; with a green wreath on her head, and the blackest hair this individual ever set eyes on—seeing, I say, before me a charming young woman whisking beautifully in a beautiful dance, and presenting, as she wound and wound round the room, now a full face, then a three-quarter face, then a profile—a face, in fine, which, in every way you saw it, looked pretty, and rosy, and happy, I felt (as I trust) a not unbecoming curiosity regarding the owner of this pleasant countenance, and asked Wagley (who was standing by, in conversation with an acquaintance) Who was the lady in question?

"Which?" says Wagley.

"That one with the coal-black eyes," I replied.

"Hush," says he, and the gentleman with whom he was talking moved off, with rather a discomfited air.

When he was gone Wagley burst out laughing. "*Coal-black* eyes!" said he; "you've just hit it. That's Mrs. Sackville Maine, and that was her husband who just went away. He's a coal-merchant, Snob, my boy, and I have no doubt Mr. Perkins's Wallsends are supplied from his wharf. He is in a flaming

If these beings, so closely allied to his wife, and so justly dear to her, may be considered as drawbacks to Maine's happiness, what man is there that has not some things in life to complain of? And when I first knew Mr. Maine, no man seemed more comfortable than he. His cottage was a picture of elegance and comfort; his table and cellar were excellently and neatly supplied. There was every enjoyment, but no ostentation. The omnibus took him to business of a morning; the boat brought him back to the happiest of homes, where he would while away the long evenings by reading out the fashionable novels to the ladies as they worked; or accompany his wife on the flute (which he played elegantly); or in any one of the hundred pleasing and innocent amusements of the domestic circle. Mrs. Chuff covered the drawing-rooms with prodigious tapestries, the work of her hands. Mrs. Sackville had a particular genius for making covers of tape or net-work for these tapestried cushions. She could make home-made wines. She could make preserves and pickles. She had an album, into which, during the time of his courtship, Sackville Maine had written choice scraps of Byron and Moore's poetry, analogous to his own situation, and in a fine mercantile hand. She had a large manuscript receipt-book—every quality, in a word, which indicated a virtuous and well-bred English female mind.

"And as for Nelson Collingwood," Sackville would say, laughing, "we couldn't do without him in the house. If he didn't spoil the tapestry we should be over-cushioned in a few months; and whom could we get but him to drink Laura's home-made wine?" The truth is, the gents who came from the City to dine at the Oval could not be induced to drink it—in which fastidiousness, I myself, when I grew to be intimate with the family, confess that I shared.

"And yet, Sir, that green ginger has been drunk by some of England's proudest heroes," Mrs. Chuff would exclaim; "Admiral Lord Exmouth tasted and praised it, Sir, on board Captain Chuff's ship, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, 74, at Algiers; and he had three dozen with him in the *Pitchfork* frigate, a part of which was served out to the men, before he went into his immortal action with the *Furibonde*, Captain Choufleur, in the Gulf of Panama."

All this, though the old dowager told us the story every day

when the wine was produced, never served to get rid of any quantity of it—and the green ginger, though it had fired British tars for combat and victory, was not to the taste of us peaceful and degenerate gents of modern times.

I see Sackville now, as on the occasion when presented by Wagley, I paid my first visit to him. It was in July—a Sunday afternoon—Sackville Maine was coming from church, with his wife on one arm, and his mother-in-law (in red tabinet, as usual) on the other. A half-grown, or hobbadehoyish footman, so to speak, walked after them, carrying their shining golden prayer-books—the ladies had splendid parasols with tags and fringes. Mrs. Chuff's great gold watch, fastened to her stomach, gleamed there like a ball of fire. Nelson Collingwood was in the distance, shying stones at an old horse on Kennington Common. 'Twas on that verdant spot we met—nor can I ever forget the majestic courtesy of Mrs. Chuff, as she remembered having had the pleasure of seeing me at Mrs. Perkins's—nor the glance of scorn which she threw at an unfortunate gentleman who was preaching an exceedingly desultory discourse to a sceptical audience of omnibus-cads and nurse-maids on a tub, as we passed by. "I cannot help it, Sir," says she; "I am the widow of an officer of Britain's Navy: I was taught to honour my Church and my King: and I cannot

looked to as great advantage in her pretty morning gown as in her dress robe at Mrs. Perkins's. Mrs. Chuff fired off her stories about the *Nebuchadnezzar*, 74, the action between the *Pitchfork* and the *Furibonde*—the heroic resistance of Captain Choufleur, and the quantity of snuff he took, &c., &c.; which, as they were heard for the first time, were pleasanter than I have subsequently found them. Sackville Maine was the best of hosts. He agreed in everything everybody said, altering his opinions without the slightest reservation upon the slightest possible contradiction. He was not one of those beings who would emulate a Schonbein or Friar Bacon, or act the part of an incendiary towards the Thames, his neighbour—but a good, kind, simple, honest, easy, fellow—in love with his wife—well-disposed to all the world—content with himself, content even with his mother-in-law. Nelson Collingwood, I remember, in the course of the evening, when whiskey-and-water was for some reason produced, grew a little tipsy. This did not in the least move Sackville's equanimity. "Take him up-stairs, Joseph," said he to the hobbadehoy, "and —Joseph—don't tell his mamma."

What could make a man so happily disposed unhappy? What could cause discomfort, bickering, and estrangement in a family so friendly and united? Ladies, it was not my fault—it was Mrs. Chuff's doing—but the rest of the tale you shall have on a future day.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CLUB SNOBS.

The misfortune which befel the simple and good-natured young Sackville, arose entirely from that abominable Sarcophagus Club; and that he ever entered it was partly the fault of the present writer.

For seeing Mrs. Chuff, his mother-in-law, had a taste for the genteel—(indeed, her talk was all about Lord Collingwood, Lord Gambier, Sir Jahaleel Brenton, and the Gosport and Plymouth balls)—Wagley and I, according to our wont, trumped her

conversation, and talked about Lords, Dukes, Marquises, and Baronets, as if those dignitaries were our familiar friends.

"Lord Sextonbury," says I, "seems to have recovered her Ladyship's death. He and the Duke were very jolly over their wine at the Sarcophagus last night; weren't they, Wagley?"

"Good fellow, the Duke," Wagley replied. "Pray Ma'am" (to Mrs. Chuff), "you who know the world and etiquette, will you tell me what a man ought to do in my case? Last June, His Grace, his son Lord Castlerampant, Tom Smith, and myself were dining at the Club, when I offered the odds against *Daddylonglegs* for the Derby—forty to one, in sovereigns only. His Grace took the bet, and of course I won. He has never paid me. Now, can I ask such a great man for a sovereign?—*One* more lump of sugar, if you please, my dear Madam."

It was lucky Wagley gave her this opportunity to elude the question, for it prostrated the whole worthy family among whom we were. They telegraphed each other with wondering eyes. Mrs. Chuff's stories about the naval nobility grew quite faint: and kind little Mrs. Sackville became uneasy, and went up-stairs to look at the children—not at that young monster, Nelson Collingwood, who was sleeping off the whiskey-and-water—but at a couple of little ones who had made their appearance at dessert, and of whom she and Sackville were the happy parents.

only a trifling sprinkling of black beans in the boxes: Byles's, of course, who black-balls everybody: and Bung's, who looks down upon a coal-merchant, having himself lately retired from the wine trade.

Some fortnight afterwards I saw Sackville Maine under the following circumstances:—

He was showing the Club to his family. He had brought them thither in the light-blue fly, waiting at the Club door; with Mrs. Chuff's hobbadehoy footboy on the box, by the side of the flyman, in a sham livery. Nelson Collingwood; pretty Mrs. Sackville; Mrs. Captain Chuff (Mrs. Commodore Chuff we call her), were all there; the latter, of course, in the vermilion tabinet, which, splendid as it is, is nothing in comparison to the splendour of the Sarcophagus. The delighted Sackville Maine was pointing out the beauties of the place to them. It seemed as beautiful as Paradise to that little party.

The Sarcophagus displays every known variety of architecture and decoration. The great library is Elizabethan; the small library is pointed Gothic; the dining-room is severe Doric; the strangers' room has an Egyptian look; the drawing-rooms are Louis Quatorze (so called because the hideous ornaments displayed were used in the time of Louis Quinze); the *cortile*, or hall, is Morisco-Italian. It is all over marble, maplewood, looking-glasses, arabesques, ormolu, and scagliola. Scrolls, ciphers, dragons, Cupids, polyanthuses, and other flowers writhe up the walls in every kind of cornucopiosity. Fancy every gentleman in Jullien's band playing with all his might, and each performing a different tune; the ornaments at our Club, the Sarcophagus, so bewilder and affect me. Dazzled with emotions which I cannot describe, and which she dared not reveal, Mrs. Chuff, followed by her children and son-in-law, walked wondering amongst these blundering splendours.

In the great library (225 feet long by 150) the only man Mrs. Chuff saw, was Tiggs. He was lying on a crimson-velvet sofa, reading a French novel of Paul de Kock. It was a very little book. He is a very little man. In that enormous hall he looked like a mere speck. As the ladies passed breathless and trembling in the vastness of the magnificent solitude, he threw a knowing,

killing glance at the fair strangers, as much as to say, "Ain't I a fine fellow?" They thought so, I am sure.

"*Who is that?*" hisses out Mrs. Chuff, when we were about fifty yards off him at the other end of the room.

"Tiggs!" says I, in a similar whisper.

"Pretty comfortable this, isn't it, my dear?" says Maine in a free and easy way to Mrs. Sackville; "all the magazines, you see—writing materials—new works—choice library, containing every work of importance—what have we here?—'Dugdale's Monasticon,' a most valuable, and I believe, entertaining book."

And proposing to take down one of the books for Mrs. Maine's inspection, he selected Volume VII., to which he was attracted by the singular fact, that a brass door-handle grew out of the back. Instead of pulling out a book, however, he pulled open a cupboard, only inhabited by a lazy housemaid's broom and duster, at which he looked exceedingly discomfited—while Nelson Collingwood, losing all respect, burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's the rummest book I ever saw," says Nelson. "I wish we'd no others at Merchant Tailors'."

"Hush, Nelson," cries Mrs. Chuff, and we went into the other magnificent apartments.

How they did admire the drawing-room hangings (pink and

coat to give himself a waist. Fred. Minchin simpering by as he is going out to dine, and casting upon the reflection of his white neck-cloth a pleased moony smile. What a deal of vanity that Club mirror has reflected, to be sure!

Well, the ladies went through the whole establishment with perfect pleasure. They beheld the coffee-rooms, and the little tables laid for dinner, and the gentlemen who were taking their lunch, and old Jawkins thundering away as usual: they saw the reading-rooms, and the rush for the evening papers; they saw the kitchens —those wonders of art—where the *Chef* was presiding over twenty pretty kitchen-maids, and ten thousand shining saucepans: and they got into the light-blue fly perfectly bewildered with pleasure.

Sackville did not enter it, though little Laura took the back seat on purpose, and left him the front place alongside of Mrs. Chuff's red tabinet.

"We have your favourite dinner," says she, in a timid voice; "won't you come, Sackville?"

"I shall take a chop here to-day, my dear," Sackville replied. "Home, James." And he went up the steps of the Sarcophagus, and the pretty face looked very sad out of the carriage, as the blue fly drove away.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CLUB SNOBS.

WHY—why did I and Wagley ever do so cruel an action, as to introduce young Sackville Maine into that odious Sarcophagus! Let our imprudence and his example be a warning to other gents.; let his fate and that of his poor wife be remembered by every British female. The consequences of his entering the Club were as follow:—

One of the first vices the unhappy wretch acquired in this abode of frivolity was that of *smoking*. Some of the dandies of the Club, such as the Marquis of Macabaw, Lord Doodeen, and fellows of that high order, are in the habit of indulging in this propensity up-stairs in the billiard-rooms of the Sarcophagus—and, partly to

make their acquaintance, partly from a natural aptitude for crime, Sackville Maine followed them, and became an adept in the odious custom. Where it is introduced into a family I need not say how sad the consequences are, both to the furniture and the morals. Sackville smoked in his dining-room at home, and caused an agony to his wife and mother-in-law which I do not venture to describe.

He then became a professed *billiard-player*, wasting hours upon hours at that amusement; betting freely, playing tolerably, losing awfully to Captain Spot and Col. Cannon. He played matches of a hundred games with these gentlemen, and would not only continue until four or five o'clock in the morning at this work, but would be found at the Club of a forenoon, indulging himself to the detriment of his business, the ruin of his health, and the neglect of his wife.

From billiards to whist is but a step—and when a man gets to whist and five pounds on the rubber, my opinion is, that it is all up with him. How was the coal business to go on, and the connexion of the firm to be kept up, and the senior partner always at the card-table?

Consorting now with genteel persons and Pall Mall bucks, Sackville became ashamed of his snug little residence in Kennington Oval—and transported his family to Pimlico—where, though

amongst them, and said he would give warning rather than carry the books to that church any more.

The furnishing of the house was not done without expense.

And, ye gods! what a difference there was between Sackville's dreary French banquets in Pimlico, and the jolly dinners at the Oval! No more legs of mutton, no more of "the best port-wine in England;" but *entrées* on plate, and dismal twopenny champagne, and waiters in gloves, and the Club bucks for company—among whom Mrs. Chuff was uneasy and Mrs. Sackville quite silent.

Not that he dined at home often. The wretch had become a perfect epicure, and dined commonly at the Club with the gormandising clique there; with old Dr. Maw, Colonel Cramley (who is as lean as a greyhound and has jaws like a jack), and the rest of them. Here you might see the wretch, tippling Sillery champagne and gorging himself with French viands; and I often looked with sorrow from my table (on which cold meat, the Club small-beer, and a half-pint of Marsala form the modest banquet), and sighed to think it was my work.

And there were other beings present to my repentant thoughts. Where's his wife, thought I? Where's poor, good, kind little Laura? At this very moment—it's about the nursery bed-time, and while yonder good-for-nothing is swilling his wine—the little ones are at Laura's knees lisping their prayers; and she is teaching them to say—"Pray God bless Papa."

When she has put them to bed, her day's occupation is gone; and she is utterly lonely all night, and sad, and waiting for him.

O for shame! O for shame! Go home, thou idle tippler.

How Sackville lost his health: how he lost his business; how he got into scrapes; how he got into debt; how he became a railroad director; how the Pimlico house was shut up; how he went to Boulogne,—all this I could tell, only I am too much ashamed of my part of the transaction. They returned to England, because, to the surprise of everybody, Mrs. Chuff came down with a great sum of money (which nobody knew she had saved), and paid his liabilities. He is in England; but at Kennington. His name is taken off the books of the Sarcophagus long ago. When we meet, he crosses over to the other side of the street; and I don't

call, as I should be sorry to see a look of reproach or sadness in Laura's sweet face.

Not, however, all evil, as I am proud to think, has been the influence of the Snob of England upon Clubs in general:—Captain Shindy is afraid to bully the waiters any more, and eats his mutton-chop without moving Acheron. Gobemouche does not take more than two papers at a time for his private reading. Tiggs does not ring the bell and cause the library-waiter to walk about a quarter of a mile in order to give him Vol. II., which lies on the next table. Growler has ceased to walk from table to table in the coffee-room, and inspect what people are having for dinner. Trotty Veck takes his own umbrella from the hall—the cotton one, and Sidney Scraper's paletot lined with silk has been brought back by Jobbins, who entirely mistook it for his own. Waggle has discontinued telling stories about the ladies he has killed. Snooks does not any more think it gentlemanlike to blackball attorneys. Snuffler no longer publicly spreads out his great red cotton pocket-handkerchief before the fire, for the admiration of two hundred gentlemen; and if one Club Snob has been brought back to the paths of rectitude, and if one poor John has been spared a journey or a scolding, my friends and brethren, if these sketches of Club Snobs

and Chirurgical Snobs; your Official Snobs; your Legal Snobs; your Artistical Snobs; your Musical Snobs; your Sporting Snobs?" write my esteemed correspondents: "Surely you are not going to miss the Cambridge Chancellor election, and omit showing up your Don Snobs who are coming, cap in hand, to a young Prince of six-and-twenty, and to implore him to be the chief of their renowned University?" writes a friend who seals with the signet of the Cam and Isis Club: "Pray, pray," cries another, "now the Operas are opening, give us a lecture about Omnibus Snobs." Indeed, I should like to write a chapter about the Snobbish Dons very much, and another about the Snobbish Dandies. Of my dear Theatrical Snobs I think with a pang; and I can hardly break away from some Snobbish artists, with whom I have long, long intended to have a palaver.

But what's the use of delaying? When these were done there would be fresh Snobs to portray. The labour is endless. No single man could complete it. Here are but fifty-two bricks—and a pyramid to build. It is best to stop. As Jones always quits the room as soon as he has said his good thing,—as Cincinnatus and General Washington both retired into private life in the height of their popularity,—as Prince Albert, when he laid the first stone of the Exchange, left the bricklayers to complete that edifice and went home to his royal dinner,—as the poet Bunn comes forward at the end of the season, and with feelings too tumultuous to describe, blesses his *kyind* friends over the footlights: so, friends, in the flush of conquest and the splendour of victory, amid the shouts and the plaudits of a people—triumphant yet modest—the Snob of England bids ye farewell.

But only for a season. Not for ever. No, no. There is one celebrated author whom I admire very much—who has been taking leave of the public any time these ten years in his prefaces, and always comes back again when everybody is glad to see him. How can he have the heart to be saying good-bye, so often? I believe that Bunn *is* affected when he blesses the people. Parting is always painful. Even the familiar bore is dear to you. I should be sorry to shake hands even with Jawkins for the last time. I think a well-constituted convict, on coming home from transportation, ought to be rather sad when he takes leave of Van Diemen's

Land. When the curtain goes down on the last night of a pantomine, poor old clown must be very dismal, depend on it. Ha! with what joy he rushes forward on the evening of the 26th of December next, and says—"How are you?—Here we are!" But I am growing too sentimental:—to return to the theme.

THE NATIONAL MIND IS AWAKENED TO THE SUBJECT OF SNOBS. The word Snob has taken a place in our honest English Vocabulary. We can't define it, perhaps. We can't say what it is, any more than we can define Wit, or Humour, or Humbug; but we *know* what it is. Some weeks since, happening to have the felicity to sit next to a young lady at a hospitable table, where poor old Jawkins was holding forth in a very absurd pompous manner, I wrote upon the spotless damask "S——B," and called my neighbour's attention to the little remark.

That young lady smiled. She knew it at once. Her mind straightway filled up the two letters concealed by apostrophic reserve, and I read in her assenting eyes that she knew Jawkins was a Snob. You seldom get them to make use of the word as yet, it is true; but it is inconceivable how pretty an expression their little smiling mouths assume when they speak it out. If any young lady doubts, just let her go up to her own room, look at

a small one? How does he comport himself in the presence of His Grace the Duke; and how in that of Smith, the tradesman?

And it seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition; and that we are sneaking and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection—"proper pride," she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady; and she, I mean Mrs. Snob,—Eliza—would give one of her eyes to go to Court, as her cousin the Captain's wife did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess that we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somer's Town. And though I believe in her heart Mrs. Whiskerington is fonder of us than of her cousins, the Smigsmags, you should hear how she goes on prattling about Lady Smigsmag,—and "I said to Sir John, my dear John;" and about the Smigsmags' house and parties in Hyde Park Terrace.

Lady Smigsmag, when she meets Eliza,—who is a sort of a kind of a species of a connexion of the family, pokes out one finger, which my wife is at liberty to embrace in the most cordial manner she can devise. But, oh, you should see her ladyship's behaviour on her first-chop dinner-party days, when Lord and Lady Longears come!

I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride, indeed! Rank and precedence, forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie and should be flung into the fire. Organise rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward, some great marshal, and organise Equality in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel-truth—if the world does not tend to this—if hereditary-great-man worship is not a humbug and an idolatry—let us have the Stuarts back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the pillory.

If ever our cousins, the Smigsmags, asked me to meet Lord Longears, I would like to take an opportunity after dinner and say, in the most good-natured way in the world:—Sir, Fortune makes you a present of a number of thousand pounds every year. The ineffable wisdom of our ancestors has placed you as a chief

and hereditary legislator over me. Our admirable Constitution (the pride of Britons and envy of surrounding nations) obliges me to receive you as my senator, superior, and guardian. Your eldest son, Fitz-Heehaw, is sure of a place in parliament; your younger sons, the De Brays, will kindly condescend to be post-captains and lieutenant-colonels, and to represent us in foreign courts or to take a good living when it falls convenient. These prizes our admirable Constitution (the pride and envy of, &c.) pronounces to be your due; without count of your dulness, your vices, your selfishness; or your entire incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be (and we have as good a right to assume that my lord is an ass, as the other proposition, that he is an enlightened patriot);—dull, I say, as you may be, no one will accuse you of such monstrous folly, as to suppose that you are indifferent to the good luck which you possess, or have any inclination to part with it. No—and patriots as we are, under happier circumstances, Smith and I, I have no doubt, were we dukes ourselves, would stand by our order.

We would submit good-naturedly to sit in a high place. We would acquiesce in that admirable Constitution (pride and envy of, &c.) which made us chiefs and the world our inferiors; we would not cavil particularly at that notion of hereditary superiority which brought so many simple people cringing to our knees.

our master, or black your shoes any more. Your footmen do it, but they are paid; and the fellow who comes to get a list of the company when you give a banquet or a dancing breakfast at Longueoreille House, gets money from the newspapers for performing that service. But for us, thank you for nothing, Long-ears, my boy, and we don't wish to pay you any more than we owe. We will take off our hats to Wellington because he is Wellington; but to you—who are you?"

I am sick of Court Circulars. I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence. I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like, to be wicked, unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A court system, that sends men of genius to the second table, I hold to be a snobbish system. A society that sets up to be polite, and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish Society. You, who despise your neighbour, are a Snob; you, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you, who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a Snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.

To laugh at such is *Mr. Punch's* business. May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all.

THE

TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES

OF

MAJOR GAHAGAN.

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CHAPTER I.

"TRUTH IS STRANGE, STRANGER THAN FICTION."

I THINK it but right that in making my appearance before the public I should at once acquaint them with my titles and name. My card, as I leave it at the houses of the nobility, my friends, is as follows:—

> *MAJOR GOLIAH O'GRADY GAHAGAN, H.E.I.C.S.,*
> *Commanding Battalion of*
> *Irregular Horse,*
> *AHMEDNUGGAR.*

Seeing, I say, this simple visiting ticket, the world will avoid any of those awkward mistakes as to my person, which have been so frequent of late. There has been no end to the blunders regarding this humble title of mine, and the confusion thereby created. When I published my volume of poems, for instance, the *Morning Post* newspaper remarked, "that the Lyrics of the Heart, by Miss Gahagan, may be ranked among the sweetest flowrets of the present spring season." The *Quarterly Review*, commenting upon my "Observations on the Pons Asinorum"

(4to. London, 1836), called me "Doctor Gahagan," and so on. It was time to put an end to these mistakes, and I have taken the above simple remedy.

I was urged to it by a very exalted personage. Dining in August last at the palace of the T–l–r–e–s at Paris, the lovely young Duch–ss of Orl—ns (who, though she does not speak English, understands it as well as I do,) said to me in the softest Teutonic, "*Lieber Herr Major, haben sie den Ahmednuggarischen-jäger-battalion gelassen?*" "*Warum denn?*" said I, quite astonished at her R—l H——ss's question. The P—cess then spoke of some trifle from my pen, which was simply signed Goliah Gahagan.

There was, unluckily, a dead silence as H. R. H. put this question.

"*Comment donc?*" said H. M. Lo–is Ph–l–ppe, looking gravely at Count Molé, "*le cher Major a quitté l'armée! Nicolas donc sera maître de l'Inde!*" H. M—— and the Pr. M–n–ster pursued their conversation in a low tone, and left me, as may be imagined, in a dreadful state of confusion. I blushed and stuttered, and murmured out a few incoherent words to explain—but it would not do—I could not recover my equanimity during the course of the dinner; and while endeavouring to help an English

would have originated but for the similarity of our names. The circumstance was this:—I had been lucky enough to render the Nawaub of Lucknow some trifling service (in the notorious affair of Choprasjee Muckjee), and his highness sent down a gold tooth-pick-case directed to Captain G. Gahagan, which I of course thought was for me: my brother madly claimed it; we fought, and the consequence was, that in about three minutes he received a slash in the right side (cut 6), which effectually did his business;—he was a good swordsman enough—I was THE BEST in the universe. The most ridiculous part of the affair is, that the toothpick-case was his, after all—he had left it on the Nawaub's table at tiffin. I can't conceive what madness prompted him to fight about such a paltry bauble; he had much better have yielded it at once, when he saw I was determined to have it. From this slight specimen of my adventures, the reader will perceive that my life has been one of no ordinary interest; and in fact, I may say that I have led a more remarkable life than any man in the service—I have been at more pitched battles, led more forlorn hopes, had more success among the fair sex, drunk harder, read more, and been a handsomer man than any officer now serving her Majesty.

When I first went to India in 1802, I was a raw cornet of seventeen, with blazing red hair, six feet seven in height, athletic at all kinds of exercises, owing money to my tailor and everybody else who would trust me, possessing an Irish brogue, and my full pay of 120*l.* a-year. I need not say that with all these advantages I did that which a number of clever fellows have done before me—I fell in love, and proposed to marry immediately.

But how to overcome the difficulty?—It is true that I loved Julia Jowler—loved her to madness; but her father intended her for a member of council at least, and not for a beggarly Irish ensign. It was, however, my fate to make the passage to India (on board of the Samuel Snob, East Indiaman, Captain Duffy) with this lovely creature, and my misfortune instantaneously to fall in love with her. We were not out of the Channel before I adored her, worshipped the deck which she trod upon, kissed a thousand times the cuddy-chair on which she used to sit. The same madness fell on every man in the ship. The two mates

fought about her at the Cape—the surgeon, a sober, pious Scotchman, from disappointed affection, took so dreadfully to drinking as to threaten spontaneous combustion—and old Colonel Lilywhite, carrying his wife and seven daughters to Bengal, swore that he would have a divorce from Mrs. L., and made an attempt at suicide—the captain himself told me, with tears in his eyes, that he hated his hitherto-adored Mrs. Duffy, although he had had nineteen children by her.

We used to call her the witch—there was magic in her beauty and in her voice. I was spell-bound when I looked at her, and stark-staring mad when she looked at me! Oh, lustrous black eyes!—Oh, glossy night-black ringlets!—Oh, lips!—Oh, dainty frocks of white muslin!—Oh, tiny kid slippers!—though old and gouty, Gahagan sees you still! I recollect off Ascension, she looked at me in her particular way one day at dinner, just as I happened to be blowing on a piece of scalding hot green fat. I was stupified at once—I thrust the entire morsel (about half a pound) into my mouth. I made no attempt to swallow or to masticate it, but left it there for many minutes, burning, burning! I had no skin to my palate for seven weeks after, and lived on rice water during the rest of the voyage. The anecdote is trivial, but it shows the power of Julia Jowler over me.

December, 1802, and then for the moment Julia and I separated. She was carried off to her papa's arms in a palankeen, surrounded by at least forty Hookahbadars; whilst the poor cornet attended but by two dandies and a solitary beasty, (by which unnatural name these blackamoors are called,) made his way humbly to join the regiment at head-quarters.

The —th regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Julius Jowler, C.B., was known throughout Asia and Europe by the proud title of the Bundelcund Invincibles —so great was its character for bravery, so remarkable were its services in that delightful district of India. Major Sir George Gutch was next in command, and Tom Thrupp, as kind a fellow as ever ran a Mahratta through the body, was second major. We were on the eve of that remarkable war which was speedily to spread throughout the whole of India, to call forth the valour of a Wellesley, and the indomitable gallantry of a Gahagan; which was illustrated by our victories at Ahmednuggar (where I was the first over the barricade at the storming of the Pettah); at Argaum where I slew with my own sword twenty-three matchlock men, and cut a dromedary in two; and by that terrible day of Assaye, where Wellesley would have been beaten but for me—me alone; I headed nineteen charges of cavalry, took (aided by only four men of my own troop) seventeen field-pieces, killing the scoundrelly French artillerymen; on that day I had eleven elephants shot under me, and carried away Scindia's nose-ring with a pistol-ball. Wellesley is a duke and a marshal, I but a simple major of Irregulars; such is fortune and war! But my feelings carry me away from my narrative, which had better proceed with more order.

On arriving, I say, at our barracks at Dum Dum, I for the first time put on the beautiful uniform of the Invincibles; a light blue swallow-tailed jacket with silver lace and wings, ornamented with about 3000 sugar-loaf buttons, rhubarb-coloured leather inexpressibles, (tights,) and red morocco boots with silver spurs and tassels, set off to admiration the handsome persons of the officers of our corps. We wore powder in those days, and a regulation pig-tail of seventeen inches, a brass helmet surrounded by leopard-skin, with a bear-skin top, and a horse-tail feather, gave the head a

fierce and chivalrous appearance, which is far more easily imagined than described.

Attired in this magnificent costume, I first presented myself before Colonel Jowler. He was habited in a manner precisely similar, but not being more than five feet in height, and weighing at least fifteen stone, the dress he wore did not become him quite so much as slimmer and taller men. Flanked by his tall majors, Thrupp and Gutch, he looked like a stumpy skittle-ball between two attenuated skittles. The plump little Colonel received me with vast cordiality, and I speedily became a prime favourite with himself and the other officers of the corps. Jowler was the most hospitable of men, and, gratifying my appetite and my love together, I continually partook of his dinners, and feasted on the sweet presence of Julia.

I can see now, what I would not and could not perceive in those early days, that this Miss Jowler, on whom I had lavished my first and warmest love, whom I had endowed with all perfection and purity, was no better than a little impudent flirt, who played with my feelings, because during the monotony of a sea voyage she had no other toy to play with; and who deserted others for me, and me for others, just as her whim or her interest might guide her. She had not been three weeks at head-quarters when

Macgillicuddy should have stuck to sword's play, and he might have come off in his second duel as well as in his first; as it was, the civilian placed a ball and a part of Mac's gold repeater in his stomach. A remarkable circumstance attended this shot, an account of which I sent home to the Philosophical Transactions: the surgeon had extracted the ball, and was going off, thinking that all was well, when the gold repeater struck thirteen in poor Macgillicuddy's abdomen. I suppose that the works must have been disarranged in some way by the bullet, for the repeater was one of Barraud's, never known to fail before, and the circumstance occurred at *seven* o'clock.*

I could continue, almost *ad infinitum*, an account of the wars, which this Helen occasioned, but the above three specimens will, I should think, satisfy the peaceful reader. I delight not in scenes of blood, Heaven knows, but I was compelled in the course of a few weeks, and for the sake of this one woman, to fight nine duels myself, and I know that four times as many more took place concerning her.

I forgot to say that Jowler's wife was a half caste woman, who had been born and bred entirely in India, and whom the Colonel had married from the house of her mother, a native. There were some singular rumours abroad regarding this latter lady's history —it was reported that she was the daughter of a native Rajah, and had been carried off by a poor English subaltern in Lord Clive's time. The young man was killed very soon after, and left his child with its mother. The black Prince forgave his daughter and bequeathed to her a handsome sum of money. I suppose that it was on this account that Jowler married Mrs. J., a creature who had not, I do believe, a Christian name, or a single Christian quality—she was a hideous, bloated, yellow creature, with a beard, black teeth, and red eyes: she was fat, lying, ugly, and stingy—she hated and was hated by all the world, and by her jolly husband as devoutly as by any other. She did not pass a month

* So admirable are the performances of these watches, which will stand in any climate, that I repeatedly heard poor Magillicuddy relate the following fact. The hours, as it is known, count in Italy from one to twenty-four: *the day Mac landed at Naples his repeater rung the Italian hours, from one to twenty-four:* as soon as he crossed the Alps it only sounded as usual. G. O'G. G.

in the year with him, but spent most of her time with her native friends. I wonder how she could have given birth to so lovely a creature as her daughter. This woman was of course with the Colonel when Julia arrived, and the spice of the devil in her daughter's composition was most carefully nourished and fed by her. If Julia had been a flirt before, she was a downright jilt now; she set the whole cantonment by the ears; she made wives jealous and husbands miserable; she caused all those duels of which I have discoursed already, and yet such was the fascination of THE WITCH that I still thought her an angel. I made court to the nasty mother in order to be near the daughter; and I listened untiringly to Jowler's interminable dull stories, because I was occupied all the time in watching the graceful movements of Miss Julia.

But the trumpet of war was soon ringing in our ears; and on the battle-field Gahagan is a man! The Bundelcund Invincibles received orders to march, and Jowler, Hector-like, donned his helmet, and prepared to part from his Andromache. And now arose his perplexity: what must be done with his daughter, his Julia? He knew his wife's peculiarities of living, and did not much care to trust his daughter to her keeping; but in vain he tried to find her an asylum among the respectable ladies of his

skin gave the first idea of our regimental breeches), who before had been gadding ceaselessly abroad, and poking her broad nose into every *ménage* in the cantonment, stopped faithfully at home with her spouse. My only chance was to beard the old couple in their den, and ask them at once for their *cub*.

So I called one day at tiffin:—old Jowler was always happy to have my company at this meal; it amused him, he said, to see me drink Hodgson's pale ale (I drank two hundred and thirty-four dozen the first year I was in Bengal)—and it was no small piece of fun, certainly, to see old Mrs. Jowler attack the currie-bhaut; —she was exactly the colour of it, as I have had already the honour to remark, and she swallowed the mixture with a gusto which was never equalled, except by my poor friend Dando, *à propos d'huîtres*. She consumed the first three platefuls, with a fork and spoon, like a Christian; but as she warmed to her work, the old hag would throw away her silver implements, and, dragging the dishes towards her, go to work with her hands, flip the rice into her mouth with her fingers, and stowaway a quantity of eatables sufficient for a sepoy company. But why do I diverge from the main point of my story?

Julia, then, Jowler, and Mrs. J., were at luncheon: the dear girl was in the act to *sâbler* a glass of Hodgson as I entered. "How do you do, Mr. Gagin?" said the old hag, leeringly; "eat a bit o'currie-bhaut"—and she thrust the dish towards me, securing a heap as it passed. "What, Gagy, my boy, how do, how do," said the fat colonel; "what, run through the body?—got well again—have some Hodgson—run through your body too!" —and at this, I may say, coarse joke (alluding to the fact, that in these hot climates the ale oozes out as it were from the pores of the skin,) old Jowler laughed: a host of swarthy chobdars, kit-magars, sices, consomers, and bobbychies laughed too, as they provided me, unasked, with the grateful fluid. Swallowing six tumblers of it, I paused nervously for a moment, and then said—

"Bobbachy, consomah, ballybaloo hoga."

The black ruffians took the hint, and retired.

"Colonel and Mrs. Jowler," said I solemnly, "we are alone; and you, Miss Jowler, you are alone too; that is—I mean—I take this opportunity to—(another glass of ale, if you please,)—to

express, once for all, before departing on a dangerous campaign—(Julia turned pale)—before entering, I say, upon a war which may stretch in the dust my high-raised hopes and me, to express my hopes while life still remains to me, and to declare in the face of heaven, earth, and Colonel Jowler, that I love you, Julia!" The Colonel, astonished, let fall a steel fork, which stuck quivering for some minutes in the calf of my leg; but I heeded not the paltry interruption. "Yes, by yon bright heaven," continued I, "I love you, Julia! I respect my commander, I esteem your excellent and beauteous mother; tell me, before I leave you, if I may hope for a return of my affection. Say that you love me, and I will do such deeds in this coming war, as shall make you proud of the name of your Gahagan."

The old woman, as I delivered these touching words, stared, snapped, and ground her teeth, like an enraged monkey. Julia was now red, now white; the Colonel stretched forward, took the fork out of the calf of my leg, wiped it, and then seized a bundle of letters, which I had remarked by his side.

"A cornet!" said he, in a voice choking with emotion; "a pitiful, beggarly, Irish cornet, aspire to the hand of Julia Jowler! Gag—Gahagan, are you mad, or laughing at us? Look at these letters, young man, at these letters. I say—one hundred

volumes, which I am now preparing for the press. I was with my regiment in all Wellesley's brilliant campaigns, then, taking dawk, I travelled across the country north-eastward, and had the honour of fighting by the side of Lord Lake, at Laswaree, Deeg, Furruckabad, Futtyghur, and Bhurtpore; but I will not boast of my actions—the military man knows them, MY SOVEREIGN appreciates them. If asked who was the bravest man of the Indian army, there is not an officer belonging to it who would not cry at once, GAHAGAN. The fact is, I was desperate; I cared not for life, deprived of Julia Jowler.

With Julia's stony looks ever before my eyes, her father's stern refusal in my ears, I did not care, at the close of the campaign, again to seek her company or to press my suit. We were eighteen months on service, marching and countermarching, and fighting almost every other day; to the world I did uot seem altered; but the world only saw the face, and not the seared and blighted heart within me. My valour, always desperate, now reached to a pitch of cruelty; I tortured my grooms and grass-cutterrs for the most trifling offence or error,—I never in action spared a man,—I sheared off three hundred and nine heads in the course of that single campaign.

Some influence, equally melancholy, seemed to have fallen upon poor old Jowler. About six months after we had left Dum Dum, he received a parcel of letters from Benares (whither his wife had retired with her daughter), and so deeply did they seem to weigh upon his spirits, that he ordered eleven men of his regiment to be flogged within two days; but it was against the blacks that he chiefly turned his wrath: our fellows, in the heat and hurry of the campaign, were in the habit of dealing rather roughly with their prisoners, to extract treasure from them. They used to pull their nails out by the root, to boil them in kedgeree pots, to flog them and dress their wounds with cayenne pepper, and so on. Jowler, when he heard of these proceedings, which before had always justly exasperated him (he was a humane and kind little man,) used now to smile fiercely, and say, "D—— the black scoundrels! Serve them right, serve them right!"

One day, about a couple of miles in advance of the column, I

had been on a foraging party with a few dragoons, and was returning peaceably to camp, when of a sudden, a troop of Mahrattas burst on us from a neighbouring mango tope, in which they had been hidden: in an instant, three of my men's saddles were empty, and I was left with but seven more to make head against at least thirty of these vagabond black horsemen. I never saw, in my life, a nobler figure than the leader of the troop—mounted on a splendid black Arab: he was as tall, very nearly, as myself; he wore a steel cap, and a shirt of mail, and carried a beautiful French carbine, which had already done execution upon two of my men. I saw that our only chance of safety lay in the destruction of this man. I shouted to him in a voice of thunder (in the Hindostanee tongue of course), "Stop, dog, if you dare, and encounter a man!"

In reply his lance came whirling in the air over my head, and mortally transfixed poor Foggarty, of ours, who was behind me. Grinding my teeth, and swearing horribly, I drew that scimitar which never yet failed its blow,* and rushed at the Indian. He came down at full gallop, his own sword making ten thousand gleaming circles in the air, shrieking his cry of battle.

The contest did not last an instant. With my first blow I cut off his sword-arm at the wrist; my second I levelled at his head.

We asked the prisoner the name of the leader of the troop; he said it was Chowder Loll.

"Chowder Loll!" shrieked Colonel Jowler. "Oh, fate! thy hand is here!" He rushed wildly into his tent—the next day applied for leave of absence. Gutch took the command of the regiment, and I saw him no more for some time.

* * * * * *

As I had distinguished myself not a little during the war, General Lake sent me up with dispatches to Calcutta, where Lord Wellesley received me with the greatest distinction. Fancy my surprise, on going to a ball at Government-house, to meet my old friend Jowler; my trembling, blushing, thrilling delight, when I saw Julia by his side!

Jowler seemed to blush too when he beheld me. I thought of my former passages with his daughter. "Gagy, my boy," says he, shaking hands, "glad to see you, old friend, Julia—come to tiffin—Hodgson's pale—brave fellow Gagy." Julia did not speak, but she turned ashy pale, and fixed upon me with her awful eyes! I fainted almost, and uttered some incoherent words. Julia took my hand, gazed at me still, and said "Come!" Need I say I went?

I will not go over the pale ale and currie-bhaut again, but this I know, that in half an hour I was as much in love as I ever had been: and that in three weeks—I, yes, I—was the accepted lover of Julia! I did not pause to ask, where were the one hundred and twenty-four offers? why I, refused before, should be accepted now? I only felt that I loved her, and was happy!

* * * * * *

One night, one memorable night, I could not sleep, and, with a lover's pardonable passion, wandered solitary through the city of palaces until I came to the house which contained my Julia. I peeped into the compound—all was still;—I looked into the verandah—all was dark, except a light—yes, one light—and it was in Julia's chamber! My heart throbbed almost to stifling. I would—I *would* advance, if but to gaze upon her for a moment, and to bless her as she slept. I *did* look, I *did* advance; and, oh Heaven! I saw a lamp burning, Mrs. Jow. in a night-dress, with

a very dark baby in her arms, and Julia, looking tenderly Ayah, who was nursing another.

"O, mama," said Julia, "what would that fool Gahagan he knew all?"

"*He does know all!*" shouted I, springing forward, and down the tatties from the window. Mrs Jow. ran shrieki of the room, Julia fainted, the cursed black children squal their d—d nurse fell on her knees, gabbling some infernal of Hindostance. Old Jowler at this juncture entered candle and a drawn sword.

"Liar! scoundrel! deceiver!" shouted I. "Turn, ruff defend yourself!" But old Jowler, when he saw n whistled, looked at his lifeless daughter, and slowly l room.

Why continue the tale? I need not now account for gloom on receiving his letters from Benares—for his exc upon the death of the Indian chief—for his desire to m daughter: the woman I was wooing was no longer Mi Jowler, she was Mrs. Chowder Loll!

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but there is blood upon the blade—the blood of the enemies of my country, and the maligners of my honest fame. There are others, however—the disgrace of a disgraceful trade—who, borrowing from distance a despicable courage, have ventured to assail me. The infamous editors of the "Kelso Champion," the "Bungay Beacon," the "Tipperary Argus," and the "Stoke Pogis Sentinel," and other dastardly organs of the provincial press, have, although differing in politics, agreed upon this one point, and with a scoundrelly unanimity, vented a flood of abuse upon the revelations made by me.

They say that I have assailed private characters, and wilfully perverted history to blacken the reputation of public men. I ask, was any one of these men in Bengal in the year 1803? Was any single conductor of any one of these paltry prints ever in Bundelcund or the Rohilla country? Does this *exquisite* Tipperary scribe know the difference between Hurrygurrybang and Burrumtollah? Not he! and because, forsooth, in those strange and distant lands strange circumstances have taken place, it is insinuated that the relater is a liar, nay, that the very places themselves have no existence but in my imagination. Fools!—but I will not waste my anger upon them, and proceed to recount some other portions of my personal history.

It is, I presume, a fact which even *these* scribbling assassins will not venture to deny, that before the commencement of the campaign against Scindiah, the English general formed a camp at Kanouge on the Jumna, where he exercised that brilliant little army which was speedily to perform such wonders in the Dooab. It will be as well to give a slight account of the causes of a war which was speedily to rage through some of the fairest portions of the Indian continent.

Shah Allum, the son of Shah Lollum, the descendant by the female line of Nadir Shah (that celebrated Toorkomaun adventurer, who had well-nigh hurled Bajazet and Selim the Second from the throne of Bagdad); Shah Allum, I say, although nominally the Emperor of Delhi, was, in reality, the slave of the various warlike chieftains who lorded it by turns over the country and the sovereign, until conquered and slain by some more successful rebel. Chowder Loll Masolgee, Zubberdust Khan, Dowsunt Row

Scindiah, and the celebrated Bobbachy Jung Bahawder, had held for a time complete mastery in Delhi. The second of these, a ruthless Afghaun soldier, had abruptly entered the capital, nor was he ejected from it until he had seized upon the principal jewels, and likewise put out the eyes of the last of the unfortunate family of Afrasiâb. Scindiah came to the rescue of the sightless Shah Allum, and though he destroyed his oppressor, only increased his slavery, holding him in as painful a bondage as he had suffered under the tyrannous Afghaun.

As long as these heroes were battling among themselves, or rather as long rather as it appeared that they had any strength to fight a battle, the British government, ever anxious to see its enemies by the ears, by no means interfered in the contest. But the French Revolution broke out, and a host of starving sans-culottes appeared among the various Indian states, seeking for military service, and inflaming the minds of the various native princes against the British East India Company. A number of these entered into Scindiah's ranks—one of them, Perron, was commander of his army; and though that chief was as yet quite engaged in his hereditary quarrel with Jeswunt Row Holkar, and never thought of an invasion of the British territory, the Company all of a

Well, on the first of September we stormed Perron's camp at Allyghur; on the fourth we took that fortress by assault; and as my name was mentioned in general orders, I may as well quote the commander-in-chief's words regarding me—they will spare me the trouble of composing my own eulogium.

"The commander-in-chief is proud thus publicly to declare his high sense of the gallantry of Lieutenant Gahagan, of the —— cavalry. In the storming of the fortress, although unprovided with a single ladder, and accompanied but by a few brave men, Lieutenant Gahagan succeeded in escalading the inner and fourteenth wall of the place. Fourteen ditches, lined with sword blades and poisoned chevaux-de-frise, fourteen walls, bristling with innumerable artillery, and as smooth as looking-glasses, were in turns triumphantly passed by that enterprising officer. His course was to be traced by the heaps of slaughtered enemies lying thick upon the platforms; and, alas! by the corpses of most of the gallant men who followed him!—when at length he effected his lodgment, and the dastardly enemy, who dared not to confront him with arms, let loose upon him the tigers and lions of Scindiah's menagerie: this meritorious officer destroyed, with his own hand, four of the largest and most ferocious animals, and the rest, awed by the indomitable majesty of BRITISH VALOUR, shrunk back to their dens. Thomas Higgory, a private, and Runty Goss, Havildar, were the only two who remained out of the nine hundred who followed Lieutenant Gahagan. Honour to them! Honour and tears for the brave men who perished on that awful day!"

* * * * * *

I have copied this, word for word, from the Bengal Hurkaru of September 24, 1803; and anybody who has the slightest doubt as to the statement, may refer to the paper itself.

And here I must pause to give thanks to fortune, which so marvellously preserved me, Sergeant-Major Higgory, and Runty Goss. Were I to say that any valour of ours had carried us unhurt through this tremendous combat, the reader would laugh me to scorn. No: though my narrative is extraordinary, it is nevertheless authentic; and never, never would I sacrifice truth for the mere sake of effect. The fact is this:—the citadel of Allyghur is situated upon a rock, about a thousand feet above the level

of the sea, and is surrounded by fourteen walls, as his excellency was good enough to remark in his despatch. A man who would mount these without scaling-ladders, is an ass; he who would say he mounted them without such assistance, is a liar and a knave. We *had* scaling-ladders at the commencement of the assault, although it was quite impossible to carry them beyond the first line of batteries. Mounted on them, however, as our troops were falling thick about me, I saw that we must ignominiously retreat, unless some other help could be found for our brave fellows to escalade the next wall. It was about seventy feet high — I instantly turned the guns of wall A. on wall B., and peppered the latter so as to make, not a breach, but a scaling-place, the men mounting in the holes made by the shot. By this simple stratagem, I managed to pass each successive barrier—for to ascend a wall, which the General was pleased to call "as smooth as glass," is an absurd impossibility, I seek to achieve none such:—

> "I dare do all that may become a man,
> Who dares do more, is neither more nor less."

Of course, had the enemy's guns been commonly well served, not one of us would ever have been alive out of the three; but whether it was owing to fright, or to the excessive smoke caused

one, our troops entered, and the victorious standard of my country floated on the walls of Allyghur!

When the general, accompanied by his staff, entered the last line of fortifications, the brave old man raised me from the dead rhinoceros on which I was seated, and pressed me to his breast. But the excitement which had borne me through the fatigues and perils of that fearful day failed all of a sudden, and I wept like a child upon his shoulder.

Promotion, in our army, goes unluckily by seniority; nor is it in the power of the general-in-chief to advance a Cæsar, if he finds him in the capacity of a subaltern: *my* reward for the above exploit was, therefore, not very rich. His excellency had a favourite horn snuff-box (for though exalted in station, he was in his habits most simple); of this, and about a quarter of an ounce of high-dried Welsh, which he always took, he made me a present, saying, in front of the line, "Accept this, Mr. Gahagan, as a token of respect from the first, to the bravest officer in the army."

Calculating the snuff to be worth a halfpenny, I should say that fourpence was about the value of this gift: but it has at least this good effect—it serves to convince any person who doubts my story, that the facts of it are really true. I have left it at the office of my publisher, along with the extract from the Bengal Hurkaru, and anybody may examine both by applying in the counting-house of Mr. Cunningham.* That once popular expression, or proverb, "Are you up to snuff?" arose out of the above circumstance; for the officers of my corps, none of whom, except myself, had ventured on the storming party, used to twit me about this modest reward for my labours. Never mind; when they want me to storm a fort *again*, I shall know better.

Well, immediately after the capture of this important fortress, Perron, who had been the life and soul of Scindiah's army, came

* The major certainly offered to leave an old snuff-box at Mr. Cunningham's office; but it contained no extract from a newspaper, and does not *quite* prove that he killed a rhinoceros, and stormed fourteen intrenchments at the siege of Allyghur.

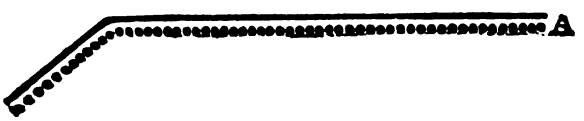
in to us, with his family and treasure, and was passed over to the French settlements at Chandernagur. Bourquien took his command, and against him we now moved. The morning of the 11th of September found us upon the plains of Delhi.

It was a burning hot day, and we were all refreshing ourselves after the morning's march, when I, who was on the advanced piquet along with O'Gawler of the king's dragoons, was made aware of the enemy's neighbourhood in a very singular manner. O'Gawler and I were seated under a little canopy of horse-cloths which we had formed to shelter us from the intolerable heat of the sun, and were discussing with great delight a few Manilla cheroots, and a stone jar of the most exquisite, cool, weak, refreshing sangaree. We had been playing cards the night before, and O'Gawler had lost to me seven hundred rupees. I emptied the last of the sangaree into the two pint tumblers out of which we were drinking, and holding mine up, said, "Here's better luck to you next time, O'Gawler!"

As I spoke the words—whish!—a cannon-ball cut the tumbler clean out of my hand, and plumped into poor O'Gawler's stomach. It settled him completely, and of course I never got my seven hundred rupees. Such are the uncertainties of war!

each British heart beat high at the thoughts of the coming *mêlée*. We mounted our horses, and galloped swiftly after the brave old general; I not the last in the train, upon my famous black charger.

It was perfectly true, the enemy were posted in force within three miles of our camp, and from a hillock in the advance to which we galloped, we were enabled with our telescopes to see the whole of his imposing line. Nothing can better describe it than this:—



—A is the enemy, and the dots represent the hundred and twenty pieces of artillery which defended his line. He was, moreover intrenched; and a wide morass in his front gave him an additional security.

His excellency for a moment surveyed the line, and then said, turning round to one of his aides-de-camp, "Order up Major-General Tinkler and the cavalry."

"*Here*, does your excellency mean?" said the aide-de-camp, surprised, for the enemy had perceived us, and the cannon-balls were flying about as thick as peas.

"*Here*, *Sir*," said the old general, stamping with his foot in a passion, and the A.D.C. shrugged his shoulders and galloped away. In five minutes we heard the trumpets in our camp, and in twenty more the greater part of the cavalry had joined us.

Up they came, five thousand men, their standards flapping in the air, their long line of polished jack-boots gleaming in the golden sun-light. "And now we are here," said Major-General Sir Theophilus Tinkler, "what next?" "O d—— it," said the commander-in-chief, "charge, charge—nothing like charging—galloping—guns—rascally black scoundrels—charge, charge!" and then, turning round to me, (perhaps he was glad to change the conversation,) he said, "Lieutenant Gahagan, you will stay with me."

And well for him I did, for I do not hesitate to say that the battle *was gained by me*. I do not mean to insult the reader by pretending that any personal exertions of mine turned the day,—that I killed for instance, a regiment of cavalry, or swallowed a battery of guns,—such absurd tales would disgrace both the hearer and the teller. I, as is well-known, never say a single word which cannot be proved, and hate more than all other vices the absurd sin of egotism; I simply mean that my *advice* to the general, at a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, won this great triumph for the British army.

Gleig, Mill, and Thorn have all told the tale of this war, though somehow they have omitted all mention of the hero of it. General Lake, for the victory of that day, became Lord Lake of Laswaree. Laswaree! and who, forsooth was the real conqueror of Laswaree? I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say that *I* was. If any proof is wanting of the fact, let me give it at once, and from the highest military testimony in the world, I mean that of the Emperor Napoleon.

In the month of March, 1817, I was passenger on board the Prince Regent, Captain Harris, which touched at St. Helena on its passage from Calcutta to England. In company with the

I blushed, and taking off my hat with a bow, said—"*Sire, c'est moi.*"

"*Parbleu! je le savais bien,*" said the Emperor, holding out his snuff-box. "*En usez-vous, Major?*" I took a large pinch (which, with the honour of speaking to so great a man, brought the tears into my eyes), and he continued as nearly as possible in the following words:—

"Sir, you are known; you come of an heroic nation. Your third brother, the Chef de Bataillon, Count Godfrey Gahagan, was in my Irish brigade."

Gahagan.—"Sire, it is true. He and my countrymen in your Majesty's service stood under the green flag in the breach of Burgos, and beat Wellington back. It was the only time, as your Majesty knows, that Irishmen and Englishmen were beaten in that war."

Napoleon (looking as if he would say, "D— your candour, Major Gahagan,")—"Well, well; it was so. Your brother was a Count, and died a General in my service."

Gahagan.—"He was found lying upon the bodies of nine-and-twenty Cossacks at Borodino. They were all dead, and bore the Gahagan mark."

Napoleon (to Montholon).—"C'est vrai, Montholon, je vous donne ma parole d'honneur la plus sacrée, que c'est vrai. Ils ne font pas d'autres, ces terribles Ga'gans. You must know that Monsieur gained the battle of Delhi as certainly as I did that of Austerlitz. In this way:—*Ce bélître de Lor Lake*, after calling up his cavalry, and placing them in front of Holkar's batteries, *qui balayaient la plaine*, was for charging the enemy's batteries with his horse, who would have been *écrasés, mitraillés, foudroyés* to a man but for the cunning of *ce grand rogue que vous voyez.*"

Montholon.—"*Coquin de Major, va!*"

Napoleon.—"Montholon! tais-toi. When Lord Lake, with his great bull-headed English obstinacy, saw the *fâcheuse* position into which he had brought his troops, he was for dying on the spot, and would infallibly have done so—and the loss of his army would have been the ruin of the East India Company—and the ruin of the English East India Company would have established my

empire (bah! it was a republic then!) in the East; but that the man before us, Lieutenant Goliah Gahagan, was riding at the side of General Lake."

Montholon (with an accent of despair and fury).—"*Gredin! cent mille tonnerres de Dieu!*"

Napoleon (benignantly).—"*Calme-toi, mon fidèle ami.* What will you? It was fate. Gahagan, at the critical period of the battle, or rather slaughter (for the English had not slain a man of the enemy), advised a retreat."

Montholon—"*Le lâche! Un Français meurt, mais il ne recule jamais.*"

Napoleon.—"*Stupide!* Don't you see *why* the retreat was ordered?—don't you know that it was a feint on the part of Gahagan to draw Holkar from his impregnable intrenchments? Don't you know that the ignorant Indian fell into the snare, and issuing from behind the cover of his guns, came down with his cavalry on the plains in pursuit of Lake and his dragoons? Then it was that the Englishmen turned upon him; the hardy children of the north swept down his feeble horsemen, bore them back to their guns, which were useless, entered Holkar's intrenchments along with his troops, sabred the artillerymen at their pieces, and won the battle of Delhi!"

and talking upon the politics of the day, the Emperor withdrew, leaving me deeply impressed by the condescension he had shown in this remarkable interview.

CHAPTER III.

A PEEP INTO SPAIN—ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND SERVICES OF THE AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS.

Head Quarters, Morella, Sept. 15, 1838.

I HAVE been here for some months, along with my young friend Cabrera; and in the hurry and bustle of war—daily on guard and in the batteries for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, with fourteen severe wounds, and seven musket-balls in my body—it may be imagined that I have had little time to think about the publication of my memoirs. *Inter arma silent leges*—in the midst of fighting be hanged to writing! as the poet says; and I never would have bothered myself with a pen, had not common gratitude incited me to throw off a few pages.

Along with Oraa's troops, who have of late been beleaguering this place, there was a young Milesian gentleman, Mr. Toone O'Connor Emmett Fitzgerald Sheeny, by name, a law student, and member of Gray's Inn, and what he called *Bay Ah* of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Sheeny was with the Queen's people not in a military capacity, but as representative of an English journal, to which, for a trifling weekly remuneration, he was in the habit of transmitting accounts of the movements of the belligerents, and his own opinion of the politics of Spain. Receiving, for the discharge of this duty, a couple of guineas a-week from the proprietors of the journal in question, he was enabled, as I need scarcely say, to make such a show in Oraa's camp as only a Christino general officer, or at the very least a colonel of a regiment, can afford to keep up.

In the famous sortie which we made upon the twenty-third, I was of course among the foremost in the *mêlée*, and found myself after a good deal of slaughtering (which it would be as disagreeable

as useless to describe here), in the court of a small inn or podesta, which had been made the head-quarters of several queenite officers during the siege. The pesatero or landlord of the inn had been despatched by my brave chapel-churies, with his fine family of children—the officers quartered in the podesta had of course bolted; but one man remained, and my fellows were on the point of cutting him into ten thousand pieces with their borachios, when I arrived in the room time enough to prevent the catastrophe. Seeing before me an individual in the costume of a civilian—a white hat, a light blue satin cravat, embroidered with butterflies, and other quadrupeds, a green coat and brass buttons, and a pair of blue plaid trousers, I recognised at once a countryman, and interposed to save his life.

In an agonised brogue the unhappy young man was saying all that he could to induce the chapel-churies to give up their intention of slaughtering him; but it is very little likely that his protestations would have had any effect upon them, had not I appeared in the room, and shouted to the ruffians to hold their hand.

Seeing a general officer before them (I have the honour to hold that rank in the service of his Catholic Majesty), and moreover one six feet four in height, and armed with that terrible *cabecilla* (a sword so called because it is five feet long) which is so well-

hence arose the circumstance which has called for what I fear you will consider a somewhat tedious explanation. I found upon Mr. Sheeny's person three sovereigns in English money (which I have to this day), and singularly enough a copy of "The New Monthly Magazine," containing a portion of my adventures. It was a toss-up whether I should let the poor young man be shot or no, but this little circumstance saved his life. The gratified vanity of authorship induced me to accept his portmanteau and valuables, and to allow the poor wretch to go free. I put the Magazine in my coat-pocket, and left him and the podesta.

The men, to my surprise, had quitted the building, and it was full time for me to follow, for I found our sallying-party, after committing dreadful ravages in Oraa's lines, were in full retreat upon the fort, hotly pressed by a superior force of the enemy. I am pretty well known and respected by the men of both parties in Spain (indeed I served for some months on the Queen's side before I came over to Don Carlos); and, as it is my maxim never to give quarter, I never expect to receive it when taken myself. On issuing from the podesta with Sheeny's portmanteau and my sword in my hand, I was a little disgusted and annoyed to see our own men in a pretty good column retreating at double-quick, and about four hundred yards beyond me, up the hill leading to the fort, while on my left hand, and at only a hundred yards, a troop of the queenite lancers were clattering along the road.

I had got into the very middle of the road before I made this discovery, so that the fellows had a full sight of me, and, whizz! came a bullet by my left whisker before I could say Jack Robinson. I looked round—there were seventy of the accursed *malvados* at the least, and within, as I said, a hundred yards. Were I to say that I stopped to fight seventy men, you would write me down a fool or a liar: no, Sir, I did not fight, I ran away.

I am six feet four—my figure is as well known in the Spanish army as that of the Count de Luchana, or my fierce little friend Cabrera himself. "GAHAGAN!" shouted out half-a-dozen scoundrelly voices, and fifty more shots came rattling after me. I was running, running as the brave stag before the hounds—

running as I have done a great number of times before in my life, when there was no help for it but a race.

After I had run about five hundred yards, I saw that I had gained nearly three upon our column in front, and that likewise the Christino horsemen were left behind some hundred yards more, with the exception of three, who were fearfully near me. The first was an officer without a lance; he had fired both his pistols at me, and was twenty yards in advance of his comrades; there was a similar distance between the two lancers who rode behind him. I determined then to wait for No. 1, and as he came up delivered cut 3 at his horse's near leg—off it flew, and down, as I expected, went horse and man. I had hardly time to pass my sword through my prostrate enemy, when No. 2 was upon me. If I could but get that fellow's horse, thought I, I am safe, and I executed at once the plan which I hoped was to effect my rescue.

I had, as I said, left the podesta with Sheeny's portmanteau, and, unwilling to part with some of the articles it contained—some shirts, a bottle of whiskey, a few cakes of Windsor soap, &c. &c., —I had carried it thus far on my shoulders, but now was compelled to sacifice it *malgré moi*. As the lancer came up, I dropped my sword from my right hand, and hurled the portmanteau at his

within two feet of my back. Ah! ah! he delivered the point, and fancy my agony when I felt it enter—through exactly fifty-nine pages of the "New Monthly Magazine." Had it not been for that Magazine, I should have been impaled without a shadow of a doubt. Was I wrong in feeling gratitude? Had I not cause to continue my contributions to that periodical?

When I got safe into Morella, along with the tail of the sallying party, I was for the first time made acquainted with the ridiculous result of the lancer's thrust (as he delivered his lance, I must tell you that a ball came whizz over my head from our fellows, and entering at his nose, put a stop to *his* lancing for the future). I hastened to Cabrera's quarter, and related to him some of my adventures during the day.

"But, General," said he, "you are standing. I beg you *chiudete l'uscio* (take a chair)."

I did so, and then for the first time was aware that there was some foreign substance in the tail of my coat, which prevented my sitting at ease. I drew out the Magazine which I had seized, and there, to my wonder, *discovered the Christino lance* twisted up like a fish-hook, or a pastoral crook.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Cabrera (who is a notorious wag).

"Valdepeñas madrileños," growled out Tristany.

"By my cachuca di caballero" (upon my honour as a gentleman), shrieked out Ros d'Eroles, convulsed with laughter, "I will send it to the Bishop of Leon for a crozier."

"Gahagan has *consecrated* it," giggled out Ramon Cabrera; and so they went on with their muchacas for an hour or more. But, when they heard that the means of my salvation from the lance of the scoundrelly Christino had been the Magazine containing my own history, their laugh was changed into wonder. I read them (speaking Spanish more fluently than English) every word of my story. "But how is this?" said Cabrera. "You surely have other adventures to relate?"

"Excellent Sir," said I, "I have;" and that very evening, as we sat over our cups of tertullia (sangaree), I continued my narrative in nearly the following words:—

"I left off in the very middle of the battle of Delhi, which ended, as everybody knows, in the complete triumph of the British arms.

But who gained the battle? Lord Lake is called Viscount Lake of Delhi and Laswaree, while Major Gaha—nonsense, never mind—never mind the charge he executed when, sabre in hand, he cleared the six-foot wall in the mouth of the roaring cannon, over the heads of the gleaming pikes, when, with one hand seizing the sacred peish-cush, or fish—which was the banner always carried before Scindiah,—he, with his good sword, cut off the trunk of the famous white elephant, which, shrieking with agony, plunged madly into the Mahratta ranks, followed by his giant brethren, tossing, like chaff before the wind, the affrighted kitmatgars. He meanwhile, now plunging into the midst of a battalion of sumahs, now cleaving to the chine a screaming and ferocious bobbachee,* rushed on, like the simoom across the red Zahara plain, killing, with his own hand, a hundred and forty-three—never mind—'*alone he did it*;' sufficient be it for him, he knows that the victory was won: he cares not for the empty honours which were awarded to more fortunate men!

"We marched after the battle to Delhi, where poor blind old Shah Allum received us, and bestowed all kinds of honours and titles on our general. As each of the officers passed before him, the shah did not fail to remark my person,† and was told my name.

"Lord Lake whispered to him my exploits, and the old man was so delighted with the account of my victory over the elephant (whose trunk I use to this day), that he said, 'Let him be called GUJPUTI,' or the lord of elephants, and Gujputi was the name by which I was afterwards familiarly known among the natives.

wounded, as I have invariably been in the two hundred and four occasions when I have found myself in action. One point, however, became in the course of this campaign *quite* evident—*that something must be done for Gahagan.* The country cried shame, the king's troops grumbled, the sepoys openly murmured that their Gujputi was only a lieutenant, when he had performed such signal services. What was to be done? Lord Wellesley was in an evident quandary. 'Gahagan,' wrote he, 'to be a subaltern is evidently not your fate—*you were born for command*; but Lake and General Wellesley are good officers, they cannot be turned out—I must make a post for you. What say you, my dear fellow, to a corps of *irregular horse?*'

"It was thus that the famous corps of AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS had its origin; a guerilla force, it is true, but one which will long be remembered in the annals of our Indian campaigns.

* * * * *

"As the commander of this regiment, I was allowed to settle the uniform of the corps, as well as to select recruits. These were not wanting as soon as my appointment was made known, but came flocking to my standard a great deal faster than to the regular corps in the Company's service. I had European officers, of course, to command them, and a few of my countrymen as sergeants; the rest were all natives, whom I chose of the strongest and bravest men in India, chiefly Pitans, Afghans, Hurrumzadehs, and Calliawns, for these are well known to be the most warlike districts of our Indian territory.

"When on parade and in full uniform we made a singular and noble appearance. I was always fond of dress; and, in this instance, gave a *carte-blanche* to my taste, and invented the most splendid costume that ever perhaps decorated a soldier. I am, as I have stated already, six feet four inches in height, and of matchless symmetry and proportion. My hair and beard are of the most brilliant auburn, so bright as scarcely to be distinguished at a distance from scarlet. My eyes are bright blue, overshadowed by bushy eyebrows of the colour of my hair, and a terrific gash of the deepest purple, which goes over the forehead, the eyelid, and the cheek, and finishes at the ear, gives my face a more strictly

military appearance than can be conceived. When I have been drinking (as is pretty often the case) this gash becomes ruby bright, and as I have another which took off a piece of my under-lip, and shows five of my front teeth, I leave you to imagine that 'seldom lighted on the earth' (as the monster Burke remarked of one of his unhappy victims), 'a more extraordinary vision.' I improved these natural advantages; and, while in cantonment during the hot winds at Chittybobbary, allowed my hair to grow very long, as did my beard, which reached to my waist. It took me two hours daily to curl my hair in ten thousand little cork-screw ringlets, which waved over my shoulders, and to get my mustachios well round to the corners of my eyelids. I dressed in loose scarlet trousers and red morocco boots, a scarlet jacket, and a shawl of the same colour round my waist; a scarlet turban three feet high, and decorated with a tuft of the scarlet feathers of the flamingo, formed my head-dress, and I did not allow myself a single ornament, except a small silver skull and cross-bones in front of my turban. Two brace of pistols, a Malay creese, and a tulwar, sharp on both sides, and very nearly six feet in length, completed this elegant costume. My two flags were each surmounted with a real skull and cross-bones, and ornamented, one with a black, and the other with a red beard (of enormous length, taken from men

but in black. I have seen many regiments since, and many ferocious-looking men, but the Ahmednuggar Irregulars were more dreadful to the view than any set of ruffians on which I ever set eyes. I would to heaven that the Czar of Muscovy had passed through Caubul and Lahore, and that I with my old Ahmednuggars stood on a fair field to meet him! Bless you, bless you, my swart companions in victory! through the mist of twenty years I hear the booming of your war-cry, and mark the glitter of your scimetars as ye rage in the thickest of the battle! *

"But away with melancholy reminiscences. You may fancy what a figure the Irregulars cut on a field-day—a line of five hundred black-faced, black-dressed, black-horsed, black-bearded men—Biggs, Glogger, and the other officers in yellow, galloping about the field like flashes of lightning: myself enlightening them, red, solitary, and majestic, like yon glorious orb in heaven.

"There are very few men, I presume, who have not heard of Holkar's sudden and gallant incursion into the Dooâb, in the year 1804, when we thought that the victory of Laswaree and the brilliant success at Deeg had completely finished him. Taking ten thousand horse he broke up his camp at Palimbang; and the first thing General Lake heard of him was, that he was at Putna, then at Rumpooge, then at Doncaradam—he was, in fact, in the very heart of our territory.

"The unfortunate part of the affair was this:—His excellency, despising the Mahratta chieftain, had allowed him to advance about two thousand miles in his front, and knew not in the slightest degree where to lay hold on him. Was he at Hazarubaug? was he at Bogly Gunge? nobody knew, and for a considerable period the movements of Lake's cavalry were quite ambiguous, uncertain, promiscuous, and undetermined.

"Such briefly was the state of affairs in October, 1804. At the beginning of that month I had been wounded (a trifling scratch,

* I do not wish to brag of my style of writing, or to pretend that my genius as a writer has not been equalled in former times; but if, in the works of Byron, Scott, Goethe, or Victor Hugo, the reader can find a more beautiful sentence than the above, I will be obliged to him, that is all—I simply say, *I will be obliged to him.*—G. O'G. G., M. H. R. I. C. S., C. L. H. A.

cutting off my left upper eyelid, a bit of my cheek, and my under-lip), and I was obliged to leave Biggs in command of my Irregulars, whilst I retired for my wounds to an English station at Furruckabad, *alias* Futtyghur—it is, as every two-penny postman knows, at the apex of the Dooâb. We have there a cantonment, and thither I went for the mere sake of the surgeon and the sticking-plaster.

"Furruckabad, then, is divided into two districts or towns; the lower Cotwal, inhabited by the natives, and the upper (which is fortified slightly, and has all along been called Futtyghur, meaning in Hindostanee, 'the-favourite-resort-of-the-white-faced-Feringhees-near-the-mango-tope-consecrated-to-Ram') occupied by Europeans. (It is astonishing, by the way, how comprehensive that language is, and how much can be conveyed in one or two of the commonest phrases.)

"Biggs, then, and my men were playing all sorts of wondrous pranks with Lord Lake's army, whilst I was detained an unwilling prisoner of health at Futtyghur.

"An unwilling prisoner, however, I should not say. The cantonment at Futtyghur contained that which would have made *any* man a happy slave. Woman, lovely woman, was there in

honour, defend them with the matchless power of your indomitable arm.'

"Futtyghur is, as I have said, a European station, and the pretty air of the bungalows, amid the clustering topes of mango-trees, has often ere this excited the admiration of the tourist and sketcher. On the brow of a hill, the Burrumpooter river rolls majestically at its base, and no spot, in a word, can be conceived more exquisitely arranged, both by art and nature, as a favourite residence of the British fair. Mrs. Bulcher, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and the other married ladies above mentioned, had each of them delightful bungalows and gardens in the place, and between one cottage and another my time passed as delightfully as can the hours of any man who is away from his darling occupation of war.

"I was the commandant of the fort. It is a little insignificant pettah, defended simply by a couple of gabions, a very ordinary counterscarp, and a bomb-proof embrasure; on the top of this my flag was planted, and the small garrison of forty men only were comfortably barracked off in the casemates within. A surgeon and two chaplains (there were besides three reverend gentlemen of amateur missions, who lived in the town) completed, as I may say, the garrison of our little fortalice, which I was left to defend and to command.

"On the night of the first of November, in the year 1804, I had invited Mrs. Major-General Bulcher and her daughters, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and, indeed, all the ladies in the cantonment, to a little festival in honour of the recovery of my health, of the commencement of the shooting season, and indeed as a farewell visit, for it was my intention to take dawk the very next morning and return to my regiment. The three amateur missionaries whom I have mentioned, and some ladies in the cantonment of very rigid religious principles, refused to appear at my little party. They had better never have been born than have done as they did, as you shall hear.

"We had been dancing merrily all night, and the supper (chiefly of the delicate condor, the luscious adjutant, and other birds of a similar kind, which I had shot in the course of the day) had been duly *fêted* by every lady and gentleman present; when I took an

opportunity to retire on the ramparts, with the interesting and lovely Belinda Bulcher. I was occupied, as the French say, in *conter*-ing *fleurettes* to this sweet young creature, when, all of a sudden, a rocket was seen whizzing through the air, and a strong light was visible in the valley below the little fort.

"'What, fire-works! Captain Gahagan,' said Belinda; 'this is too gallant.'

"'Indeed, my dear Miss Bulcher,' said I, 'they are fire-works of which I have no idea: perhaps our friends the missionaries——'

"'Look, look!' said Belinda, trembling, and clutching tightly hold of my arm: 'what do I see? yes—no—yes! it is—*our bungalow is in flames!*'

"It was true the spacious bungalow occupied by Mrs. Major-General was at that moment seen a prey to the devouring element—another and another succeeded it—seven bungalows, before I could almost ejaculate the name of Jack Robinson, were seen blazing brightly in the black midnight air!

"I seized my night-glass, and looking towards the spot where the conflagration raged, what was my astonishment to see thousands of black forms dancing round the fires; whilst by their lights I could observe columns after columns of Indian horse, arriving and taking up their ground in the very middle of the

the Pindarees, some said the Mahrattas, some vowed it was Scindiah, and others declared it was Holkar—no one knew.

"'Is there anyone here,' said I, 'who will venture to reconnoitre yonder troops?' There was a dead pause.

"'A thousand tomauns to the man who will bring me news of yonder army!' again I repeated. Still a dead silence. The fact was that Scindiah and Holkar both were so notorious for their cruelty, that no one dared venture to face the danger. 'Oh for fifty of my brave Ahmednuggarees!' thought I.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I see it—you are cowards—none of you dare encounter the chance even of death. It is an encouraging prospect—know you not that the ruffian Holkar, if it be he, will with the morrow's dawn beleaguer our little fort, and throw thousands of men against our walls? know you not that, if we are taken, there is no quarter, no hope; death for us—and worse than death for these lovely ones assembled here?' Here the ladies shrieked and raised a howl as I have heard the jackals on a summer's evening. Belinda, my dear Belinda! flung both her arms round me, and sobbed on my shoulder (or in my waistcoat-pocket rather, for the little witch could reach no higher).

"'Captain Gahagan,' sobbed she, '*Go—Go—Goggle—iah!*'

"'My soul's adored!' replied I.

"'Swear to me one thing.'

"'I swear.'

"'That if—that if—the nasty, horrid, odious black Mah-ra-a-attahs take the fort, you will put me out of their power.'

"I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and swore upon my sword that, rather than she should incur the risk of dishonour, she should perish by my own hand. This comforted her; and her mother, Mrs. Major-General Bulcher, and her elder sister, who had not until now known a word of our attachment (indeed, but for these extraordinary circumstances, it is probable that we ourselves should never have discovered it), were under these painful circumstances made aware of my beloved Belinda's partiality for me. Having communicated thus her wish of self-destruction, I thought her example a touching and excellent one, and proposed to all the ladies that they should follow it, and that at the entry of the enemy into the fort, and at a signal given by me, they

should one and all make away with themselves. Fancy disgust when, after making this proposition, not one of the chose to accede to it, and received it with the same chilling that my former proposal to the garrison had met with.

"In the midst of this hurry and confusion, as if purpos add to it, a trumpet was heard at the gate of the fort, and the sentinels came running to me, saying that a Mahratta was before the gate with a flag of truce!

"I went down, rightly conjecturing, as it turned out, th party, whoever they might be, had no artillery; and recei the point of my sword a scroll, of which the following is a lation:—

"TO GOLIAH GAHAGAN GUJPUTL

"'Lord of Elephants, Sir,—I have the honour to inform that I arrived before this place at eight o'clock P.M. wi thousand cavalry under my orders. I have burned, sinc arrival, seventeen bungalows in Furruckabad and Futtyghu have likewise been under the painful necessity of puttin death three clergymen (mollahs), and seven English officers, I found in the village; the women have been transferred

a steel cap and cape, round which his turban wound, was leaning against the gate on his matchlock, and whistling a national melody. I read the letter, and saw at once there was no time to be lost That man, thought I, must never go back to Holkar. Were he to attack us now before we were prepared, the fort would be his in half an hour.

"Tying my white pocket-handkerchief to a stick, I flung open the gate and advanced to the officer; he was standing, I said, on the little bridge across the moat. I made him a low salaam, after the fashion of the country, and, as he bent forward to return the compliment, I am sorry to say, I plunged forward, gave him a violent blow on the head, which deprived him of all sensation, and then dragged him within the wall, raising the drawbridge after me.

"I bore the body into my own apartment; there, swift as thought, I stripped him of his turban, cammerbund, peijammahs, and papooshes, and, putting them on myself, determined to go forth and reconnoitre the enemy."

* * * * * *

Here I was obliged to stop, for Cabrera, Ros d'Eroles, and the rest of the staff, were sound asleep! What I did in my reconnaissance, and how I defended the fort of Futtyghur, I shall have the honour of telling on another occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN CAMP—THE SORTIE FROM THE FORT.

Head Quarters, Morella, October 3, 1838.

It is a balmy night. I hear the merry jingle of the tambourine, and the cheery voices of the girls and peasants, as they dance beneath my casement, under the shadow of the clustering vines. The laugh and song pass gaily round, and even at this distance I can distinguish the elegant form of Ramon Cabrera, as he whispers gay nothings in the ears of the Andalusian girls, or joins in the thrilling chorus of Riego's hymn, which is ever and anon vociferated by the enthusiastic soldiery of Carlos Quinto. I am alone, in the most inaccessible and most bomb-proof tower of our little fortalice;

the large casements are open—the wind, as it enters, whispers in my ear its odorous recollections of the orange grove and the myrtle bower. My torch (a branch of the fragrant cedar tree) flares and flickers in the midnight breeze, and disperses its scent and burning splinters on my scroll and the desk where I write—meet implements for a soldier's authorship!—it is *cartridge* paper over which my pen runs so glibly, and a yawning barrel of gunpowder forms my rough writing-table. Around me, below me, above me, all—all is peace! I think, as I sit here so lonely, of my country, England! and muse over the sweet and bitter recollections of my early days! Let me resume my narrative, at the point where (interrupted by the authoritative summons of war) I paused on the last occasion.

I left off, I think (for I am a thousand miles away from proof-sheets as I write—and, were I not writing the simple TRUTH, must contradict myself a thousand times in the course of my tale) —I think, I say, that I left off at that period of my story, when, Holkar being before Futtyghur, and I in command of that fortress, I had just been compelled to make away with his messenger; and, dressed in the fallen Indian's accoutrements, went forth to reconnoitre the force, and, if possible, to learn the intentions of the enemy. However much my figure might have resembled that of

noble white charger, and no sooner did he see me than, dismounting from his own horse, and giving the rein to a companion, he advanced to meet me with the charger; a second fellow likewise dismounted and followed the first; one held the bridle of the horse, while the other (with a multitude of salaams, aleikums, and other genuflexions) held the jewelled stirrup, and kneeling, waited until I should mount.

I took the hint at once: the Indian who had come up to the fort was a great man—that was evident; I walked on with a majestic air, gathered up the velvet reins, and sprung into the magnificent high-peaked saddle. "Buk, buk," said I, "It is good—in the name of the forty-nine Imaums, let us ride on;" and the whole party set off at a brisk trot, I keeping silence, and thinking with no little trepidation of what I was about to encounter.

As we rode along, I heard two of the men commenting upon my unusual silence (for I suppose, I—that is the Indian—was a talkative officer). "The lips of the Bahawder are closed," said one—"where are those birds of Paradise, his long-tailed words? they are imprisoned between the golden bars of his teeth!"

"Kush," said his companion, "be quiet! Bobbachy Bahawder has seen the dreadful Feringhee, Gahagan Khan Gujputi, the elephant-lord, whose sword reaps the harvest of death; there is but one champion who can wear the papooshes of the elephant-slayer—it is Bobbachy Bahawder!"

"You speak truly, Puneerce Muckun, the Bahawder ruminates on the words of the unbeliever; he is an ostrich, and hatches the eggs of his thoughts."

"Bekhusm! on my nose be it! May the young birds, his actions, be strong, and swift in flight."

"May they *digest iron!*" said Puneeree Muckun, who was evidently a wag in his way.

O, ho! thought I, as suddenly the light flashed upon me. It was, then, the famous Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I overcame just now! and he is the man destined to stand in *my* slippers, is he? and I was at that very moment standing in his own! Such are the chances and changes that fall to the lot of the soldier!

I suppose everybody—everybody who has been in India, at least

—has heard the name of Bobbachy Bahawder; it is derived from the two Hindoostanee words—bobbachy, general; bahawder, artilleryman. He had entered into Holkar's service in the latter capacity, and had, by his merit and his undaunted bravery in action, attained the dignity of the peacock's feather, which is only granted to noblemen of the first class; he was married, moreover, to one of Holkar's innumerable daughters; a match which, according to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*, brought more of honour than of pleasure to the poor Bobbachy. Gallant as he was in the field, it was said that in the harem he was the veriest craven alive, completely subjugated by his ugly and odious wife. In all matters of importance the late Bahawder had been consulted by his prince, who had, as it appears, (knowing my character, and not caring to do anything rash in his attack upon so formidable an enemy,) sent forward the unfortunate Pitan to reconnoitre the fort; he was to have done yet more, as I learned from the attendant Puneeree Muckun, who was, I soon found out, an old favourite with the Bobbachy—doubtless on account of his honesty and love of repartee.

"The Bahawder's lips are closed," said he, at last trotting up to me; "has he not a word for old Puneeree Muckun?"

"Bismillah, mashallah, barikallah," said I; which means, "my good friend, what I have seen is not worth the trouble of relation,

men; and as for food, I saw with my own eyes, five hundred bullocks grazing in the court-yard as I entered." This *was* a bouncer, I confess; but my object was to deceive Puneeree Muckun, and give him as high a notion as possible of the capabilities of defence which the besieged had.

"Pooch, pooch," murmured the men; "it is a wonder of a fortress, we shall never be able to take it until our guns come up."

There was hope, then! they had no battering-train. Ere this arrived, I trusted that Lord Lake would hear of our plight, and march down to rescue us. Thus occupied in thought and conversation, we rode on until the advanced sentinel challenged us, when old Puneeree gave the word, and we passed on into the centre of Holkar's camp.

It was a strange—a stirring sight! The camp-fires were lighted; and round them—eating, reposing, talking, looking at the merry steps of the dancing-girls, or listening to the stories of some Dhol Baut (or Indian improvvisatore)—were thousands of dusky soldiery. The camels and horses were picketed under the banyan trees, on which the ripe mango fruit was growing, and offered them an excellent food. Towards the spot which the golden fish and royal purdahs, floating in the wind, designated as the tent of Holkar, led an immense avenue—of elephants! the finest street, indeed, I ever saw. Each of the monstrous animals had a castle on its back, armed with Mauritanian archers and the celebrated Persian matchlock-men; it was the feeding time of these royal brutes, and the grooms were observed bringing immense toffungs or baskets, filled with pine-apples, plantains, bandannas, Indian corn, and cocoa-nuts, which grow luxuriantly at all seasons of the year. We passed down this extraordinary avenue—no less than three hundred and eighty-eight tails did I count on each side—each tail appertaining to an elephant twenty-five feet high—each elephant having a two-storied castle on its back—each castle containing sleeping and eating-rooms for the twelve men that formed its garrison, and were keeping watch on the roof—each roof bearing a flag-staff twenty feet long on its top, the crescent glittering with a thousand gems, and round it the imperial standard,—each standard of silk velvet, and cloth of gold, bearing the

well-known device of Holkar, argent an or gules, between a single of the first, a chevron, truncated, wavy. I took nine of these myself in the course of a very short time after, and shall be happy, when I come to England, to show them to any gentleman who has a curiosity that way. Through this gorgeous scene our little cavalcade passed, and at last we arrived at the quarters occupied by Holkar.

That celebrated chieftain's tents and followers were gathered round one of the British bungalows which had escaped the flames and which he occupied during the siege. When I entered the large room where he sate, I found him in the midst of a council of war; his chief generals and viziers seated round him, each smoking his hookah, as is the common way with these black fellows, before at, and after breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed-time. There was such a cloud raised by their smoke you could hardly see a yard before you—another piece of good luck for me—as it diminished the chances of my detection. When, with the ordinary ceremonies, the kitmutgars and consomahs had explained to the prince that Bobbachy Bahawder, the right eye of the Sun of the universe (as the ignorant heathens called me), had arrived from his mission, Holkar immediately summoned me to the maidaun, or elevated

victualled? have they ammunition? Did you see Gahagan Sahib, the commander? did you kill him?" All these questions Jeswunt Row Holkar puffed out with so many whiffs of tobacco.

Taking a chillum myself, and raising about me such a cloud, that, upon my honour as a gentleman, no man at three yards' distance could perceive anything of me except the pillar of smoke in which I was encompassed, I told Holkar, in Oriental language, of course, the best tale I could with regard to the fort.

"Sir," said I, "to answer your last question first—that dreadful Gujputi I have seen—and he is alive; he is eight feet, nearly, in height; he can eat a bullock daily (of which he has seven hundred at present in the compound, and swears that during the siege he will content himself with only three a-week): he has lost, in battle, his left eye; and what is the consequence? O Ram Gunge (O thou-with-the-eye-as-bright-as-morning and-with-beard-as-black-as-night), Goliah Gujputi—NEVER SLEEPS!"

"Ah, you Ghorumsaug" (you thief of the world), said the Prince Vizier, Saadut Alee Beg Bimbukchee—"it's joking you are;"—and there was a universal buzz through the room at the announcement of this bouncer.

"By the hundred and eleven incarnations of Vishnou," said I, solemnly (an oath which no Indian was ever known to break), "I swear that so it is; so at least he told me, and I have good cause to know his power. Gujputi is an enchanter, he is leagued with devils. he is invulnerable. Look," said I, unsheathing my dagger, and every eye turned instantly towards me—"thrice did I stab him with this steel—in the back, once—twice right through the heart; but he only laughed me to scorn, and bade me tell Holkar that the steel was not yet forged which was to inflict an injury upon him."

I never saw a man in such a rage as Holkar was when I gave him this somewhat imprudent message.

"Ah, lily-livered rogue!" shouted he out to me, "milk-blooded unbeliever! pale-faced miscreant! lives he after insulting thy master in thy presence? In the name of the Prophet, I spit on thee, defy thee, abhor thee, degrade thee! Take that, thou liar of the universe! and that—and that—and that!"

Such are the frightful excesses of barbaric minds! every time this old man said "Take that," he flung some article near him at the head of the undaunted Gahagan—his dagger, his sword, his carbine, his richly ornamented pistols, his turban covered with jewels, worth a hundred thousand crores of rupees—finally, his hookah, snake mouthpiece, silver-bell, chillum and all—which went hissing over my head, and flattening into a jelly the nose of the grand vizier.

"Yock muzzee! my nose is off," said the old man, mildly; "will you have my life, O Holkar? it is thine likewise!" and no other word of complaint escaped his lips.

Of all these missiles, though a pistol and carbine had gone off as the ferocious Indian flung them at my head, and the naked scimitar, fiercely but unadroitly thrown, had lopped off the limbs of one or two of the musnuds as they sat trembling on their omrahs, yet, strange to say, not a single weapon had hurt me. When the hubbub ceased, and the unlucky wretches who had been the victims of this fit of rage had been removed, Holkar's good-humour somewhat returned, and he allowed me to continue my account of the fort, which I did, not taking the slightest notice of his burst of impatience, as indeed it would have been the height of

humdillah, Bismillah, Barikallah?"* and drawing his scimitar, he waved it over his head, and shouted out his cry of battle. It was repeated by many of the other omrahs; the sound of their cheers was carried into the camp, and caught up by the men; the camels began to cry, the horses to prance and neigh, the eight hundred elephants set up a scream, the trumpeters and drummers clanged away at their instruments. I never heard such a din before or after. How I trembled for my little garrison when I heard the enthusiastic cries of this innumerable host!

There was but one way for it. "Sir," said I, addressing Holkar, "go out to-night, and you go to certain death. Loll Mahommed has not seen the fort as I have. Pass the gate if you please, and for what? to fall before the fire of a hundred pieces of artillery; to storm another gate, and then another, and then to be blown up, with Gahagan's garrison in the citadel. Who talks of courage? Were I not in your august presence, O star of the faithful, I would crop Loll Mahommed's nose from his face, and wear his ears as an ornament in my own pugree! Who is there here that knows not the difference between yonder yellow-skinned coward and Gahagan Khan Guj—I mean Bobbachy Bahawder? I am ready to fight one, two, three, or twenty of them, at broad-sword, small-sword, single-stick, with fists, if you please; by the holy piper, fighting is like mate and dthrink to Ga—to Bobbachy, I mane—whoop! come on, you divvle, and I'll bate the skin off your ugly bones."

This speech had very nearly proved fatal to me, for, when I am agitated, I involuntarily adopt some of the phraseology peculiar to my own country; which is so un-eastern, that, had there been any suspicion as to my real character, detection must indubitably have ensued. As it was, Holkar perceived nothing, but instantaneously stopped the dispute. Loll Mahommed, however, evidently suspected something, for, as Holkar, with a voice of thunder, shouted out, "Tomasha," "silence," Loll sprung forward and gasped out—

"My Lord! my Lord; this is not Bob——"

* The Major has put the most approved language into the mouths of his Indian characters. Bismillah, Barikallah, and so on, according to the novelists, form the very essence of Eastern conversation.

But he could say no more. "Gag the slave!" screamed out Holkar, stamping with fury; and a turban was instantly twisted round the poor devil's jaws. "Ho, Furoshes! carry out Loll Mahommed Khan, give him a hundred dozen on the soles of his feet, set him upon a white donkey, and carry him round the camp, with an inscription before him—'This is the way that Holkar rewards the talkative.'"

I breathed again; and ever as I heard each whack of the bamboo falling on Loll Mahommed's feet, I felt peace returning to my mind, and thanked my stars that I was delivered of this danger.

"Vizier," said Holkar, who enjoyed Loll's roars amazingly, "I owe you a reparation for your nose: kiss the hand of your prince, O Saadat Alee Beg Bimbukchee! be from this day forth Zoheir u Dowlut!"

The good old man's eyes filled with tears. "I can bear thy severity, O Prince," said he, "I cannot bear thy love. Was it not an honour that your highness did me just now when you condescended to pass over the bridge of your slave's nose?"

The phrase was by all voices pronounced to be very poetical. The vizier retired, crowned with his new honours, to bed. Holkar was in high good-humour.

"Bobbachy," said he, "thou too must pardon me—à propos

CHAPTER V.

THE ISSUE OF MY INTERVIEW WITH MY WIFE.

I FOUND Puneeree Muckun, with the rest of my attendants, waiting at the gate, and they immediately conducted me to my own tents in the neighbourhood. I have been in many dangerous predicaments before that time and since, but I don't care to deny that I felt in the present instance such a throbbing of the heart as I never have experienced when leading a forlorn hope, or marching up to a battery.

As soon as I entered the tents a host of menials sprung forward, some to ease me of my armour, some to offer me refreshments, some with hookahs, attar of roses (in great quart bottles), and the thousand delicacies of Eastern life. I motioned them away. "I will wear my armour," said I; "I shall go forth to-night; carry my duty to the princess, and say I grieve that to-night I have not the time to see her. Spread me a couch here, and bring me supper here; a jar of Persian wine well cooled, a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, a pillaw of a couple of turkeys, a curried kid—anything. Begone! Give me a pipe; leave me alone, and tell me when the meal is ready."

I thought by these means to put off the fair Puttee Rooge, and hoped to be able to escape without subjecting myself to the examination of her curious eyes. After smoking for a while, an attendant came to tell me that my supper was prepared in the inner apartment of the tent (I suppose that the reader, if he be possessed of the commonest intelligence, knows that the tents of the Indian grandees are made of the finest Cashmere shawls, and contain a dozen rooms at least, with carpets, chimneys, and sash-windows complete.) I entered, I say, into an inner chamber, and there began with my fingers to devour my meal in the Oriental fashion, taking, every now and then, a pull from the wine-jar, which was cooling deliciously in another jar of snow.

I was just in the act of despatching the last morsel of a most savoury stewed lamb and rice, which had formed my meal, when I heard a scuffle of feet, a shrill clatter of female voices, and, the

curtain being flung open, in marched a lady accompanied by twelve slaves, with moon faces and slim waists, lovely as the houris in Paradise.

The lady herself, to do her justice, was as great a contrast to her attendants as could possibly be; she was crooked, old, of the complexion of molasses, and rendered a thousand times more ugly by the tawdry dress and the blazing jewels with which she was covered. A line of yellow chalk drawn from her forehead to the tip of her nose (which was further ornamented by an immense glittering nose-ring), her eye-lids painted bright red, and a large dab of the same colour on her chin, showed she was not of the Mussulman, but the Brahmin faith—and of a very high caste; you could see that by her eyes. My mind was instantaneously made up as to my line of action.

The male attendants had of course quitted the apartment, as they heard the well-known sound of her voice. It would have been death to them to have remained and looked in her face. The females ranged themselves round their mistress, as she squatted down opposite to me.

"And is this," said she, "a welcome, O Khan! after six months' absence, for the most unfortunate and loving wife in all the world —is this lamb, O glutton! half so tender as thy spouse? Is this

pistols, cocked them, and said, "O houris! these pistols contain each two balls: the daughter of Holkar bears a sacred life for me —but for you!—by all the saints of Hindoostan, four of ye shall die if ye stay a moment longer in my presence!" This was enough; the ladies gave a shriek, and skurried out of the apartment like a covey of partridges on the wing.

Now, then, was the time for action. My wife, or rather Bobbachy's wife, sate still, a little flurried by the unusual ferocity which her lord had displayed in her presence. I seized her hand and, gripping it close, whispered in her ear, to which I put the other pistol, "O Khanum, listen and scream not; the moment you scream, you die!" She was completely beaten: she turned as pale as a woman could in her situation, and said, "Speak, Bobbachy Bahawder, I am dumb."

"Woman," said I, taking off my helmet, and removing the chain cape which had covered almost the whole of my face—"*I am not thy husband*—I am the slayer of elephants, the world-renowned GAHAGAN!"

As I said this, and as the long ringlets of red hair fell over my shoulders (contrasting strangely with my dyed face and beard), I formed one of the finest pictures that can possibly be conceived, and I recommend it as a subject to Mr. Heath, for the next "Book of Beauty."

"Wretch!" said she, "what wouldst thou?"

"You black-faced fiend," said I, "raise but your voice, and you are dead!"

"And afterwards," said she, "do you suppose that *you* can escape? The torments of hell are not so terrible as the tortures that Holkar will invent for thee."

"Tortures, madam," answered I, coolly, "fiddlesticks! You will neither betray me, nor will I be put to the torture: on the contrary, you will give me your best jewels and facilitate my escape to the fort. Don't grind your teeth and swear at me. Listen, madam; you know this dress and these arms, they are the arms of your husband, Bobbachy Bahawder—*my prisoner*. He now lies in yonder fort, and, if I do not return before day-light, at *sunrise he dies:* and then, when they send his corpse back to Holkar, what will you, *his widow*, do?"

"O!" said she, shuddering, "spare me, spare me!"

"I'll tell you what you will do. You will have the pleasure of dying along with him—of *being roasted*, madam, an agonising death, from which your father cannot save you, to which he will be the first man to condemn and conduct you. Ha! I see we understand each other, and you will give me over the cash-box and jewels." And so saying I threw myself back with the calmest air imaginable, flinging the pistols over to her. "Light me a pipe, my love," said I, "and then go and hand me over the dollars; do you hear?" You see I had her in my power—up a tree, as the Americans say, and she very humbly lighted my pipe for me, and then departed for the goods I spoke about.

What a thing is luck! If Loll Mahommed had not been made to take that ride round the camp, I should infallibly have been lost.

My supper, my quarrel with the princess, and my pipe afterwards, had occupied a couple of hours of my time. The princess returned from her quest, and brought with her the box, containing valuables to the amount of about three millions sterling. (I was cheated of them afterwards, but have the box still, a plain deal one.) I was just about to take my departure, when a tremendous knocking, shouting, and screaming was heard at the entrance of the tent. It was Holkar himself, accompanied by that cursed

only hear) to Loll Mahommed, "to make your prince eat such monstrous dirt as this! Furoshes, seize this man. I dismiss him from my service, I degrade him from his rank, I appropriate to myself all his property; and, hark ye, Furoshes, GIVE HIM A HUNDRED DOZEN MORE!"

Again I heard the whacks of the bamboos, and peace flowed into my soul.

* * * * * * *

Just as morn began to break, two figures were seen to approach the little fortress of Futtyghur; one was a woman wrapped closely in a veil, the other a warrior, remarkable for the size and manly beauty of his form, who carried in his hand a deal box of considerable size. The warrior at the gate gave the word and was admitted the woman returned slowly to the Indian camp. Her name was Puttee Rooge; his was—

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S. C. L. H. A.

CHAPTER VI.

FAMINE IN THE GARRISON.

THUS my dangers for the night being overcome, I hastened with my precious box into my own apartment, which communicated with another, where I had left my prisoner, with a guard to report if he should recover, and to prevent his escape. My servant, Ghorumsaug, was one of the guard. I called him, and the fellow came, looking very much confused and frightened, as it seemed, at my appearance.

"Why, Ghorumsaug," said I, "what makes thee look so pale, fellow?" (He was as white as a sheet). "It is thy master, dost thou not remember him?" The man had seen me dress myself in the Pitan's clothes, but was not present when I had blacked my face and beard in the manner I have described.

"O Bramah, Vishnou, and Mahomet!" cried the faithful fellow, "and do I see my dear master disguised in this way? For heaven's sake let me rid you of this odious black paint; for what will the ladies say in the ball-room, if the beautiful Feringhee should appear amongst them with his roses turned into coal?"

I am still one of the finest men in Europe, and at the time of which I write, when only two-and-twenty, I confess I was a little vain of my personal appearance, and not very willing to appear before my dear Belinda disguised like a blackamoor. I allowed Ghorumsaug to divest me of the heathenish armour and habiliments which I wore; and having, with a world of scrubbing and trouble, divested my face and beard of their black tinge, I put on my own becoming uniform, and hastened to wait on the ladies; hastened, I say,—although delayed would have been the better word, for the operation of bleaching lasted at least two hours.

"How is the prisoner, Ghorumsaug?" said I, before leaving my apartment.

"He has recovered from the blow which the Lion dealt him: two men and myself watch over him; and Macgillicuddy Sahib (the second in command) has just been the rounds, and has seen that all was secure."

I bade Ghorumsaug help me to put away my chest of treasure (my exultation in taking it was so great that I could not help informing him of its contents); and this done I despatched him to his post near the prisoner, while I prepared to sally forth and pay my respects to the fair creatures under my protection. What

expect to live long and well upon a ragout of rupees, or a
f stewed emeralds and rubies? With all the wealth of
s before me I felt melancholy; and would have paid cheer-
:s weight in carats for a good honest round of boiled beef.
h, wealth, what art thou? What is gold?—Soft metal.
are diamonds?—Shining tinsel. The great wealth-winners,
ıly fame-achievers, the sole objects worthy of a soldier's
eration, are beef-steaks, gunpowder, and cold iron.

two latter means of competency we possessed; I had in my
partments a small store of gunpowder (keeping it under
n bed, with a candle burning for fear of accidents); I had
ces of artillery (4 long 48's and 4 carronades, 5 howitzers,
long brass mortar, for grape, which I had taken myself at
ıttle of Assye), and muskets for ten times my force. My
ɔn, as I have told the reader in a previous number, consisted
men, two chaplains, and a surgeon; add to these my guests,
number, of whom nine only were gentlemen (in tights,
r, pigtails, and silk stockings, who had come out merely
lance, and found themselves in for a siege). Such were our
ɪrs:—

Troops and artillerymen	40
Ladies	74
Other non-combatants	11
Major-Gen. O'G. Gahagan	1000
	1125

ıunt myself good for a thousand, for so I was regularly rated
army: with this great benefit to it, that I only consumed
ch as an ordinary mortal. We were then, as far as the
ls went, 126 mouths; as combatants we numbered 1040
t men, with 12 guns and a fort, against Holkar and his
). No such alarming odds, if—

—ay, there was the rub—*if* we had *shot*, as well as powder
r guns; *if* we had not only *men* but *meat*. Of the former
ɔdity we had only three rounds for each piece. Of the
upon my sacred honour, to feed 126 souls, we had but

Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.
Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer.

Of soda-water, four ditto ditto.
Two bottles of fine Spanish olives.
Raspberry cream—the remainder of two dishes.
Seven macaroons, lying in the puddle of a demolished trifle.
Half a drum of best Turkey figs.
Some bits of broken bread; two Dutch cheeses (whole); the crust of an old Stilton; and about an ounce of almonds and raisins.
Three ham-sandwiches, and a pot of currant-jelly, and 197 bottles of brandy, rum, madeira, pale ale (my private stock); a couple of hard eggs for a salad, and a flask of Florence oil.

This was the provision for the whole garrison! The men after supper had seized upon the relics of the repast, as they were carried off from the table; and these were the miserable remnants I found and counted on my return: taking good care to lock the door of the supper-room, and treasure what little sustenance still remained in it.

When I appeared in the saloon, now lighted up by the morning sun, I not only caused a sensation myself, but felt one in my own bosom, which was of the most painful description. O, my reader! may you never behold such a sight as that which presented itself: eighty-three men and women in ball dresses; the former with their lank powdered locks streaming over their faces; the latter with

attempt to describe that delicious—that passionate greeting of two young hearts? What was the surrounding crowd to *us?* What cared we for the sneers of the men, the titters of the jealous women, the shrill "Upon my word," of the elder Miss Bulcher, and the loud expostulations of Belinda's mamma? The brave girl loved me, and wept in my arms. "Goliah! my Goliah!" said she, "my brave, my beautiful, *thou* art returned, and hope comes back with thee. Oh! who can tell the anguish of my soul, during this dreadful, dreadful night!" Other similar ejaculations of love and joy she uttered; and if I *had* perilled life in her service, if I *did* believe that hope of escape there was none, so exquisite was the moment of our meeting, that I forgot all else in this overwhelming joy!

* * * * *

[The major's description of this meeting, which lasted at the very most not ten seconds, occupies thirteen pages of writing. We have been compelled to dock off twelve-and-a-half; for the whole passage, though highly creditable to his feelings, might possibly be tedious to the reader.]

* * * * * *

As I said, the ladies and gentlemen were inclined to sneer, and were giggling audibly. I led the dear girl to a chair, and, scowling round with a tremendous fierceness, which those who know me know I can sometimes put on, I shouted out, "Hark ye! men and women—I am this lady's truest knight—her husband I hope one day to be. I am commander, too, in this fort—the enemy is without it; another word of mockery—another glance of scorn—and, by Heaven, I will hurl every man and woman from the battlements, a prey to the ruffianly Holkar!" This quieted them. I am a man of my word, and none of them stirred or looked disrespectfully from that moment.

It was now *my* turn to make *them* look foolish. Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy (whose unfailing appetite is pretty well known to every person who has been in India) cried, "Well, Captain Gahagan, your ball has been so pleasant, and the supper was despatched so long ago, that myself and the ladies would be very glad of a little breakfast." And Mrs. Van giggled as if she had made a very witty and reasonable speech. "Oh! breakfast,

breakfast by all means," said the rest; "we really are dying for a warm cup of tea."

"Is it bohay tay or souchong tay that you'd like, ladies?" says I.

"Nonsense, you silly man; any tea you like," said fat Mrs. Van.

"What do you say, then, to some prime *gunpowder?*" Of course they said it was the very thing.

"And do you like hot rowls or cowld—muffins or crumpets—fresh butter or salt? And you, gentlemen, what do you say to some ilegant divvled-kidneys for yourselves, and just a trifle of grilled turkeys, and a couple of hundthred new-laid eggs for the ladies?"

"Pooh, pooh! be it as you will, my dear fellow," answered they all.

"But stop," says I. "O ladies, O ladies; O gentlemen, gentlemen, that you should ever have come to the quarters of Goliah Gahagan, and he been without—"

"What?" said they, in a breath.

"Alas! alas! I have not got a single stick of chocolate in the whole house."

"Well, well, we can do without it."

"Or a single pound of coffee."

"In the name of Heaven!" said Mrs. Van, growing very pale, "what is there, then?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you what there is, now," shouted I. "There's

"Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.
Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer," &c. &c. &c.

And I went through the whole list of eatables as before, ending with the ham-sandwiches and the pot of jelly.

"Law! Mr. Gahagan," said Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy, "give me the ham-sandwiches—I must manage to breakfast off them."

And you should have heard the pretty to-do there was at this modest proposition! Of course I did not accede to it—why should I? I was the commander of the fort, and intended to keep these three very sandwiches for the use of myself and my dear Belinda. "Ladies," said I, "there are in this fort one hundred and twenty-six souls, and this is all the food which is to last us during the siege. Meat there is none—of drink there is a tolerable quantity; and at one o'clock punctually, a glass of wine and one olive shall be served out to each woman: the men will receive two glasses, and an olive and a fig—and this must be your food during the siege. Lord Lake cannot be absent more than three days; and, if he be, why still there is a chance—why do I say a chance?—*a certainty* of escaping from the hands of these ruffians."

"Oh, name it, name it, dear Captain Gahagan!" screeched the whole covey at a breath.

"It lies," answered I, "in the *powder magazine*. I will blow this fort, and all it contains, to atoms, ere it becomes the prey of Holkar."

The women, at this, raised a squeal that might have been heard in Holkar's camp, and fainted in different directions; but my dear Belinda whispered in my ear, "Well done, thou noble knight! bravely said, my heart's Goliah!" I felt I was right: I could have blown her up twenty times for the luxury of that single moment! "And now, ladies," said I, "I must leave you. The two chaplains will remain with you to administer professional consolation—the other gentlemen will follow me upstairs to the ramparts, where I shall find plenty of work for them."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ESCAPE.

Loth as they were, these gentlemen had nothing for it but to obey, and they accordingly followed me to the ramparts, where I proceeded to review my men. The fort, in my absence, had been left in command of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy, a countryman of my own (with whom, as may be seen in an early chapter of my memoirs, I had an affair of honour); and the prisoner Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I had only stunned, never wishing to kill him, had been left in charge of that officer. Three of the garrison (one of them a man of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, my own body-servant, Ghorumsaug above-named) were appointed to watch the captive by turns, and never leave him out of their sight. The lieutenant was instructed to look to them and to their prisoner, and as Bobbachy was severely injured by the blow which I had given him, and was, moreover, bound hand and foot, and gagged smartly with cords, I considered myself sure of his person.

Macgillicuddy did not make his appearance when I reviewed my little force, and the three havildars were likewise absent—this did

I restored the lieutenant to his natural erect position: I poured half-a-bottle of whiskey down the immensely enlarged orifice of his mouth, and when he had been released, he informed me of the circumstances that had taken place.

Fool that I was! idiot!—upon my return to the fort, to have been anxious about my personal appearance, and to have spent a couple of hours in removing the artificial blackening from my beard and complexion, instead of going to examine my prisoner; when his escape would have been prevented—O foppery, foppery!—it was that cursed love of personal appearance, which had led me to forget my duty to my general, my country, my monarch, and my own honour!

Thus it was that the escape took place. My own fellow of the Irregulars, whom I had summoned to dress me, performed the operation to my satisfaction, invested me with the elegant uniform of my corps, and removed the Pitan's disguise, which I had taken from the back of the prostrate Bobbachy Bahawder. What did the rogue do next?—Why, he carried back the dress to the Bobbachy—he put it, once more, on its right owner, he and his infernal black companions (who had been so won over by the Bobbachy, with promises of enormous reward), gagged Macgillicuddy, who was going the rounds, and then marched with the Indian coolly up to the outer gate, and gave the word. The sentinel, thinking it was myself, who had first come in, and was as likely to go out again (indeed, my rascally valet said, that Gahagan Saib was about to go out with him and his two companions to reconnoitre)—opened the gates, and off they went!

This accounted for the confusion of my valet when I entered!—and for the scoundrel's speech, that the lieutenant had *just been the rounds;*—he *had*, poor fellow, and had been seized and bound in this cruel way. The three men, with their liberated prisoner, had just been on the point of escape, when my arrival disconcerted them: I had changed the guard at the gate (whom they had won over likewise); and yet, although they had overcome poor Mac, and although they were ready for the start, they had positively no means for effecting their escape, until I was ass enough to put means in their way. Fool! fool! thrice besotted fool that I was, to think of my own silly person when I should have been occupied solely with my public duty.

From Macgillicuddy's incoherent accounts, as he was gasping from the effects of the gag, and the whiskey he had taken to revive him, and from my own subsequent observations, I learned this sad story. A sudden and painful thought struck me—my precious box!—I rushed back, I found that box—I have it still—opening it, there where I had left ingots, sacks of bright tumsums, kopeks, and rupees, strings of diamonds as big as ducks' eggs, rubies as red as the lips of my Belinda, countless strings of pearls, amethysts, emeralds, piles upon piles of bank notes—I found—a piece of paper! with a few lines in the Sanscrit language, which are thus, word for word, translated:—

EPIGRAM.

(*On disappointing a certain Major.*)

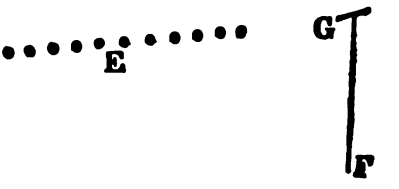
The conquering lion return'd with his prey,
And safe in his cavern he set it,
The sly little fox stole the booty away;
And, as he escaped, to the lion did say,
"*Aha*, don't you wish you may get it?"

Confusion! Oh, how my blood boiled as I read these cutting lines. I stamped,—I swore,—I don't know to what insane lengths my rage might have carried me, had not at this moment a soldier rushed in, screaming, "The enemy, the enemy!"

air a strange, barbaric melody; the officers (yatabals), mounted on white dromedaries, were seen galloping to and fro, carrying to the advancing hosts the orders of Holkar.

You see that two sides of the fort of Futtyghur (rising as it does on a rock that is almost perpendicular), are defended by the Burrumpooter river, two hundred feet deep at this point, and a thousand yards wide, so that I had no fear about them attacking me in *that* quarter. My guns, therefore (with their six-and-thirty miserable charges of shot) were dragged round to the point at which I conceived Holkar would be most likely to attack me. I was in a situation that I did not dare to fire, except at such times as I could kill a hundred men by a single discharge of a cannon; so the attacking party marched and marched, very strongly, about a mile and a half off, the elephants marching without receiving the slightest damage from us, until they had come to within four hundred yards of our walls, (the rogues knew all the secrets of our weakness, through the betrayal of the dastardly Ghorumsaug, or they never would have ventured so near). At that distance—it was about the spot where the Futtyghur hill began gradually to rise—the invading force stopped; the elephants drew up in a line, at right angles with our wall (the fools; they thought they should expose themselves too much by taking a position parallel to it!); the cavalry halted too, and—after the deuce's own flourish of trumpets, and banging of gongs, to be sure,—somebody, in a flame-coloured satin dress, with an immense jewel blazing in his pugree (that looked through my telescope like a small but very bright planet), got up from the back of one of the very biggest elephants, and began a speech.

The elephants were, as I said, in a line formed with admirable precision, about three hundred of them. The following little diagram will explain matters:—



E, is the line of elephants. F is the wall of the fort. G a gun in the fort. *Now* the reader will see what I did.

The elephants were standing, their trunks waggling to and fro gracefully before them; and I, with superhuman skill and activity, brought the gun G (a devilish long brass gun) to bear upon them. I pointed it myself; bang it went, and what was the consequence? Why this:—

F is the fort, as before. G is the gun, as before. E, the elephants, as we have previously seen them. What then is + ? + *is the line taken by the ball fired from* G, which took off *one hundred and thirty-four elephants'* trunks, and only spent itself in the tusk of a very old animal, that stood the hundred and thirty-fifth!

I say that such a shot was never fired before or since; that a gun was never pointed in such a way. Suppose I had been a common man, and contented myself with firing bang at the head of the first animal? An ass would have done it, prided himself

quantity of them we seized; and I myself, cutting up with my scimetar a couple of the fallen animals, as a butcher would a calf, motioned to the men to take the pieces back to the fort, where barbacued elephant was served round for dinner, instead of the miserable allowance of an olive and a glass of wine, which I had promised to my female friends, in my speech to them. The animal reserved for the ladies was a young white one—the fattest and tenderest I ever ate in my life: they are very fair eating, but the flesh has an India-rubber flavour, which, until one is accustomed to it, is unpalatable.

It was well that I had obtained this supply, for, during my absence on the works, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy and one or two others had forced their way into the supper-room, and devoured every morsel of the garrison larder, with the exception of the cheeses, the olives, and the wine, which were locked up in my own apartment, before which stood a sentinel. Disgusting Mrs. Van! When I heard of her gluttony, I had almost a mind to eat *her*. However, we made a very comfortable dinner off the barbacued steaks, and when everybody had done, had the comfort of knowing that there was enough for one meal more.

The next day, as I expected, the enemy attacked us in great force, attempting to escalade the fort; but by the help of my guns, and my good sword, by the distinguished bravery of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy and the rest of the garrison, we beat this attack off completely, the enemy sustaining a loss of seven hundred men. We were victorious; but when another attack was made, what were we to do? We had still a little powder left, but had fired off all the shot, stones, iron-bars, &c., in the garrison! On this day, too, we devoured the last morsel of our food; I shall never forget Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy's despairing look, as I saw her sitting alone, attempting to make some impression on the little white elephant's roasted tail.

The third day the attack was repeated. The resources of genius are never at an end. Yesterday I had no ammunition; to-day, I discovered charges sufficient for two guns, and two swivels, which were much longer, but had bores of about blunderbuss size.

This time my friend Loll Mahommed, who had received, as the reader may remember, such a bastinadoing for my sake, headed

the attack. The poor wretch could not walk, but he was carried in an open palanquin, and came on waving his sword, and cursing horribly in his Hindoostan jargon. Behind him came troops of matchlock men, who picked off every one of our men who shewed their noses above the ramparts; and a great host of blackamoors with scaling ladders, bundles to fill the ditch, fascines, gabions, culverins, demilunes, counterscarps, and all the other appurtenances of offensive war.

On they came; my guns and men were ready for them. You will ask how my pieces were loaded? I answer, that though my garrison were without food, I knew my duty as an officer, and *had put the two Dutch cheeses into the two guns, and had crammed the contents of a bottle of olives into each swivel.*

They advanced,—whish! went one of the Dutch cheeses,—bang! went the other. Alas! they did little execution. In their first contact with an opposing body, they certainly floored it; but they became at once like so much Welsh-rabbit, and did no execution beyond the man whom they struck down.

"Hogree, pogree, wongree-fum;" (praise to Allah, and the forty-nine Imaums!) shouted out the ferocious Loll Mahommed, when he saw the failure of my shot. "Onward, sons of the Prophet! the infidel has no more ammunition—a hundred thousand

I took the swivel, and aimed coolly. Loll Mahommed, his palanquin, and his men, were now not above two hundred yards from the fort. Loll was straight before me, gesticulating and shouting to his men. I fired—bang!!!

I aimed so true, that *one hundred and seventeen best Spanish olives were lodged in a lump in the face of the unhappy Loll Mahommed.* The wretch, uttering a yell the most hideous and unearthly I ever heard, fell back dead—the frightened bearers flung down the palanquin and ran—the whole host ran as one man; their screams might be heard for leagues. "Tomasha, tomasha," they cried, "it is enchantment!" Away they fled, and the victory a third time was ours. Soon as the fight was done, I flew back to my Belinda—we had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, but I forgot hunger in the thought of once more beholding *her!*

The sweet soul turned towards me with a sickly smile as I entered, and almost fainted in my arms; but, alas! it was not love which caused in her bosom an emotion so strong—it was hunger! "Oh! my Goliah," whispered she, "for three days I have not tasted food—I could not eat that horrid elephant yesterday; but now—oh! heaven!" She could say no more, but sunk almost lifeless on my shoulder. I administered to her a trifling dram of rum, which revived her for a moment, and then rushed down-stairs, determined that if it were a piece of my own leg, she should still have something to satisfy her hunger. Luckily I remembered that three or four elephants were still lying in the field, having been killed by us in the first action, two days before. Necessity, thought I, has no law; my adorable girl must eat elephant, until she can get something better.

I rushed into the court where the men were, for the most part, assembled. "Men," said I, "our larder is empty; we must fill it as we did the day before yesterday; who will follow Gahagan on a foraging party?" I expected that, as on former occasions, every man would offer to accompany me.

To my astonishment, not a soul moved—a murmur arose among the troops; and at last, one of the oldest and bravest came forward.

"Captain," he said, "it is of no use; we cannot feed upon

elephants for ever; we have not a grain of powder left, and must give up the fort when the attack is made to-morrow. We may as well be prisoners now as then, and we won't go elephant-hunting any more."

"Ruffian!" I said, "he who first talks of surrender, dies!" and I cut him down. "Is there any one else who wishes to speak?"

No one stirred.

"Cowards! miserable cowards!" shouted I; "what, you dare not move for fear of death, at the hands of those wretches who even now fled before your arms—what, do I say *your* arms?—before *mine!*—alone I did it; and as alone I routed the foe, alone I will victual the fortress! Ho! open the gate!"

I rushed out; not a single man would follow. The bodies of the elephants that we had killed still lay on the ground where they had fallen, about four hundred yards from the fort. I descended calmly the hill, a very steep one, and coming to the spot, took my pick of the animals, choosing a tolerably small and plump one, of about thirteen feet high, which the vultures had respected. I threw this animal over my shoulders, and made for the fort.

As I marched up the acclivity, whizz—piff—whirr! came the balls over my head; and pitter-patter, pitter-patter! they fell on the body of the elephant like drops of rain. The enemy

CHAPTER IX.

SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR.

When I awoke from the trance into which I had fallen, I found myself in a bath, surrounded by innumerable black faces; and a Hindoo pothukoor (whence our word apothecary) feeling my pulse, and looking at me with an air of sagacity.

"Where am I?" I exclaimed, looking round and examining the strange faces, and the strange apartment which met my view. "Bekhuam!" said the apothecary. "Silence! Gahagan Saib is in the hands of those who know his valour, and will save his life."

"Know my valour, slave? Of course you do," said I; "but the fort—the garrison—the elephant—Belinda, my love—my darling—Macgillicuddy—the scoundrelly mutineers—the deal bo—" • • • •

I could say no more; the painful recollections pressed so heavily upon my poor shattered mind and frame, that both failed once more. I fainted again, and I know not how long I lay insensible.

Again, however, I came to my senses; the pothukoor applied restoratives, and after a slumber of some hours I awoke, much refreshed. I had no wound; my repeated swoons had been brought on (as indeed well they might) by my gigantic efforts in carrying the elephant up a steep hill a quarter of a mile in length Walking, the task is bad enough: but running, it is the deuce; and I would recommend any of my readers who may be disposed to try and carry a dead elephant, never, on any account, to go a pace of more than five miles an hour.

Scarcely was I awake, when I heard the clash of arms at my door (plainly indicating that sentinels were posted there), and a single old gentleman, richly habited, entered the room. Did my eyes deceive me? I had surely seen him before. No—yes—no—yes—it *was* he—the snowy white beard, the mild eyes, the nose flattened to a jelly, and level with the rest of the venerable face, proclaimed him at once to be—Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukshee,

— torn to
account of a difference w
taking gently my hand,
ours. Strength is decei
wind—the nightingale si
rose in the morning? I
The rose makes remarks
that delightful song-bird?
spitted, and roasted! Wh
has come to Gahagan Gujp
"It is well," said I, s
"Gahagan Gujputi will bea
"No doubt—like a wise r
lane so long to which there i
which there comes not a n
merry spring time—grief is o
"Interpret, oh riddler!" s
of puzzles—no prating Moll
swords."
"Listen, then, oh, Gujputi:
"I know it."
"You will die by the most hor
"I dare say."
"They will ...

"Listen. Gahagan loves the moon-face, called Belinda."

"He does, Vizier, to distraction."

"Of what rank is he in the Koompani's army?"

"A captain."

"A miserable captain—oh, shame! Of what creed is he?"

"I am an Irishman, and a Catholic."

"But he has not been very particular about his religious duties?"

"Alas, no."

"He has not been to his mosque for these twelve years?"

"'Tis too true."

"Hearken, now, Gahagan Khan. His Highness Prince Holkar has sent me to thee. You shall have the moon-face for your wife—your second wife, that is;—the first shall be the incomparable Puttee Rooge, who loves you to madness;—with Puttee Rooge, who is the wife, you shall have the wealth and rank, of Bobbachy Bahawder, of whom his highness intends to get rid. You shall be second in command of his highness's forces. Look, here is his commission signed with the celestial seal, and attested by the sacred names of the forty-nine Imaums. You have but to renounce your religion and your service, and all these rewards are yours."

He produced a parchment, signed as he said, and gave it to me (it was beautifully written in Indian ink—I had it for fourteen years, but a rascally valet, seeing it very dirty, *washed* it, forsooth, and washed off every bit of the writing)—I took it calmly, and said, "This is a tempting offer; oh, Vizier, how long wilt thou give me to consider of it?"

After a long parley, he allowed me six hours, when I promised to give him an answer. My mind, however, was made up—as soon as he was gone, I threw myself on the sofa and fell asleep.

* * * * * *

At the end of the six hours the Vizier came back: two people were with him; one, by his martial appearance, I knew to be Holkar, the other I did not recognise. It was about midnight.

"Have you considered?" said the Vizier, as he came to my couch.

"I have," said I, sitting up,—I could not stand, for my legs

were tied, and my arms fixed in a neat pair of steel handcuffs. "I have," said I, "unbelieving dogs! I have. Do you think to pervert a Christian gentleman from his faith and honour? Ruffian blackamoors! do your worst; heap tortures on this body, they cannot last long—tear me to pieces—after you have torn me into a certain number of pieces, I shall not feel it—and if I did, if each torture could last a life—if each limb were to feel the agonies of a whole body, what then? I would bear all—all—all—all—all—ALL!" My breast heaved—my form dilated—my eye flashed as I spoke these words. "Tyrants!" said I, "Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori." Having thus clinched the argument, I was silent.

The venerable Grand Vizier turned away, I saw a tear trickling down his cheeks.

"What a constancy," said he; "oh, that such beauty and such bravery should be doomed so soon to quit the earth!"

His tall companion only sneered and said, "*and Belinda*—"

"Ha!" said I; "ruffian, be still!—Heaven will protect her spotless innocence. Holkar, I know thee, and thou knowest me, too! Who with his single sword destroyed thy armies?—Who with his pistol, cleft in twain thy nose-ring? Who slew the

from hence"—Puttee Rooge gave one scream and fainted—her father and the Vizier carried her off between them; nor was I loth to part with her, for, with all her love, she was as ugly as the deuce.

They were gone—my fate was decided. I had but three hours more of life: so I flung myself again on the sofa, and fell profoundly asleep. As it may happen to any of my readers to be in the same situation, and to be hanged themselves, let me earnestly entreat them to adopt this plan of going to sleep, which I for my part have repeatedly found to be successful.—It saves unnecessary annoyance, it passes away a great deal of unpleasant time, and it prepares one to meet like a man the coming catastrophe.

* * * * *

Three o'clock came: the sun was at this time making his appearance in the heavens, and with it came the guards, who were appointed to conduct me to the torture. I woke, rose, was carried out, and was set on the very white donkey on which Loll Mahommed was conducted through the camp, after he was bastinadoed. Bobbachy Bahawder rode behind me, restored to his rank and state; troops of cavalry hemmed us in on all sides; my ass was conducted by the common executioner: a crier went forward, shouting out, "Make way for the destroyer of the faithful—he goes to bear the punishment of his crimes." We came to the fatal plain: it was the very spot whence I had borne away the elephant, and in full sight of the fort. I looked towards it. Thank Heaven! King George's banner waved on it still—a crowd were gathered on the walls—the men, the dastards who had deserted me—and women, too. Among the latter I thought I distinguished *one* who—Oh, gods! the thought turned me sick—I trembled and looked pale for the first time.

"He trembles! he turns pale," shouted out Bobbachy Bahawder, ferociously exulting over his conquered enemy.

"Dog!" shouted I—(I was sitting with my head to the donkey's tail, and so looked the Bobbachy full in the face)—"not so pale as you looked, when I felled you with this arm—not so pale as your women looked, when I entered your harem!" Completely chop-fallen, the Indian ruffian was silent: at any rate, I had done for *him*.

We arrived at the place of execution—a stake—a couple of feet thick and eight high, was driven in the grass: round the stake, about seven feet from the ground, was an iron ring, to which were attached two fetters; in these my wrists were placed—two or three executioners stood near with strange-looking instruments: others were blowing at a fire, over which was a cauldron, and in the embers were stuck other prongs and instruments of iron.

The crier came forward and read my sentence. It was the same in effect as that which had been hinted to me the day previous by the Grand Vizier. I confess I was too agitated to catch every word that was spoken.

Holkar himself, on a tall dromedary, was at a little distance. The Grand Vizier came up to me—it was his duty to stand by, and see the punishment performed. "Is it yet time?" said he.

I nodded my head, but did not answer.

The Vizier cast up to heaven a look of inexpressible anguish, and with a voice choking with emotion, said, "*Executioner—do—your—duty!*"

The horrid man advanced—he whispered sulkily in the ears of the Grand Vizier, "*Guggly ka ghee, hum khedgeree,*" said he, "*the oil does not boil yet*—wait one minute." The assistants blew,

them!" they cried, "give it them, boys!" A strength supernatural thrilled through my veins at that delicious music; by one tremendous effort, I wrested the post from its foundation, five feet in the ground. I could not release my hands from the fetters, it is true; but, grasping the beam tightly, I sprung forward—with one blow, I levelled the five executioners in the midst of the fire, their fall upsetting the scalding oil-can; with the next, I swept the bearers of Bobbachy's palanquin off their legs; with the third, I caught that chief himself in the small of the back, and sent him flying on to the sabres of my advancing soldiers!

The next minute, Glogger and Stuffle were in my arms, Pappendick leading on the Irregulars. Friend and foe in that wild chase had swept far away. We were alone, I was freed from my immense bar; and ten minutes afterwards, when Lord Lake trotted up with his staff, he found me sitting on it.

"Look at Gahagan," said his Lordship. "Gentlemen, did I not tell you we should be sure to find him *at his post?*"

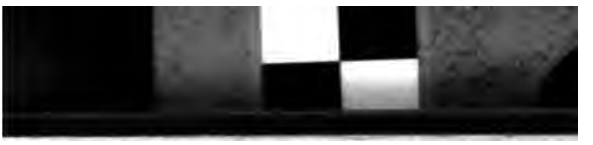
The gallant old nobleman rode on: and this was the famous BATTLE OF FURRUCKABAD, OR SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR, fought on the 17th of November, 1804.

* * * * *

About a month afterwards, the following announcement appeared in *Boggleywallah Hurkaru*, and other Indian papers:—"Married, on the 25th of December, at Futtyghur, by the Rev. Dr. Snorter, Captain Goliah O'Grady Gahagan, Commanding Irregular Horse Ahmednuggar, to Belinda, second daughter of Major-General Bulcher, C.B. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief gave away the bride; and after a splendid *déjeûné*, the happy pair set off to pass the Mango season at Hurrygurrybang. Venus must recollect, however, that Mars must not *always* be at her side. The Irregulars are nothing without their leader."

Such was the paragraph—such the event—the happiest in the existence of

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S. C. I. H. A.



THE FATAL BOOTS.

THE FATAL BOOTS.

JANUARY.—THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

Some poet has observed, that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never had met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial; how much more, then, must I, who *have* had adventures, most singular, pathetic, and unparalleled, be able to compile an instructive and entertaining volume for the use of the public.

I don't mean to say that I have killed lions, or seen the wonders of travel in the deserts of Arabia or Prussia; or that I have been a very fashionable character, living with dukes and peeresses, and writing my recollections of them as the way now is. I never left this my native isle, nor spoke to a lord (except an Irish one, who had rooms in our house, and forgot to pay three weeks' lodging and extras); but, as our immortal bard observes, I have in the course of my existence been so eaten up by the slugs and harrows of outrageous fortune, and have been the object of such continual and extraordinary ill-luck, that I believe it would melt the heart of a mile-stone to read of it—that is, if a mile-stone had a heart of anything but stone.

Twelve of my adventures, suitable for meditation and perusal during the twelve months of the year, have been arranged by me for this work. They contain a part of the history of a great,

and, confidently I may say, a *good* man. I was not a spendthrift like other men. I never wronged any man of a shilling, though I am as sharp a fellow at a bargain as any in Europe. I never injured a fellow creature; on the contrary, on several occasions, when injured myself, have shown the most wonderful forbearance. I come of a tolerably good family; and yet, born to wealth—of an inoffensive disposition, careful of the money that I had, and eager to get more—I have been going down hill ever since my journey of life began, and have been pursued by a complication of misfortunes such as surely never happened to any man but the unhappy Bob Stubbs.

Bob Stubbs is my name; and I haven't got a shilling: I have borne the commission of lieutenant in the service of King George, and am *now*—but never mind what I am now, for the public will know in a few pages more. My father was of the Suffolk Stubbses—a well-to-do gentleman of Bungay. My grandfather had been a respected attorney in that town, and left my papa a pretty little fortune. I was thus the inheritor of competence, and ought to be at this moment a gentleman.

My misfortunes may be said to have commenced about a year before my birth, when my papa, a young fellow pretending to study the law in London, fell madly in love with Miss Smith, the daughter of a tradesman, who did not give her a sixpence, and

the world would call dumpy, and I hesitate not to confess, that his eyes have a cast in them. But what then? when one of his eyes is fixed on me, and one on my babe, they are lighted up with an affection which my pen cannot describe, and which, certainly, was never bestowed upon any woman so strongly as upon your happy Susan Stubbs.

When he comes home from shooting, or the farm, if you *could* see dear Thomas with me and our dear little Bob! as I sit on one knee, and baby on the other, and as he dances us both about. I often wish that we had Sir Joshua, or some great painter, to depict the group; for sure it is the prettiest picture in the whole world, to see three such loving merry people.

Dear baby is the most lovely little creature that *can possibly be*,—the very *image* of papa; he is cutting his teeth, and the delight of *everybody*. Nurse says, that, when he is older, he will get rid of his squint, and his hair will get a *great deal* less red. Doctor Bates is as kind, and skilful, and attentive as we could desire. Think what a blessing to have had him! Ever since poor baby's birth, it has never had a day of quiet; and he has been obliged to give it from three to four doses every week;—how thankful ought we to be that the *dear thing* is as well as it is! It got through the measles wonderfully; then it had a little rash; and then a nasty hooping cough; and then a fever, and continual pains in its poor little stomach, crying, poor dear child, from morning till night.

But dear Tom is an excellent nurse; and many and many a night has he had no sleep, dear man! in consequence of the poor little baby. He walks up and down with it *for hours*, singing a kind of song (dear fellow, he has no more voice than a tea-kettle), and bobbing his head backwards and forwards, and looking, in his night-cap and dressing-gown, *so droll*. Oh, Eliza! how you would laugh to see him.

We have one of the best nursemaids *in the world*,—an Irish-woman, who is as fond of baby almost as his mother (but that can *never be*). She takes it to walk in the Park for hours together, and I really don't know why Thomas dislikes her. He says she is tipsy very often, and slovenly, which I cannot conceive;—to be sure, the nurse is sadly dirty, and sometimes smells very strong of gin.

But what of that?—these little drawbacks only make home more pleasant. When one thinks how many mothers have no nursemaids: how many poor dear children have no doctors: ought we not to be thankful for Mary Malowney, and that Dr. Bates's bill is forty-seven pounds? How ill must dear baby have been, to require so much physic!

But they are a sad expense, these dear babies, after all. Fancy, Eliza, how much this Mary Malowney costs us. Ten shillings every week; a glass of brandy or gin at dinner; three pint bottles of Mr. Thrale's best porter every day,—making twenty-one in a week; and nine hundred and ninety in the eleven months she has been with us. Then, for baby, there is Dr. Bates's bill of forty-five guineas, two guineas for christening, twenty for a grand christening supper and ball (rich Uncle John mortally offended because he was made godfather, and had to give baby a silver cup: he has struck Thomas out of his will; and old Mr. Firkin quite as much hurt because he was *not* asked: he will not speak to me or John in consequence); twenty guineas for flannels, laces, little gowns, caps, napkins, and such baby's ware: and all this out of 300*l.* a-year! But Thomas expects to make *a great deal* by his farm.

We have got the most charming country-house *you can imagine*: it is *quite shut in* by trees, and so retired, that, though only thirty miles from London, the post comes to us but once a week. The

FEBRUARY.—CUTTING WEATHER.

I HAVE called this chapter "cutting weather," partly in compliment to the month of February, and partly in respect of my own misfortunes which you are going to read about, for I have often thought that January (which is mostly twelfth cake and holiday time) is like the first four or five years of a little boy's life; then comes dismal February, and the working days with it, when chaps begin to look out for themselves, after the Christmas and the New Year's hey-day and merry-making are over, which our infancy may well be said to be. Well can I recollect that bitter first of February, when I first launched out into the world and appeared at Dr. Swishtail's academy.

I began at school that life of prudence and economy, which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteen-pence on setting out (poor soul! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade God bless me); and besides, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do. Wherever I saw six-halfpence I took one. If it was asked for, I said I had taken it, and gave it back;—if it was not missed, I said nothing about it, as why should I?—those who don't miss their money don't lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, besides mother's eighteen-pence. At school they called me the copper merchant, I had such lots of it.

Now, even at a preparatory school, a well-regulated boy may better himself: and I can tell you I did. I never was in any quarrels: I never was very high in the class or very low; but there was no chap so much respected:—and why? *I'd always money*. The other boys spent all theirs in the first day or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley-sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when theirs was gone, and they had but their three-pence a-week to look to for the rest of the half-year, what did I do? Why, I am proud to say that three-halfpence out of the threepence a-week of almost all the

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Third week . . .	

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him, besides giving me

again in this wicked world; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those dear early days.

Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock; and when I gave the bottle-screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me. "Bless him, bless him," says she, "to think of his old father. And where did you purchase it, Bob?"—"Why, mother," says I, "I purchased it out of my savings" (which was as true as the gospel).—When I said this, mother looked round to father, smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his hand, and with her other hand drew me to her. "Is he not a noble boy?" says she to my father: "and only nine years old!"—"Faith," says my father, "he *is* a good lad, Susan. Thank thee, my boy: and here is a crown piece in return for thy bottle-screw:—it shall open us a bottle of the very best, too," says my father: and he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar); and, by Jupiter! on this night I had my little skin full,—for there was no stinting,—so pleased were my dear parents with the bottle-screw.—The best of it was, it only cost me three-pence originally, which a chap could not pay me.

Seeing this game was such a good one, I became very generous towards my parents: and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades from a new pack of cards we had, and I got Sally, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book; and mamma was so delighted with it, that she went into town, and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper: but I am sorry to say of my dear father that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece,

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them down—horsed me—and *I was flogged, sir;* yes flogged! Oh, revenge! I, Robert Stubbs, who had done nothing but what was right, was brutally flogged at ten years of age!—Though February was the shortest month, I remembered it long.

MARCH.—SHOWERY.

When my mamma heard of the treatment of her darling she was for bringing an action against the schoolmaster, or else for tearing his eyes out (when dear soul she would not have torn the eyes out of a flea, had it been her own injury), and, at the very least, for having me removed from the school where I had been so shamefully treated. But papa was stern for once, and vowed that I had been served quite right, declared that I should not be removed from the school; and sent old Swishtail a brace of pheasants for what he called his kindness to me. Of these the old gentleman invited me to partake, and made a very queer speech at dinner, as he was cutting them up, about the excellence of my parents, and his own determination to be *kinder still* to me, if ever I ventured on such practices again; so I was obliged to give up my old trade of lending, for the Doctor declared that any boy who borrowed should be flogged, and any one who *paid* should be flogged twice as much. There was no standing against such a prohibition as this, and my little commerce was ruined.

I was not very high in the school: not having been able to get farther than that dreadful *Propria quæ maribus* in the Latin grammar, of which, though I have it by heart even now, I never could understand a syllable—but, on account of my size, my age, and the prayers of my mother, was allowed to have the privilege of the bigger boys, and on holidays to walk about in the town; great dandies we were, too, when we thus went out. I recollect my costume very well—a thunder-and-lightning coat, a white waistcoat embroidered neatly at the pockets, a lace frill, a pair of knee breeches, and elegant white cotton or silk stockings. This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied, I wanted *a pair of*

boots. Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the house-keeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer: but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in our town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London; I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

"You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop boots," said the shoemaker.

"I suppose, fellow," says I, "that is my business and not yours; either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully;" and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my

known you were a lort, I vood never have called you—Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books?"

"Name?—oh! why—Lord Cornwallis, to be sure;" said I, as I walked off in the boots.

"And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes?" "Keep them until I send for them," said I; and, giving him a patronising bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in paper.

* * * * *

This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

Well, one fatal Monday morning, the blackest of all black-Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between school-hours—I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us—a sudden trembling seized me—I knew it was Stiffelkind: what had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry—so I rushed into the school-room, and burying my head between my hands, began reading for dear life.

"I vant Lort Cornvallis;" said the horrid bootmaker. "His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honourable school, for I saw him vid de boys at chorch, yesterday."

"Lord who?"

"Vy, Lort Cornvallis to be sure—a very fat yong nobleman, vid red hair, he squints a little, and svears dreadfully."

"There's no Lord Cornvallis here;" said one—and there was a pause.

"Stop! I have it;" says that odious Bunting, "*It must be Stubbs;*" and "Stubbs! Stubbs!" every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, run me into the play-ground—bolt up against the shoemaker.

"Dis is my man—I beg your lortship's pardon," says he, "I have brought your lortship's shoes, vich you left—see, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent avay in my boots."

"Shoes, fellow!" says I, "I never saw your face before;" for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. "Upon the honour of a gentleman," said I, turning round to the boys—they hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

"Stop!" says Bunting (hang him!), "let's see the shoes—if they fit him, why, then the cobbler's right"—they did fit me, and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

"Vat?" said Stiffelkind, "is he not a lort? so help me himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper;" and then gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse of me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

"It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir," said the boys, "battling with his shoemaker, about the price of a pair of top-boots."

"O, sir," said I, "it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis."

"In fun!—Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill." My beautiful boots were brought; and Stiffelkind

I suppose the Doctor, at last, thought I had had pumping enough, for he rung the school-bell, and the boys were obliged to leave me; as I got out of the trough, Stiffelkind was alone with me. "Vell, my lort," says he, "you have paid *something* for dese boots, but not all; by Jubider, *you shall never hear de end of dem.*" And I didn't.

APRIL.—FOOLING.

After this, as you may fancy, I left this disgusting establishment, and lived for some time along with pa and mamma at home. My education was finished, at least mamma and I agreed that it was: and from boyhood until hobbadyhoyhood (which I take to be about the sixteenth year of the life of a young man, and may be likened to the month of April when spring begins to bloom) from fourteen until seventeen, I say, I remained at home, doing nothing, for which I have ever since had a great taste, the idol of my mamma, who took part in all my quarrels with father, and used regularly to rob the weekly expenses in order to find me in pocket money. Poor soul! many and many is the guinea I have had from her in that way; and so she enabled me to cut a very pretty figure.

Papa was for having me at this time articled to a merchant, or put to some profession; but mamma and I agreed that I was born to be a gentleman and not a tradesman, and the army was the only place for me. Everybody was a soldier in those times, for the French war had just begun, and the whole country was swarming with militia regiments. "We'll get him a commission in a marching regiment," said my father; "as we have no money to purchase him up, he'll *fight* his way, I make no doubt;"—and papa looked at me, with a kind of air of contempt, as much as to say he doubted whether I should be very eager for such a dangerous way of bettering myself.

I wish you could have heard mamma's screech, when he talked so coolly of my going out to fight. "What, send him abroad! across the horrid, horrid sea—to be wrecked and, perhaps, drowned, and only to land for the purpose of fighting the wicked French-

I was not a handsome man
about me—that's very evident
they talked to me, and the me
poor little creature, squint-eye
were evidently annoyed by my
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my condition, I did some very
was not hot-headed and impr
Don't fancy I looked for beau
Nor for temper; I don't care al
any woman's heart in two years
in the world. Of course I did
shrew; and, when the choice off
a handsome, good-humoured gir
honest man would.

Now there were two tolerab
Magdalen Crutty, with twelve
justice, as plain a girl as ever I
fine, tall, plump, smiling

before she could walk, almost. It was beautiful to see us, the neighbours said.

Well, when her brother, the lieutenant of an India ship, came to be captain, and actually gave Mary five thousand pounds, when she was about ten years old, and promised her five thousand more, there was a great talking and bobbing, and smiling between the Doctor and my parents, and Mary and I were left together more than ever, and she was told to call me her little husband; and she did; and it was considered a settled thing from that day. She was really, amazingly fond of me.

Can any one call me mercenary after that? Though Miss Crutty had twelve thousand, and Mary only ten (five in hand, and five in the bush), I stuck faithfully to Mary. As a matter of course, Miss Crutty hated Miss Waters. The fact was, Mary had all the country dangling after her, and not a soul would come to Magdalen, for all her £12,000. I used to be attentive to her, though (as it's always useful to be); and Mary would sometimes laugh and sometimes cry at my flirting with Magdalen. This I thought proper very quickly to check. "Mary," said I, "you know that my love for you is disinterested,—for I am faithful to you, though Miss Crutty is richer than you. Don't fly into a rage, then, because I pay her attentions, when you know that my heart and my promise are engaged to you."

The fact is, to tell a little bit of a secret, there is nothing like the having two strings to your bow. "Who knows," thought I, "Mary may die; and then where are my £10,000?" So I used to be very kind indeed to Miss Crutty; and well it was that I was so: for when I was twenty, and Mary eighteen, I'm blest if news did not arrive that Captain Waters, who was coming home to England with all his money in rupees, had been taken—ship, rupees, self and all—by a French privateer! and Mary, instead of £10,000, had only £5,000, making a difference of no less than £350 per annum betwixt her and Miss Crutty.

I had just joined my regiment (the famous North Bungay Fencibles, Colonel Craw commanding) when this news reached me; and you may fancy how a young man, in an expensive regiment and mess, having uniforms and what not to pay for, and a figure to cut in the world, felt at hearing such news! "My

£300 a-y
to add a hundred a-y
My mind was made u
to our village,—to Mr
Doctor Bates's; but I

I found Magdalen i
said she, as in my new
did never—such a hand
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led her to a garden sea
drawn. I pressed it;—I
flung myself on my knee
speech which I had made
Crutty," said I; "idol o
glimpse of you that I pas
tended to breathe the se
which was wearing my lif
pre-engagement—it is brok
but to be your slave,—you
and so on. * * *

"O, Mr. Stubbs," said sh
cheek, "I can't refuse you;
man."

* * *

Absorbed

at me with the utmost scorn. The gardener who had let me in had told them of my arrival, and now stood grinning behind them. "Imperence!" was my Magdalen's only exclamation, as she flounced by with the utmost self-possession, while I, glancing daggers at *the spies*, followed her. We retired to the parlour, where she repeated to me the strongest assurances of her love.

I thought I was a made man. Alas! I was only an APRIL FOOL!

MAY.—RESTORATION DAY.

As the month of May is considered, by poets and other philosophers, to be devoted by Nature to the great purpose of love-making, I may as well take advantage of that season and acquaint you with the result of *my* amours.

Young, gay, fascinating, and an ensign—I had completely won the heart of my Magdalen; and as for Miss Waters and her nasty uncle the Doctor, there was a complete split between us, as you may fancy; Miss, pretending, forsooth, that she was glad I had broken off the match, though she would have given her eyes, the little minx, to have had it on again. But this was out of the question. My father, who had all sorts of queer notions, said I had acted like a rascal in the business; my mother took my part, in course, and declared I acted rightly, as I always did: and I got leave of absence from the regiment in order to press my beloved Magdalen to marry me out of hand—knowing, from reading and experience, the extraordinary mutability of human affairs.

Besides, as the dear girl was seventeen years older than myself, and as bad in health as she was in temper, how was I to know that the grim king of terrors might not carry her off before she became mine? With the tenderest warmth, then, and most delicate ardour, I continued to press my suit. The happy day was fixed—the ever memorable 10th of May, 1792; the wedding clothes were ordered; and, to make things secure, I penned a little paragraph for the county paper to this effect:—"Marriage in High Life. We understand that Ensign Stubbs, of the North

Bungay Fencibles, and son of Thomas Stubbs, of Sloffenquiggle, Esquire, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of Solomon Crutty, Esquire, of the same place. A fortune of twenty thousand pounds is, we hear, the lady's portion. 'None but the brave deserve the fair.'"

* * * * * *

"Have you informed your relatives, my beloved," said I to Magdalen one day after sending the above notice, "will any of them attend at your marriage?"

"Uncle Sam will, I dare say," said Miss Crutty, "dear mamma's brother."

"And who *was* your dear mamma," said I, for Miss Crutty's respected parent had been long since dead, and I never heard her name mentioned in the family.

Magdalen blushed, and cast down her eyes to the ground. "Mamma was a foreigner," at last she said.

"And of what country?"

"A German; papa married her when she was very young:—she was not of a very good family," said Miss Crutty, hesitating.

"And what care I for family, my love," said I, tenderly kissing the knuckles of the hand which I held, "she must have been an angel who gave birth to you."

"She was a shoemaker's daughter."

coming down to-morrow; that he has heard of you often, and knows your character very well, and that he has got a *very handsome present* for us! What can it be, I wonder?"

"Is he rich, my soul's adored?" says I.

"He is a bachelor with a fine trade, and nobody to leave his money to."

"His present can't be less than a thousand pounds," says I.

"Or, perhaps, a silver tea-set, and some corner dishes," says she.

But we could not agree to this, it was too little—too mean for a man of her uncle's wealth: and we both determined it must be the thousand pounds.

"Dear good uncle! he's to be here by the coach," says Magdalen. "Let us ask a little party to meet him." And so we did, and so they came. My father and mother, old Crutty in his best wig, and the parson who was to marry us the next day. The coach was to come in at six. And there was the tea-table, and there was the punch-bowl, and everybody ready and smiling to receive our dear uncle from London.

Six o'clock came, and the coach, and the man from the Green Dragon with a portmanteau, and a fat old gentleman walking behind, of whom I just caught a glimpse—a venerable old gentleman—I thought I'd seen him before.

* * * * * *

Then there was a ring at the bell; then a scuffling and bumping in the passage: then old Crutty rushed out, and a great laughing and talking, and "*How are you,*" and so on, was heard at the door; and then the parlour-door was flung open, and Crutty cried out with a loud voice:—

"Good people all; my brother-in-law, Mr. STIFFELKIND!"

Mr. Stiffelkind!—I trembled as I heard the name!

Miss Crutty kissed him; mamma made him a curtsey, and papa made him a bow; and Dr. Snorter, the parson, seized his hand and shook it most warmly—then came my turn!

"Vat," says he, "it is my dear goot yong frend from Doctor Schvis'hentail's! is dis de yong gentleman's honorable moder (mamma smiled and made a curtsey), and dis his fader! Sare and madam, you should be broud of soch a sonn. And you my niece, if you have him for a husband you vil be locky, dat is all.

very *sheap boot*
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And I was fool
niece Magdalen, I
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I *didn't* marry Mis
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paragraph in the count

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Secondly, it

"And to whom?" said old Stiffelkind, "to a voman wit gelt, I vil take my oath."

"Yes," says Bunting, "a country girl—a Miss Magdalen Carotty or Crotty, at a place called Sloffemsquiggle."

"*Schloffemschwiegel!*" bursts out the dreadful bootmaker, "Mein Gott, mein Gott! das geht nicht—I tell you, sare, it is no go. Miss Crotty is my niece. I vill go down myself. I vill never let her marry dat goot-for-nothing schwindler and teif." *Such* was the language that the scoundrel ventured to use regarding me!

JUNE.—MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS.

Was there ever such confounded ill-luck? My whole life has been a tissue of ill-luck: although I have laboured, perhaps, harder than any man to make a fortune, something always tumbled it down. In love and in war I was not like others. In my marriages, I had an eye to the main chance; and you see how some unlucky blow would come and throw them over. In the army I was just as prudent, and just as unfortunate. What with judicious betting, and horse-swapping, good luck at billiards, and economy, I do believe I put by my pay every year,—and that is what few can say, who have but an allowance of a hundred a-year.

I'll tell you how it was. I used to be very kind to the young men; I chose their horses for them, and their wine: and showed them how to play billiards, or écarté, of long mornings, when there was nothing better to do. I didn't cheat: I'd rather die than cheat;—but if fellows *will* play, I wasn't the man to say no—why should I? There was one young chap in our regiment of whom I really think I cleared £300 a-year.

His name was Dobble. He was a tailor's son, and wanted to be a gentleman. A poor, weak, young creature; easy to be made tipsy; easy to be cheated; and easy to be frightened. It was a blessing for him that I found him; for if anybody else had, they would have plucked him of every shilling.

Ensign Dobble and I were sworn friends. I rode his horses for him, and chose his champagne, and did everything, in fact, that a superior mind does for an inferior,—when the inferior has got the

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to the little tea-pot; a
frizzling on the gridiro
then, and their parlour
was.—One door leadin
the other side of which
Fancy then, our horro
the shop door open, a h
loud husky voice from th
Betsy! show a light!"
two girls each

in a minute. The moon was shining on the court, and on the slaughter-house, where there hung a couple of white, ghastly-looking carcases of a couple of sheep; a great gutter ran down the court—a gutter of *blood!*—the dog was devouring his beef-steak (*our* beef-steak) in silence,—and we could see through the little window the girls bustling about to pack up the supper-things, and presently the shop-door opened, old Brisket entered, staggering, angry, and drunk. What's more, we could see, perched on a high stool, and nodding politely, as if to salute old Brisket, the *feather of Dobble's cocked hat!* When Dobble saw it, he turned white, and deadly sick; and the poor fellow, in an agony of fright, sunk shivering down upon one of the butcher's cutting blocks, which was in the yard.

We saw old Brisket look steadily (as steadily as he could) at the confounded, impudent, pert, waggling feather; and then an idea began to dawn upon his mind, that there was a head to the hat; and then he slowly rose up—he was a man of six feet, and fifteen stone—he rose up, put on his apron and sleeves, and *took down his cleaver.*

"Betsy," says he, "open the yard door." But the poor girls screamed, and flung on their knees, and begged, and wept, and did their very best to prevent him. "OPEN THE YARD DOOR," says he, with a thundering loud voice; and the great bull-dog, hearing it, started up, and uttered a yell which sent me flying to the other end of the court.—Dobble couldn't move; he was sitting on the block, blubbering like a baby.

The door opened, and out Mr. Brisket came.

"*To him Jowler,*" says he, "*keep him Jowler,*"—and the horrid dog flew at me, and I flew back into the corner, and drew my sword, determining to sell my life dearly.

"That's it," says Brisket, "keep him there,—good dog,—good dog! And now sir," says he, turning round to Dobble, "is this your hat?"

"Yes," says Dobble, fit to choke with fright.

"Well, then," says Brisket, "it's my—(hick)—my painful duty to—(hick)—to tell you, that as I've got your hat, I must have your head;—it's painful, but it must be done. You'd better—hick)—settle yourself com—comfumarably against that—(hick)

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JULY.—SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS.

DOBBLE'S reputation for courage was not increased by the butcher's-dog adventure; but mine stood very high: little Stubbs was voted the boldest chap of all the bold North-Bungays. And though I must confess, what was proved by subsequent circumstances, that nature has *not* endowed me with a large, or even, I may say, an average share of bravery, yet a man is very willing to flatter himself on the contrary; and, after a little time, I got to believe that my killing the dog was an action of undaunted courage; and that I was as gallant as any of the one hundred thousand heroes of our army. I always had a military taste—it's only the brutal part of the profession, the horrid fighting, and blood, that I don't like.

I suppose the regiment was not very brave itself—being only militia; but, certain it was, that Stubbs was considered a most terrible fellow, and I swore so much, and looked so fierce, that you would have fancied I had made half a hundred campaigns. I was second in several duels: the umpire in all disputes; and such a crack-shot myself, that fellows were shy of insulting me. As for Dobble, I took him under my protection; and he became so attached to me, that we ate, drank, and rode together, every day; his father didn't care for money, so long as his son was in good company—and what so good as that of the celebrated Stubbs? Heigho! I *was* good company in those days, and a brave fellow, too, as I should have remained, but for—what I shall tell the public immediately.

It happened, in the fatal year ninety-six, that the brave North-Bungays were quartered at Portsmouth, a maritime place, which I need not describe, and which I wish I had never seen. I might have been a General now, or, at least, a rich man.

The red-coats carried everything before them in those days; and I, such a crack character as I was in my regiment, was very well received by the townspeople; many dinners I had; many tea-parties; many lovely young ladies did I lead down the pleasant country-dances.

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"Tell him about Miss Crutty," said Dobble; "he! he! Stubbs served *that* woman out, any how; she didn't jilt *him*, I'll be sworn."

"Really, Dobble, you are too bad, and should not mention names; the fact is, the girl was desperately in love with me, and had money—sixty thousand pounds, upon my reputation. Well, everything was arranged, when who should come down from London, but a relation."

"Well; and did he prevent the match?"

"Prevent it—yes, sir, I believe you, he did; though not in the sense that *you* mean; he would have given his eyes: ay, and ten thousand pounds more, if I would have accepted the girl, but I would not."

"Why, in the name of goodness?"

"Sir, her uncle was a *shoemaker*. I never would debase myself by marrying into such a family."

"Of course not," said Dobble, "he couldn't, you know. Well, now—tell him about the other girl, Mary Waters, you know."

"Hush, Dobble, hush! don't you see one of those naval officers has turned round and heard you. My dear Clopper, it was a mere childish bagatelle."

"Well, but let's have it," said Clopper, "let's have it; I won't tell my sister, you know;" and he put his hand to his nose, and looked monstrous wise.

"Nothing of that sort, Clopper—no, no—'pon honour—little Bob Stubbs is no *libertine;* and the story is very simple. You see that my father has a small place, merely a few hundred acres, at Sloffemsquiggle: Isn't it a funny name? Hang it, there's the naval gentleman staring again,—(I looked terribly fierce as I returned this officer's stare, and continued in a loud careless voice) well—at this Sloffemsquiggle there lived a girl, a Miss Waters, the niece of some blackguard apothecary in the neighbourhood; but my mother took a fancy to the girl, and had her up to the park and petted her. We were both young—and—and—the girl fell in love with me, that's the fact. I was obliged to repel some rather warm advances that she made me; and here, upon my honour as a gentleman, you have all the story about which that silly Dobble makes such a noise."

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AUGUST.—DOGS HAVE THEIR DAYS.

See, now, what life is; I have had ill-luck on ill-luck from that day to this. I have sunk in the world, and, instead of riding my horse and drinking my wine, as a real gentleman should, have hardly enough now to buy a pint of ale; ay, and am very glad when anybody will treat me to one. Why, why was I born to undergo such unmerited misfortunes?

You must know that very soon after my adventure with Miss Crutty, and that cowardly ruffian, Captain Waters (he sailed the day after his insult to me, or I should most certainly have blown his brains out; *now* he is living in England, and is my relation; but, of course, I cut the fellow). Very soon after these painful events another happened, which ended, too, in a sad disappointment. My dear papa died, and, instead of leaving five thousand pounds as I expected, at the very least, left only his estate, which was worth but two. The land and house were left to me; to mamma and my sisters he left, to be sure, a sum of two thousand pounds in the hands of that eminent firm Messrs. Pump, Aldgate, and Co., which failed within six months after his demise, and paid in five years about one shilling and ninepence in the pound; which really was all my dear mother and sisters had to live upon.

The poor creatures were quite unused to money matters; and, would you believe it? when the news came of Pump and Aldgate's failure, mamma only smiled, and threw her eyes up to Heaven, and said, "Blessed be God, that we have still wherewithal to live; there are tens of thousands in this world, dear children, who would count our poverty riches." And with this she kissed my two sisters, who began to blubber, as girls always will do, and threw their arms round her neck, and then round my neck, until I was half stifled with their embraces, and slobbered all over with their tears.

"Dearest mamma," said I, "I am very glad to see the noble manner in which you bear your loss; and more still to know that you are so rich as to be able to put up with it." The fact was, I really thought the old lady had got a private hoard of her own

as many of them have—a thousand pounds or so in a stocking. Had she put by thirty pounds a year, as well she might, for the thirty years of her marriage, there would have been nine hundred pounds clear, and no mistake. But still I was angry to think that any such paltry concealment had been practised—concealment too of *my* money; so I turned on her pretty sharply, and continued my speech. "You say, ma'am, that you are rich, and that Pump and Aldgate's failure has no effect upon you. I am very happy to hear you say so, ma'am—very happy that you are rich; and I should like to know where your property, my father's property, for you had none of your own,—I should like to know where this money lies—*where you have concealed it*, ma'am; and, permit me to say, that when I agreed to board you and my two sisters for eighty pounds a year, I did not know that you had other resources than those mentioned in my blessed father's will."

This I said to her because I hated the meanness of concealment, not because I lost by the bargain of boarding them, for the three poor things did not eat much more than sparrows; and I've often since calculated that I had a clear twenty pounds a-year profit out of them.

Mamma and the girls looked quite astonished when I made the speech. "What does he mean?" said Lucy to Eliza.

"*Che-e-e-eat me*," says I, mocking her. "What do you mean, then, by saying you're so rich. Say, have you got money, or have you not?" (and I rapped out a good number of oaths, too, which I don't put in here; but I was in a dreadful fury, that's the fact.)

"So help me, Heaven," says mamma, in answer, going down on her knees, and smacking her two hands; "I have but a Queen Anne's guinea in the whole of this wicked world."

"Then what, madam, induces you to tell these absurd stories to me, and to talk about your riches, when you know that you and your daughters are beggars, ma'am, *beggars?*"

"My dearest boy, have we not got the house, and the furniture, and a hundred a year still; and have you not great talents, which will make all our fortunes?" says Mrs. Stubbs, getting up off her knees, and making believe to smile as she clawed hold of my hand and kissed it.

This was *too* cool. "*You* have got a hundred a year, ma'am," says I, "*you* have got a house: upon my soul and honour this is the first I ever heard of it, and I'll tell you what, ma'am," says I (and it cut her *pretty sharply* too), "as you've got it, *you'd better go and live in it*. I've got quite enough to do with my own house, and every penny of my own income."

Upon this speech the old lady said nothing, but she gave a screech loud enough to be heard from here to York, and down she fell—kicking and struggling in a regular fit.

* * * * * *

I did not see Mrs. Stubbs for some days after this, and the girls used to come down to meals, and never speak; going up again and stopping with their mother. At last, one day, both of them came in very solemn to my study, and Eliza, the eldest, said, "Robert, mamma has paid you our board up to Michaelmas."

"She has," says I; for I always took precious good care to have it in advance.

"She says, John, that on Michaelmas day—we'll—we'll go away, John."

"O, she's going to her own house, is she, Lizzy? very good; she'll want the furniture, I suppose, and that she may have too,

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SEPTEMBER.—PLUCKING A GOOSE.

After my papa's death, as he left me no money, and only a little land, I put my estate into an auctioneer's hands, and determined to amuse my solitude with a trip to some of our fashionable watering-places. My house was now a desert to me. I need not say how the departure of my dear parent, and her children, left me sad and lonely.

Well, I had a little ready money, and, for the estate, expected a couple of thousand pounds. I had a good military-looking person; for though I had absolutely cut the old North-Bungays (indeed, after my affair with Waters, Colonel Craw hinted to me, in the most friendly manner, that I had better resign), though I had left the army, I still retained the rank of Captain; knowing the advantages attendant upon that title, in a watering-place tour.

Captain Stubbs became a great dandy at Cheltenham, Harrowgate, Bath, Leamington, and other places. I was a good whist and billiard-player; so much so, that in many of these towns, the people used to refuse, at last, to play with me, knowing how far I was their superior. Fancy my surprise, about five years after the Portsmouth affair, when strolling one day up the High Street, in Leamington, my eyes lighted upon a young man, whom I remembered in a certain butcher's yard, and elsewhere—no other, in fact, than Dobble. He, too, was dressed *en militaire*, with a frogged coat and spurs; and was walking with a showy-looking, Jewish-faced, black-haired lady, glittering with chains and rings, with a green bonnet, and a bird of Paradise—a lilac shawl, a yellow gown, pink silk stockings, and light-blue shoes. Three children, and a handsome footman, were walking behind her, and the party, not seeing me, entered the Royal Hotel together.

I was known, myself, at the Royal, and calling one of the waiters, learned the names of the lady and gentleman. He was Captain Dobble, the son of the rich army-clothier, Dobble (Dobble, Hobble, and Co., of Pall Mall);—the lady was a Mrs. Manasseh, widow of an American Jew, living quietly at Leamington

with her children, but possessed of an immense property. There's no use to give one's self out to be an absolute pauper, so the fact is, that I myself went everywhere with the character of a man of very large means. My father had died, leaving me immense sums of money, and landed estates—ah! I was the gentleman then, the real gentleman, and everybody was too happy to have me at table.

Well, I came the next day, and left a card for Dobble, with a note:—he neither returned my visit, nor answered my note. The day after, however, I met him with the widow, as before; and going up to him, very kindly seized him by the hand, and swore I was—as really was the case—charmed to see him. Dobble hung back, to my surprise, and I do believe the creature would have cut me, if he dared; but I gave him a frown, and said—

"What, Dobble, my boy, don't you recollect old Stubbs, and our adventure with the butcher's daughters, ha?"

Dobble gave a sickly kind of grin, and said, "Oh! ah! yes! It is—yes! it is, I believe, Captain Stubbs."

"An old comrade, madam, of Captain Dobble's, and one who has heard so much, and seen so much of your ladyship, that he must take the liberty of begging his friend to introduce him."

Dobble was obliged to take the hint; and Captain Stubbs was

to fight a duel at Portsmouth; now look you, Dobble, I am no hero, but I'm not such a coward as you—and you know it. You are a very different man to deal with from Waters; and *I will fight* this time."

Not, perhaps, that I would: but after the business of the butcher, I knew Dobble to be as great a coward as ever lived: and there never was any harm in threatening, for you know you are not obliged to stick to it afterwards. My words had their effect upon Dobble, who stuttered, and looked red, and then declared, he never had the slightest intention of passing me by; so we became friends, and his mouth was stopped.

He was very thick with the widow, but that lady had a very capacious heart, and there were a number of other gentlemen who seemed equally smitten with her. "Look at that Mrs. Manasseh," said a gentleman (it was droll, *he* was a Jew, too), sitting at dinner by me; "she is old, and ugly, and yet, because she has money, all the men are flinging themselves at her."

"She has money, has she?"

"Eighty thousand pounds, and twenty thousand for each of her children; I know it *for a fact*," said the strange gentleman. "I am in the law, and we, of our faith, you know, know pretty well what the great families amongst us are worth."

"Who was Mr. Manasseh?" said I.

"A man of enormous wealth—a tobacco-merchant—West Indies; a fellow of no birth, however; and who, between ourselves, married a woman that is not much better than she should be. My dear sir," whispered he, "she is always in love—now it is with that Captain Dobble; last week it was somebody else—and it may be you next week, if—ha! ha! ha!—you are disposed to enter the lists. I wouldn't, for *my* part, have the woman with twice her money."

What did it matter to me, whether the woman was good or not, provided she was rich? My course was quite clear. I told Dobble all that this gentleman had informed me, and, being a pretty good hand at making a story, I made the widow appear *so* bad, that the poor fellow was quite frightened and fairly quitted the field. Ha! ha! I'm dashed if I did not make him believe that Mrs. Manasseh had *murdered* her last husband.

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OCTOBER.—MARS AND VENUS IN OPPOSITION.

I SHALL not describe my feelings when I found myself in a cage, in Cursitor Street, instead of that fine house in Berkeley Square, which was to have been mine as the husband of Mrs. Manasseh. What a palace!—in an odious, dismal street, leading from Chancery Lane,—a hideous Jew boy opened the second of three doors and shut it when Mr. Nabb and I (almost fainting) had entered: then he opened the third door, and then I was introduced to a filthy place, called a coffee-room, which I exchanged for the solitary comfort of a little dingy back parlour, where I was left for a while to brood over my miserable fate. Fancy the change between this and Berkeley Square! Was I, after all my pains, and cleverness, and perseverance, cheated at last? Had this Mrs. Manasseh been imposing upon me, and were the words of the wretch I met at the table-d'hôte at Leamington, only meant to mislead me and take me in? I determined to send for my wife, and know the whole truth. I saw at once that I had been the victim of an infernal plot, and that the carriage, the house in town, the West India fortune, were only so many lies which I had blindly believed. It was true the debt was but a hundred and fifty pounds: and I had two thousand at my bankers'. But was the loss of *her* £80,000 nothing? Was the destruction of my hopes nothing? The accursed addition to my family of a Jewish wife, and three Jewish children nothing? And all these I was to support out of my two thousand pounds. I had better have stopped at home, with my mamma and sisters, whom I really did love, and who produced me eighty pounds a year.

I had a furious interview with Mrs. Stubbs; and when I charged her, the base wretch! with cheating me, like a brazen serpent, as she was, she flung back the cheat in my teeth, and swore I had swindled her. Why did I marry her, when she might have had twenty others? She only took me, she said, because I had twenty thousand pounds. I *had* said I possessed that sum; but in love, you know, and war all's fair.

We parted quite as angrily as we met; and I cordially vowed

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ɔ dey arrested you for de little von, and attashed your money for ɜ big von."

Don't laugh at me for telling this story; if you knew what tears ɾe blotting over the paper as I write it; if you knew that for eeks after I was more like a madman than a sane man,—a mad- ıan in the Fleet Prison, where I went instead of to the desert ıland. What had I done to deserve it? Hadn't I always kept ɑ eye to the main chance? Hadn't I lived economically, and ot like other young men? Had I ever been known to squander r give away a single penny? No! I can lay my hand on ıy heart, and, thank Heaven, say, No! Why, why was I unished so?

Let me conclude this miserable history. Seven months—my ife saw me once or twice, and then dropped me altogether—I ɔmained in that fatal place. I wrote to my dear mamma, begging er to sell her furniture, but got no answer. All my old friends ırned their backs upon me. My action went against me—I had ot a penny to defend it. Solomonson proved my wife's debt, and ɨized my two thousand pounds. As for the detainer against me, was obliged to go through the court for the relief of insolvent ebtors. I passed through it, and came out a beggar. But, fancy ıe malice of that wicked Stiffelkind; he appeared in court as my ɾeditor for £3, with sixteen years' interest, at five per cent., for a AIR OF TOP BOOTS. The old thief produced them in court, and ɔld the whole story—Lord Cornwallis, the detection, the pumping ɑd all.

Commissioner Dubobwig was very funny about it. "So Doctor wishtail would not pay you for the boots, eh, Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"No; he said, ven I asked him for payment, dey was ordered y a yong boy, and I ought to have gone to his schoolmaster."

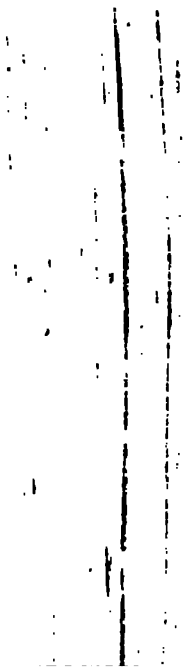
"What, then, you came on a *bootless* errand, ay, sir?" (A ıugh.)

"Bootless! no sare, I brought de boots back vid me; how de evil else could I show dem to you?" (Another laugh.)

"You've never *soled* 'em since, Mr. Tickleshins?"

"I never would sell dem; I svore I never vood, on porpus to be ɜvenged on dat Stobbs."

"What, your wound has never been *healed*, eh?"



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"This seems the dear
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wife's debts.

"Stop," says a lawyer
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children—Solomonson, sho

"Exactly so," said I, wi

"That woman has marri
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husband, and they both are

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"Sir, they attached it."

"O! well, we may pas
Stubbs, but it seems as if t

"No," said Mr. Dubob

NOVEMBER.—A GENERAL POST DELIVERY.

I WAS a free man when I went out of the Court; but I was a beggar—I, Captain Stubbs, of the bold North-Bungays, did not know where I could get a bed, or a dinner.

As I was marching sadly down Portugal Street, I felt a hand on my shoulder and a rough voice which I knew well.

"Vell, Mr. Stobbs, have I not kept my promise? I told you dem boots would be your ruin."

I was much too miserable to reply; and only cast my eyes towards the roofs of the houses, which I could not see for the tears.

"Vat! you begin to gry and blobber like a shild? you vood marry, vood you, and noting vood do for you but a vife vid monny—ha, ha, but you vere de pigeon, and she vas de grow. She has plocked you, too, pretty vell—eh? ha! ha!"

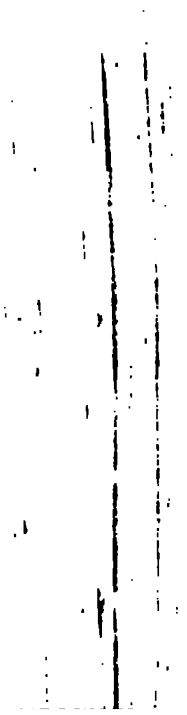
"Oh, Mr. Stiffelkind," said I, "don't laugh at my misery; she has not left me a single shilling under heaven. And I shall starve, I do believe I shall starve." And I began to cry fit to break my heart.

"Starf! stoff and nonsense—you vill never die of starfing—you vill die of *hanging*, I tink, ho! ho! and it is moch easier vay too.' I didn't say a word, but cried on; till everybody in the street turned round and stared.

"Come, come," said Stiffelkind: "do not gry, Gaptain Stobbs—it is not goot for a Gaptain to gry, ha! ha! Dere—come vid me, and you shall have a dinner, and a bregfast too,—vich shall gost you nothing, until you can bay vid your earnings."

And so this curious old man, who had persecuted me all through my prosperity, grew compassionate towards me in my ill-luck; and took me home with him as he promised. "I saw your name among de Insolvents—and I vowed, you know, to make you repent dem boots. Dere, now, it is done and forgotten, look you. Here Betty, Bettchen, make de spare bed, and put a clean knife and fork; Lort Cornvallis is come to dine vid me."

I lived with this strange old man for six weeks. I kept his



on the trees a pair of boot
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"Vere is Gaptain Stol
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"Look, my dear," says l
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Magdalen, ever leaf soch
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"I never shake hands wi
temptuous.

"Bah! my lof, his fingers
just been *vitevashed?*"

"I wish, uncle," says she,
low people."

"Low, because he cleans
boots I tink, ha! ha!"

"Captain, indeed! a nice
her fingers in my face, and
had his nose pulled! ha! ha!'
h—

place. Your lortship vil not be able to geep your garridge, but you vil be gomfortable, and serve his Majesty."

"Serve his Majesty," says I: "dearest Mr. Stiffelkind, have you got me a place under Government?"

"Yes, and somting better still—not only a place but, a uniform—yes, Gabtain Stobbs, a *red goat*."

"A red coat! I hope you don't think I would demean myself by entering the ranks of the army. I am a gentleman, Mr. Stiffelkind—I can never—no, I never."

"No, I know you will never—you are too great a goward, ha! ha!—though dis is a red goat, and a place where you must give some *hard knocks* too, ha! ha!—do you gomprehend?—and you shall be a general, instead of a gabdain—ha! ha!"

"A general in a red coat! Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"Yes, a GENERAL BOSTMAN! ha! ha! I have been vid your old friend, Bunting, and he has an uncle in the Post-office, and he has got you de place—eighteen shillings a-veek, you rogue, and your goat. You must not oben any of de letters, you know."

And so it was—I, Robert Stubbs, Esquire, became the vile thing he named—a general postman!

* * * * * *

I was so disgusted with Stiffelkind's brutal jokes, which were now more brutal than ever; that when I got my place in the Post-office, I never went near the fellow again—for though he had done me a favour in keeping me from starvation, he certainly had done it in a very rude, disagreeable manner, and showed a low and mean spirit in *shoving* me into such a degraded place as that of postman. But what had I to do? I submitted to fate, and for three years or more, Robert Stubbs, of the North-Bungay Fencibles, was ——

I wonder nobody recognised me. I lived in daily fear the first year: but, afterwards, grew accustomed to my situation, as all great men will do, and wore my red coat as naturally as if I had been sent into the world only for the purpose of being a letter-carrier.

I was first in the Whitechapel district, where I stayed for nearly three years, when I was transferred to Jermyn Street, and Duke Street—famous places for lodgings. I suppose I left a hundred

—but when I was in th
to my dear mamma, and
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wants notice.

Stubbs is not an unc
STUBBS on a little bright
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asking who she was, or w

One day the young wo
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apologised to the postman
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and then she began mutte
she gave a great screech,
roared out, "MY SON, MY

"Law, mamma," said I,
hall bench with her, and l
liked. Hearing the whinin
lady from up stairs,—it was
lodgers. And the maid gets
regular hero of the group. T

DECEMBER.—"THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."

Mamma had kept the house in Duke Street for more than two years, I recollected some of the chairs and tables from dear old Squiggle, and the bowl in which I had made that famous rum-punch, the evening she went away, which she and my sisters left untouched, and I was obliged to drink after they were gone; but that's not to the purpose.

Think of my sister Mary's luck! that chap, Waters, fell in love with her, and married her; and she now keeps her carriage, and lives in state near Squiggle. I offered to make it up with Waters; but he bears malice, and never will see or speak to me.—He had the impudence, too, to say, that he took in all letters for mamma at Squiggle; and that as mine were all begging letters, he burned them, and never said a word to her concerning them. He allowed mamma fifty pounds a-year, and, if she were not such a fool, she might have had three times as much; but the old lady was high and mighty, forsooth, and would not be beholden, even to her own daughter, for more than she actually wanted. Even this fifty pounds she was going to refuse; but when I came to live with her, of course I wanted pocket-money as well as board and lodging, and so I had the fifty pounds for *my* share, and eked out with it as well as I could.

Old Bates and the Captain, between them, gave mamma a hundred pounds when she left me (she had the deuce's own luck, to be sure—much more than ever fell to *me*, I know), and as she said she *would* try and work for her living, it was thought best to take a house and let lodgings, which she did. Our first and second floor paid us four guineas a-week, on an average; and the front parlour and attic made forty pounds more. Mamma and Eliza used to have the front attic: but *I* took that, and they slept in the servants' bed-room. Lizzy had a pretty genius for work, and earned a guinea a-week that way; so that we had got nearly two hundred a-year over the rent to keep house with,—and we got on pretty well. Besides, women eat nothing; my women didn't care for meat for days together

sometimes,—so that it was only necessary to dress a good [illegible] or so for me.

Mamma would not think of my continuing in the Post-[illegible] She said her dear John, her husband's son, her gallant soldier, [illegible] all that, should remain at home, and be a gentleman—which I was, certainly, though I didn't find fifty pounds a-year very [illegible] to buy clothes and be a gentleman upon; to be sure, mother [illegible] me shirts and linen, so that *that* wasn't in the fifty pounds. [illegible] kicked a little at paying the washing too; but she gave in at [illegible] for I was her dear John, you know; and I'm blest if I could [illegible] make her give me the gown off her back. Fancy! once she [illegible] up a very nice rich black silk scarf, which my sister Waters [illegible] her, and made me a waistcoat and two stocks of it. She was [illegible] *very* soft, the old lady!

* * * * * *

I'd lived in this way for five years or more, making myself [illegible]tent with my fifty pounds a-year (*perhaps* I'd saved a little out of it; but that's neither here nor there). From year's end to year's end I remained faithful to my dear mamma, never leaving her except for a month or so in the summer, when a bachelor may take a trip to Gravesend or Margate, which would be too expensive for a family. I say a bachelor, for the fact is, I don't know whether I am married or not—never having heard a word since of the scoundrelly Mrs. Stubbs

good old lady used to wait upon us, as if for all the world she had been my servant, instead of a lady and my mamma. Never used she to repine, though I often, as I must confess, gave her occasion (keeping her up till four o'clock in the morning, because she never could sleep until she saw her "dear Bob" in bed, and leading her a sad anxious life). She was of such a sweet temper, the old lady, that I think in the course of five years I never knew her in a passion, except twice: and then with sister Lizzy, who declared I was ruining the house, and driving the lodgers away, one by one. But mamma would not hear of such envious spite on my sister's part. "Her Bob" was always right, she said. At last Lizzy fairly retreated, and went to the Waters's.—I was glad of it, for her temper was dreadful, and we used to be squabbling from morning till night!

Ah, those *were* jolly times! but ma was obliged to give up the lodging-house at last—for, somehow, things went wrong after my sister's departure—the nasty uncharitable people said, on account of *me;* because I drove away the lodgers by smoking and drinking, and kicking up noises in the house; and because ma gave me so much of her money;—so she did, but if she *would* give it, you know, how could I help it? Heigho! I wish I'd *kept* it.

No such luck. The business I thought was to last for ever; but at the end of two years came a smash—shut up shop—sell off everything. Mamma went to the Waters's: and, will you believe it? the ungrateful wretches would not receive me! that Mary, you see, was *so* disappointed at not marrying me. Twenty pounds a-year they allow, it is true; but what's that for a gentleman? For twenty years I have been struggling manfully to gain an honest livelihood, and, in the course of them, have seen a deal of life, to be sure. I've sold cigars and pocket-handkerchiefs at the corners of streets; I've been a billiard-marker; I've been Director (in the panic year) of the Imperial British Consolidated Mangle and Drying Ground Company. I've been on the stage (for two years as an actor, and about a month as a cad, when I was very low); I've been the means of giving to the police of this empire some very valuable information (about licensed victuallers, gentlemen's carts, and pawnbrokers' names); I've been very nearly an officer again—that is, an assistant to an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex: it was my last place.

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and, what is more, a poor o

How I did rage and swea
There stood he, the hideo
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the mob would have pelted
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and, in reply to a gentlema
turbance, said, "Bless you
on, *Boots*," said the fellow t
and early life are pretty well

"What could have made
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amused, and had followed m
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see he is what is called a lite
me to the booksellers: he's a

COX'S DIARY.

COX'S DIARY.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

On the first of January, 1838, I was the master of a lovely shop in the neighbourhood of Oxford-market; of a wife, Mrs. Cox; of a business, both in the shaving and cutting line, established three and thirty years; of a girl and boy respectively of the ages of eighteen and thirteen; of a three-windowed front, both to my first and second pair; of a young foreman, my present partner, Mr. Orlando Crump; and of that celebrated mixture for the human hair, invented by my late uncle, and called Cox's Bohemian Balsam of Tokay, sold in pots at two-and-three, and three-and-nine; the balsam, the lodgings, and the old established cutting and shaving business, brought me in a pretty genteel income. I had my girl, Jemimarann, at Hackney to school; my dear boy, Tuggeridge, plaited her hair beautifully; my wife at the counter (behind the tray of patent soaps, &c.) cut as handsome a figure as possible; and it was my hope that Orlando and my girl, who were mighty soft upon one another, would, one day, be joined together in Hyming: and, conjointly with my son Tug, carry on the business of hairdressers, when their father was either dead or a gentleman; for a gentleman me and Mrs. C. determined I should be.

Jemima was, you see, a lady herself, and of very high connexions: though her own family had met with crosses, and was

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served Mr. Hock,
Breadbasket, the h
the footman, too

the ladies to a bottle of port, and was longing that there should be a misletoe bough; at which proposal my little Jemimarann looked as red as a glass of negus):—we had just, I say, finished the port, when, all of a sudden, Tug bellows out, "Law, pa, here's uncle Tuggeridge's housekeeper in a cab!"

And Mrs. Breadbasket it was sure enough—Mrs. Breadbasket in deep mourning, who made her way, bowing and looking very sad, into the back shop. My wife, who respected Mrs. B. more than anything else in the world, set her a chair, offered her a glass of wine, and vowed it was very kind of her to come. "Law, mem," says Mrs. B., "I'm sure I'd do anything to serve your family, for the sake of that poor dear Tuck-Tuck-tug-guggeridge, that's gone."

"That's what?" cries my wife.

"What, gone?" cried Jemimarann, bursting out crying (as little girls will about anything or nothing); and Orlando looking very rueful, and ready to cry too.

"Yes, gaw—." Just as she was at this very "gaw," Tug roars out, "Law, pa! here's Mr. Bar, uncle Tug's coachman!"

It was Mr. Bar: when she saw him, Mrs. Breadbasket stepped suddenly back into the parlour with my ladies. "What is it, Mr. Bar?" says I; and, as quick as thought, I had the towel under his chin, Mr. Bar in the chair, and the whole of his face in a beautiful foam of lather: Mr. Bar made some resistance.—"Don't think of it, Mr. Cox," says he; "don't trouble yourself, sir:" but I lathered away, and never minded. "And what's this melancholy event, sir," says I, "that has spread desolation in your family's bosoms? I can feel for your loss, sir—I can feel for your loss."

I said so out of politeness, because I served the family, not because Tuggeridge was my uncle—no, as such I disown him.

Mr. Bar was just about to speak. "Yes, sir," says he, "my master's gaw—:" when at the "gaw," in walks Mr. Hock, the own man!—the finest gentleman I ever saw.

"What, *you* here, Mr. Bar?" says he.

"Yes I am, sir; and haven't I a right, sir?"

"A mighty wet day, sir," says I to Mr. Hock—stepping up and making my bow. "A sad circumstance too, sir—and is

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Mr. Bar had
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"And Mr. John Tug
"Why—hee, hee, he

We kept them, every one, in their old places; for, though my wife would have sent them about their business, my dear Jemimarann just hinted, "Mamma, you know *they* have been used to great houses, and we have not; had we not better keep them for a little?"—Keep them, then, we did, to show us how to be gentlefolks.

I handed over the business to Mr. Crump without a single farthing of premium, though Jemmy would have made me take four hundred pounds for it; but this I was above: Crump had served me faithfully, and have the shop he should.

FIRST ROUT.

'We were speedily installed in our fine house: but what's a house without friends? Jemmy made me *cut* all my old acquaintances in the market, and I was a solitary being, when, luckily, an old acquaintance of ours, Captain Tagrag, was so kind as to promise to introduce us into distinguished society. Tagrag was the son of a baronet, and had done us the honour of lodging with us for two years; when we lost sight of him, and of his little account, too, by the way. A fortnight after, hearing of our good fortune, he was among us again, however; and Jemmy was not a little glad to see him, knowing him to be a baronet's son, and very fond of our Jemimarann; indeed, Orlando (who is as brave as a lion) had, on one occasion, absolutely beaten Mr. Tagrag for being rude to the poor girl; a clear proof, as Tagrag said afterwards, that he was always fond of her.

Mr. Crump, poor fellow, was not very much pleased by our good fortune, though he did all he could to try, at first; and I told him to come and take his dinner regular, as if nothing had happened. But to this Jemima very soon put a stop, for she came very justly to know her stature, and to look down on Crump, which she bid her daughter to do; and, after a great scene, in which Orlando showed himself very rude and angry, he was forbidden the house—for ever!

So much for poor Crump. The Captain was now all in all with

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for little Tug,
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Let me see, there w
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to dinner); there was
man, and his Excellenc
was Lady Blanche Blue
Distrusted."

the party; and when the doors were flung open, and Mr. Hock, in black, with a white napkin, three footmen, coachman, and a lad, whom Mrs. C. had dressed in sugar-loaf buttons, and called a page, were seen round the dinner table, all in white gloves, I promise you I felt a thrill of elation, and thought to myself—Sam Cox, Sam Cox, who ever would have expected to see you here?

After dinner, there was to be, as I said, an evening party; and to this Messieurs Tagrag and Tufthunt had invited many of the principal nobility that our metropolis had produced. When I mention, among the company to tea, her Grace the Duchess of Zero, her son the Marquis of Fitzurse, and the Ladies North Pole, her daughters; when I say that there were yet *others*, whose names may be found in the Blue Book, but sha'n't, out of modesty, be mentioned here, I think I've said enough to show that, in our time, No. 96, Portland Place, was the resort of the best of company.

It was our first dinner, and dressed by our new cook, Munseer Cordongblew. I bore it very well, eating, for my share, a filly dysol allamater dotell, a cutlet soubeast, a pully bashymall, and other French dishes: and, for the frisky sweet wine, with tin tops to the bottles, called Champang, I must say that me and Mrs. Coxe-Tuggeridge-Coxe drank a very good share of it (but the Claret and Jonnysberger, being sour, we did not much relish);—however, the feed, as I say, went off very well, Lady Blanche Bluenose sitting next to me, and being so good as to put me down for six copies of all her poems; the Count and Baron Von Punter engaging Jemimarann for several waltzes, and the Field-Marshal plying my dear Jemmy with Champang until, bless her! her dear nose became as red as her new crimson satin gown, which, with a blue turban and Bird-of-Paradise feathers, made her look like an Empress, I warrant.

Well, dinner past, Mrs. C. and the ladies went off:—thunder-under-under came the knocks at the door; squeedle-eedle-eedle, Mr. Wippert's fiddlers began to strike up; and, about half-past eleven, me and the gents thought it high time to make our appearance. I felt a *little* squeamish at the thought of meeting a couple of hundred great people; but Count Mace, and Sir Gorman

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"Sir?" says her (
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Up scuffled all the o
"Mamma! mamma!" s
me to my mother," hom
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not speak; and hasn't that horrid tipsy wretch offered to embrace me? Didn't his monstrous wife sicken me with her odious familiarities? Call my people, Tufthunt! Follow me, my children!"

"And my carriage; and mine, and mine!" shouted twenty more voices; and down they all trooped to the hall: Lady Blanche Bluenose, and Lady Max among the very first; leaving only the Field-Marshal, and one or two men, who roared with laughter, ready to split.

"O, Sam," said my wife, sobbing, "why would you take me back to them? they had sent me away before! I only asked the Duchess whether she didn't like rumshrub better than all your Maxarinos and Curasosos: and, would you believe it? all the company burst out laughing; and the Duchess told me just to keep off, and not to speak till I was spoken to. Imperence! I'd like to tear her eyes out."

And so I do believe my dearest Jemmy would!

A DAY WITH THE SURREY HOUNDS.

Our ball had failed so completely, that Jemmy, who was bent still upon fashion, caught eagerly at Tagrag's suggestion, and went down to Tuggeridgeville. If we had a difficulty to find friends in town, here there was none; for the whole county came about us, ate our dinners and suppers, danced at our balls—ay, and spoke to us too. We were great people, in fact; I a regular country gentleman; and, as such, Jemmy insisted that I should be a sportsman, and join the county hunt. "But," says I, "my love, I can't ride." "Pooh! Mr. C.," said she, "you're always making difficulties; you thought you couldn't dance a quadrille; you thought you couldn't dine at seven o'clock; you thought you couldn't lie in bed after six; and haven't you done every one of these things? You must and you shall ride!" And when my Jemmy said "must and shall," I knew very well there was nothing for it: so I sent down fifty guineas to the hunt, and, out of compliment to me, the very next week, I received notice that the

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why the dogs go snu
huntsman says, "Good
after him, say, "Good
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yowl loudest. Why all this is, I can't say, but it all took place the second Thursday of last March, in my presence.

Up to this, I'd kept my seat as well as the best, for we'd only been trotting gently about the field until the dogs found; and I managed to stick on very well; but directly the tow-rowing began, off went Trumpeter like a thunderbolt, and I found myself playing among the dogs like the donkey among the chickens. "Back, Mr. Coxe," holloas the huntsman; and so I pulled very hard, and cried out, Wo! but he wouldn't; and on I went galloping for the dear life. How I kept on is a wonder; but I squeezed my knees in very tight, and shoved my feet very hard into the stirrups, and kept stiff hold of the scruff of Trumpeter's neck, and looked betwixt his ears as well as ever I could, and trusted to luck, for I was in a mortal fright, sure enough, as many a better man would be in such a case, let alone a poor hair-dresser.

As for the hounds, after my first riding in among them, I tell you, honestly, I never saw so much as the tip of one of their tails; nothing in this world did I see except Trumpeter's dun-coloured mane, and that I gripped firm: riding, by the blessing of luck, safe through the walking, the trotting, the galloping, and never so much as getting a tumble.

There was a chap at Croydon, very well known as the "Spicy Dustman," who, when he could get no horse to ride to the hounds, turned regularly out on his donkey; and, on this occasion, made one of us. He generally managed to keep up with the dogs, by trotting quietly through the cross roads, and knowing the country well. Well, having a good guess where the hounds would find, and the line that sly Reynolds (as they call the fox) would take, the Spicy Dustman turned his animal down the lane, from Squashtail to Cutshins Common, across which, sure enough, came the whole hunt. There's a small hedge and a remarkably fine ditch here; some of the leading chaps took both, in gallant style; others went round by a gate, and so would I, only I couldn't; for Trumpeter would have the hedge, and be hanged to him, and went right for it.

Hoop! if ever you *did* try a leap! Out go your legs, out fling your arms, off goes your hat; and the next thing you feel, that is,

I did, is a most tremendous thwack across the chest, and my feet jerked out of the stirrups; me left in the branches of a tree; Trumpeter gone clean from under me, and walloping and floundering in the ditch underneath. One of the stirrup-leathers had caught in a stake, and the horse couldn't get away; and neither of us, I thought, ever *would* have got away; but all of a sudden, who should come up the lane but the Spicy Dustman!

"Holloa!" says I, "you gent, just let us down from this here tree!"

"Lor!" says he, "I'm blest if I didn't take you for a robin."

"Let's down," says I; but he was all the time employed in disengaging Trumpeter, whom he got out of the ditch, trembling and as quiet as possible. "Let's down," says I. "Presently," says he; and taking off his coat, he begins whistling and swishing down Trumpeter's sides and saddle; and, when he had finished, what do you think the rascal did?—he just quietly mounted on Trumpeter's back, and shouts out, "Git down yourself, old Bearsgrease; you've only to drop! *I'll* give your oss a hairing arter them 'ounds; and you, vy you may ride back my pony to Tuggeridgeweal!" And with this, I'm blest if he didn't ride away, leaving me holding, as for the dear life, and expecting every

the servants, out poured the gents of the hunt, and on trotted poor me, digging into the donkey, and every body dying with laughter at me.

Just as I got up to the door, a horse came galloping up, and passed me; a man jumped down, and taking off a fantail hat, came up, very gravely, to help me down.

"Squire," says he, "how came you by that there hanimal? Jist git down, will you, and give it to its howner."

"Rascal!" says I, "didn't you ride off on my horse?"

"Was there ever sich ingratitude?" says the Spicy, "I found this year oss in a pond, I saves him from drowning, I brings him back to his master, and he calls me a rascal!"

The grooms, the gents, the ladies in the balcony, my own servants, all set up a roar at this; and so would I, only I was so deucedly ashamed, as not to be able to laugh just then.

And so my first day's hunting ended. Tagrag and the rest declared I showed great pluck, and wanted me to try again; but "no," says I, "I *have* been."

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

I WAS always fond of billiards: and, in former days, at Grogram's, in Greek-street, where a few jolly lads of my acquaintance used to meet twice a week for a game, and a snug pipe and beer, I was generally voted the first man of the club; and could take five from John, the marker himself. I had a genius, in fact, for the game; and now that I was placed in that station of life where I could cultivate my talents, I gave them full play, and improved amazingly. I do say that I think myself as good a hand as any chap in England.

The Count, and his Excellency Baron von Punter, were, I can tell you, astonished by the smartness of my play; the first two or three rubbers Punter beat me, but when I came to know his game, I used to knock him all to sticks; or, at least, win six games to his four: and such was the betting upon me; his Excellency losing large sums to the Count, who knew what play was, and used to

"You sall not h
Count, "ve vill blow
ve vill."

"What's all this,
feathers?"

"O," says Tagrag,
shooting; the Count,
twenty yards, and I sa
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"O yase, it was b
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Squire? De fon is g
shooters, but mighty b
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As a sporting man, a
took in the "Flare-up,"
in that celebrated pub
subscribed for me, Phil
teal and widgeon; and
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of genteel information from that treasury of all sorts of knowledge, at least sufficient to make me a match in learning for all the noblemen and gentlemen who came to our house. Well, on looking over the Flare-up notices to correspondents, I read, one day last April, among the notices, as follows:—

"'Automodon.' We do not know the precise age of Mr. Baker of Covent Garden Theatre; nor are we aware if that celebrated son of Thespis is a married man.

"'Ducks and Green-peas' is informed, that when A plays his rook to B's second Knight's square, and B, moving two squares with his Queen's pawn, gives check to his adversary's Queen, there is no reason why B's Queen should not take A's pawn, if B be so inclined.

"'F. L. S.' We have repeatedly answered the question about Madame Vestris: her maiden name was Bartolozzi, and she married the son of Charles Mathews, the celebrated comedian.

"'Fair Play.' The best amateur billiard and écarté player in England, is Coxe Tuggeridge Coxe, Esq., of Portland-place, and Tuggeridgeville: Jonathan, who knows his play, can only give him two in a game of a hundred; and, at the cards, *no* man is his superior. Verbum sap.

"'Scipio Americanus' is a blockhead."

I read this out to the Count and Tagrag, and both of them wondered how the Editor of that tremendous Flare-up should get such information; and both agreed that the Baron, who still piqued himself absurdly on his play, would be vastly annoyed by seeing me preferred thus to himself. We read him the paragraph, and preciously angry he was. "Id is," he cried, "the tables (or 'de *dabels*,' as he called them), de horrid dabels; gom viz me to London, and dry a slate-table, and I vill beat you." We all roared at this; and the end of the dispute was, that, just to satisfy the fellow, I agreed to play his Excellency at slate-tables, or any tables he chose.

"Gut," says he, "gut; I lif, you know, at Abednego's, in de Quadrant; his dabels is goot; ve vill blay dere, if you vill;" and I said I would: and it was agreed that, one Saturday night, when Jemmy was at the Opera, we should go to the Baron's rooms, and give him a chance.

We went, and the little Baron had as fine a supper as ever I saw; lots of champang (and I didn't mind drinking it), and plenty of laughing and fun. Afterwards, down we went to billiards. "Is dish Misther Coxsh, de shelebrated player?" says Mr. Abednego, who was in the room, with one or two gentlemen of his own persuasion, and several foreign noblemen, dirty, snuffy, and hairy, as them foreigners are. "Is dish Misther Coxsh? blesh ma hart, it is a honer to see you, I have heard so much of your play."

"Come, come," says I, "sir;" for I'm pretty wide awake; "none of your gammon; you're not going to hook *me*."

"No, begar, dis fish you not catch," says Count Mace.

"Dat is gut! haw! haw!" snorted the Baron; "hook him! lieber himmel, you might dry and hook me as well. Haw! haw!"

Well, we went to play. "Fife to four on Coxe," screams out the Count.—"Done and done," says another nobleman. "Ponays," says the Count.—"Done," says the nobleman. "I vill take your six crowns to four," says the Baron.—"Done," says I; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I beat him;—once making thirteen off the balls without stopping.

We had some more wine after this; and, if you could have seen the long faces of the other noblemen as they pulled out their

Moshesh!" says Abednego, "dat little Coxsh is a vonder! who'll take odds?"

"I'll give twenty to one," says I, "in guineas."

"Ponays, yase, done;" screams out the Count.

"*Bonies*, done," roars out the Baron: and, before I could speak, went in, and, would you believe it?—in two minutes he somehow made the game!

* * * * * *

O, what a figure I cut when my dear Jemmy heard of this afterwards! In vain I swore it was guineas: the Count and the Baron swore to ponies; and when I refused, they both said their honour was concerned, and they must have my life, or their money. So when the Count showed me actually that, in spite of this bet (which had been too good to resist) won from me, he had been a very heavy loser by the night; and brought me the word of honour of Abednego, his Jewish friend, and the foreign noblemen, that ponies had been betted:—why, I paid them one thousand pounds sterling of good and lawful money;—but I've not played for money since: no, no; catch me at *that* again if you can.

A NEW DROP SCENE AT THE OPERA.

No lady is a lady without having a box at the Opera: so my Jemmy, who knew as much about music,—bless her!—as I do about sanscrit, algebra, or any other foreign language, took a prime box on the second tier. It was what they called a double box; it really *could* hold two, that is, very comfortably; and we got it a great bargain—for five hundred a-year! Here, Tuesdays and Saturdays, we used regularly to take our places, Jemmy and Jemimarann sitting in front; me, behind: but as my dear wife used to wear a large fantail gauze hat with ostrich feathers, birds of paradise, artificial flowers, and tags of muslin or satin, scattered all over it, I'm blest if she didn't fill the whole of the front of the box; and it was only by jumping and dodging, three or four times in the course of the night, that I could manage to get a sight of the actors. By kneeling down, and looking steady under my darling Jemmy's sleeve, I *did* contrive, every now and then, to

have a peep of Senior Lablash's boots, in the Puritanny, and once actually saw Madame Greasi's crown and head-dress in Annybalony.

What a place that opera is, to be sure! and what enjoyments us aristocracy used to have! Just as you have swallowed down your three courses (three curses I used to call them;—for so, indeed, they are, causing a deal of heartburns, headaches, doctor's bills, pills, want of sleep, and such like)—just, I say, as you get down your three courses, which I defy any man to enjoy properly, unless he has two hours of drink and quiet afterwards, up comes the carriage, in bursts my Jemmy, as fine as a duchess, and scented like our shop. "Come, my dear," says she, "its Normy to-night (or Annybalony, or the Nosey di Figaro, or the Gazzy-larder, as the case may be); Mr. Coster strikes off punctually at eight, and you know it's the fashion to be always present at the very first bar of the aperture;" and so off we are obliged to budge, to be miserable for five hours, and to have a headache for the next twelve, and all because it's the fashion!

After the aperture, as they call it, comes the opera, which, as I am given to understand, is the Italian for singing. Why they should sing in Italian, I can't conceive; or why they should do nothing *but* sing: bless us! how I used to long for the wooden

totum, for a couple of minutes or more; and as she settled down, at last, on both feet, in a natural decent posture, you should have heard how the house roared with applause, the boxes clapping with all their might, and waving their handkerchiefs; the pit shouting, "Bravo!" Some people, who, I suppose, were rather angry at such an exhibition, threw bunches of flowers at her; and what do you think she did? why, hang me, if she did not come forward, as though nothing had happened, gather up the things they had thrown at her, smile, press them to her heart, and begin whirling round again, faster than ever. Talk about coolness, *I* never saw such in all *my* born days.

"Nasty thing!" says Jemmy, starting up in a fury; "if women *will* act so, it serves them right to be treated so."

"O, yes! she acts beautifully," says our friend, his Excellency, who, along with Baron von Punter, and Tagrag, used very seldom to miss coming to our box.

"She may act very beautifully, Munseer, but she don't dress so; and I am very glad they threw that orange-peel and all those things at her, and that the people waved to her to get off."

Here his Excellency, and the Baron, and Tag, set up a roar of laughter.

"My dear Mrs. Coxe," says Tag, "those are the most famous dancers in the world; and we throw myrtle, geraniums, and lilies, and roses, at them, in token of our immense admiration!"

"Well, I never!" said my wife; and poor Jemimarann slunk behind the curtain, and looked as red as it almost. After the one had done, the next begun; but when, all of a sudden, a somebody came skipping and bounding in, like an Indian-rubber ball, flinging itself up, at least six feet from the stage, and there shaking about its legs like mad, we were more astonished than ever!

"That's Anatole," says one of the gentlemen.

"Anna who?" says my wife, and she might well be mistaken; for this person had a hat and feathers, a bare neck and arms, great black ringlets, and a little calico frock, which came down to the knees.

"Anatole; you would not think he was sixty-three years old, he's as active as a man of twenty."

"*He!*" shrieked out my wife; "what, is that there a man?

For shame! Munseer. Jemimarann, dear, get your cloak, and come along; and I'll thank you, my dear, to call our people, and let us go home."

You wouldn't think, after this, that my Jemmy, who had shown such a horror at the bally, as they call it, should ever grow accustomed to it; but she liked to hear her name shouted out in the crush-room, and so would stop till the end of everything; and, law bless you! in three weeks from that time, she could look at the ballet, as she would at a dancing-dog in the streets, and would bring her double-barrelled opera glass up to her eyes as coolly as if she had been a born duchess. As for me, I did, at Rome, as Rome does, and precious fun it used to be sometimes.

My friend, the Baron, insisted, one night, on my going behind the scenes; where, being a subscriber, he said I had, what they call, my *ontray*. Behind, then, I went; and such a place you never saw nor heard of!. Fancy lots of young and old gents, of the fashion, crowding round and staring at the actresses practising their steps. Fancy yellow, snuffy foreigners, chattering always, and smelling fearfully of tobacco. Fancy scores of Jews, with hooked noses, and black muzzles, covered with rings, chains, shan

on the stage, before the curtain draws up for the bally, while the ladies in the boxes are gaping, and the people in the pit are drumming with their feet and canes in the rudest manner possible, as though they couldn't wait.

Just at the moment before the little bell rings, and the curtain flies up, and we scuffle off to the sides (for we always stay till the very last moment), I was in the middle of the stage, making myself very affable to the fair figgerantys which was spinning and twirling about me, and asking them if they wasn't cold, and such like politeness, in the most condescending way possible, when a bolt was suddenly withdrawn, and down I popped, through a trap in the stage, into the place below. Luckily, I was stopped by a piece of machinery, consisting of a heap of green blankets and a young lady coming up as Venus rising from the sea. If I had not fallen so soft, I don't know what might have been the consequence of the collusion. I never told Mrs. Coxe, for she can't bear to hear of my paying the least attention to the fair sex.

STRIKING A BALANCE.

NEXT door to us, in Portland-place, lived the Right Honourable the Earl of Kilblazes, of Kilmacrasy Castle, county Kildare, and his mother, the Dowager Countess. Lady Kilblazes had a daughter, Lady Juliana Matilda Mac Turk, of the exact age of our dear Jemimarann; and a son, the Honourable Arthur Wellington Anglesea Blucher Bulow Mac Turk, only ten months older than our boy, Tug.

My darling Jemmy is a woman of spirit, and, as become her station, made every possible attempt to become acquainted with the Dowager Countess of Kilblazes, which her ladyship (because, forsooth, she was the daughter of the Minister, and Prince of Wales's great friend, the Earl of Portansherry) thought fit to reject. I don't wonder at my Jemmy growing so angry with her, and determining, in every way, to put her ladyship down. The Kilblazes' estate is not so large as the Tuggeridge property, by two thousand a-year, at least; and so my wife, when our

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charge, as are warm, vapour, and *douche* baths; *carriage exercise* will be provided at the rate of fifteen guineas per quarter. It is *earnestly requested* that no young nobleman (or gentleman) be allowed to smoke. In a place devoted to *the cultivation of polite literature*, such an ignoble enjoyment were profane.

"CLEMENT CODDLER, M.A.,

"Chaplain and late tutor to his Grace the
"Mount Parnassus, Richmond, Surrey." Duke of Buckminster."

To this establishment our Tug was sent. "Recollect, my dear," said his mamma, "that you are a Tuggeridge by birth, and that I expect you to beat all the boys in the school, especially that Wellington Mac Turk, who, though he is a lord's son, is nothing to you, who are the heir of Tuggeridgeville."

Tug was a smart young fellow enough, and could cut and curl as well as any young chap of his age; he was not a bad hand at a wig either, and could shave, too, very prettily; but that was in the old time, when we were not great people: when he came to be a gentleman, he had to learn Latin and Greek, and had a deal of lost time to make up for, on going to school.

However, we had no fear; for the Reverend Mr. Coddler used to send monthly accounts of his pupils' progress, and if Tug was not a wonder of the world, I don't know who was. It was

General behaviour	excellent.
English	very good.
French	très bien.
Latin	optimè,

and so on:—he possessed all the virtues, and wrote to us every month for money. My dear Jemmy and I determined to go and see him, after he had been at school a quarter; we went, and were shown by Mr. Coddler, one of the meekest, smilingest little men I ever saw, into the bed-rooms and eating-rooms (the dromitaries and refractories he called them), which were all as comfortable as comfortable might be. "It is a holiday to-day," said Mr. Coddler; and a holiday it seemed to be:—in the dining-room were half a dozen young gentlemen playing at cards ("all tip-top nobility," observed Mr. Coddler);—in the bed-rooms there was only one gent; he was lying on his bed, reading novels and smoking cigars.

Coxe couldn't be stu

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Mac——"

"O! *come* along," sai
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where a number of boys were collected, and a great noise of shrill voices might be heard. "Go it, Turk!" says one. "Go it, barber!" says another. "*Punch hith life out*," roars another, whose voice was just cracked, and his clothes half a yard too short for him!

Fancy our horror, when, on the crowd making way, we saw Tug pummeling away at the Honourable Master Mac Turk! My dear Jemmy, who don't understand such things, pounced upon the two at once, and, with one hand tearing away Tug, sent him spinning back into the arms of his seconds, while, with the other, she clawed hold of Master Mac Turk's red hair, and, as soon as she got her second hand free, banged it about his face and ears like a good one.

"You nasty—wicked—quarrelsome—aristocratic (each word was a bang)—aristocratic, oh! oh! oh!" Here the words stopped; for, what with the agitation, maternal solicitude, and a dreadful kick on the shins which, I am ashamed to say, Master Mac Turk administered, my dear Jemmy could bear it no longer, and sunk, fainting away, in my arms.

DOWN AT BEULAH.

ALTHOUGH there was a regular cut between the next door people and us, yet Tug and the Honourable Master Mac Turk kept up their acquaintance over the back-garden wall, and in the stables, where they were fighting, making friends, and playing tricks from morning to night, during the holidays. Indeed, it was from young Mac that we first heard of Madame de Flicflac, of whom my Jemmy robbed Lady Kilblazes, as I before have related. When our friend, the Baron, first saw Madame, a very tender greeting passed between them, for they had, as it appeared, been old friends abroad. "Sapristie," said the Baron, in his lingo, "que fais tu ici, Aménaïde?" "Et toi, mon pauvre Chicot," says she; "est ce qu'on t'a mis à la retraite? Il parait que tu n'est plus Général chez Franco—" "*Chut*," says the Baron, putting his finger to his lips.

right. Figure you
years."

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Chicot de Punter is
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"Yes, I vas," said
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"O, yes!" said
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The "Wash-

buttoned, ironed, and mangled, in the Establishment. And, by an arrangement with the governors of the Foundling, it is hoped that THE BABY-LINEN OF THAT HOSPITAL will be confided to the British Washerwoman's Home!

With such prospects before it, is it not sad, is it not lamentable to think, that the Patronesses of the Society have been compelled to reject the applications of no less than THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND ONE BRITISH WASHERWOMEN from lack of means for their support? Ladies of England! Mothers of England! to you we appeal. Is there one of you that will not respond to the cry in behalf of these deserving members of our sex?

It has been determined by the Ladies-Patronesses to give a fête at Beulah Spa, on Thursday, July 25; which will be graced with the first foreign and native TALENT, by the first foreign and native RANK; and where they beg for the attendance of every WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND.

Her Highness the Princess of Schloppenzollernschwigmaringen, the Duke of Sacks-Tubbingen, His Excellency Baron Strumpff, His Excellency Lootf-Allee-Koolee-Bismillah-Mohamed-Rusheed-Allah, the Persian Ambassador, Prince Futtee-Jaw, Envoy from the King of Oude, His Excellency Don Alonzo Di Cachachero-y-Fandango-y-Castañete, the Spanish Ambassador, Count Ravioli, from Milan, the Envoy of the Republic of Topinambo, and a host of other fashionables, promised to honour the festival: and their names made a famous show in the bills. Besides these, we had the celebrated band of Moscow-musiks, the seventy-seven Transylvanian trumpeters, and the famous Bohemian Minnesingers; with all the leading artists of London, Paris, the Continent, and the rest of Europe.

I leave you to fancy what a splendid triumph for the British Washerwoman's Home was to come off on that day. A beautiful tent was erected, in which the Ladies-Patronesses were to meet; it was hung round with specimens of the skill of the washerwomen's orphans; ninety-six of whom were to be feasted in the gardens, and waited on by the Ladies-Patronesses.

Well, Jemmy and my daughter, Madame de Flicflac, myself, the Count, Baron Punter, Tug, and Tagrag, all went down in the

chariot and barouche-and-four, quite eclipsing poor Lady Killlaws and her carriage-and-two.

There was a fine cold collation, to which the friends of the Ladies-Patronesses were admitted; after which, my ladies and their beaux went strolling through the walks; Tagrag and the Count having each an arm of Jemmy; the Baron giving an arm a-piece to Madame and Jemimarann. Whilst they were walking, whom should they light upon but poor Orlando Crump, my successor in the perfumery and hair-cutting.

"Orlando!" says Jemimarann, blushing as red as a label, and holding out her hand.

"Jemimar!" says he, holding out his, and turning as white as pomatum.

"*Sir!*" says Jemmy, as stately as a Duchess.

"What! madam," says poor Crump, "don't you remember your shopboy?"

"Dearest mamma, don't you recollect Orlando!" whimpers Jemimarann, whose hand he had got hold of.

"Miss Tuggeridge Coxe," says Jemmy, "I'm surprised at you. Remember, sir, that our position is altered, and oblige me by no more familiarity."

famous Bohemian Minnesingers, who were singing the celebrated words of the poet Gothy:

Ich bui ya hupp lily lee, du bist ya hupp lily lee,
Wir sind doch hupp lily lee, hupp la lily lee.
Chorus.—Yodle-odle-odle-odle-odle-odle hupp ! yodle-odle-aw-o-o-o.

They were standing with their hands in their waistcoats, as usual, and had just come to the o-o-o, at the end of the chorus of the forty-seventh stanza, when Orlando started: "That's a scream!" says he. "Indeed it is," says I; "and, but for the fashion of the thing, a very ugly scream too:" when I heard another shrill, O! as I thought; and Orlando bolted off, crying, "By heavens, it's *her* voice!" "Whose voice?" says I. "Come and see the row," says Tag; and off we went, with a considerable number of people, who saw this strange move on his part.

We came to the tent, and there we found my poor Jemimarann fainting; her mamma holding a smelling-bottle; the Baron, on the ground, holding a handkerchief to his bleeding nose; and Orlando squaring at him, and calling on him to fight if he dared.

My Jemmy looked at Crump very fierce. "Take that feller away," says she, "he has insulted a French nobleman, and deserves transportation, at the least."

Poor Orlando was carried off. "I've no patience with the little minx," says Jemmy, giving Jemimarann a pinch: "She might be a Baron's lady; and she screams out because his Excellency did but squeeze her hand."

"O, mamma! mamma!" sobs poor Jemimarann, "but he was t-t-tipsy."

"T-t-tipsy! and the more shame for you, you hussy, to be offended with a nobleman who does not know what he is doing."

A TOURNAMENT.

"I SAY, Tug," said Mac Turk, one day, soon after our flare-up at Beulah, "Kilblazes comes of age in October, and then we'll cut you out, as I told you: the old barberess will die of spite when she hears what we are going to do. What do you think? we're going to have a tournament!" "What's a tournament?" says Tug, and so said his mamma, when she heard the news; and when she knew what a tournament was, I think, really, she *was* as angry as Mac Turk said she would be, and gave us no peace for days together. "What!" says she, "dress up in armour, like play-actors, and run at each other with spears? the Kilblazes must be mad!" And so I thought, but I didn't think the Tuggeridges would be mad too, as they were; for, when Jemmy heard that the Kilblazes festival was to be, as yet, a profound secret, what does she do, but send down to the *Morning Post* a flaming account of

"THE PASSAGE OF ARMS, AT TUGGERIDGEVILLE!

present: he vaulted over his horse, and played such wonderful antics, as never were done except at Ducrow's.

And now—O that I had twenty pages, instead of this short chapter, to describe the wonders of the day!—Twenty-four knights came from Ashley's, at two guineas a-head. We were in hopes to have had Miss Woolcombe, in the character of Joan of Arc, but that lady did not appear. We had a tent for the challengers, at each side of which hung, what they called, *escoachings* (like hatchments, which they put up when people die), and underneath sat their pages, holding their helmets for the tournament. Tagrag was in brass armour (my city connections got him that famous suit); his Excellency in polished steel. My wife wore a coronet, modelled exactly after that of Queen Catharine, in Henry V.; a tight gilt jacket, which set off dear Jemmy's figure wonderfully, and a train of at least forty feet. Dear Jemimarann was in white, her hair braided with pearls. Madame de Flicflac appeared as Queen Elizabeth; and Lady Blanche Bluenose as a Turkish princess. An alderman of London, and his lady; two magistrates of the county, and the very pink of Croydon; several Polish noblemen; two Italian Counts (besides *our* Count); one hundred and ten young officers, from Addiscombe College, in full uniform, commanded by Major-General Sir Miles Mulligatawney, K.C.B. and his lady; the Misses Pimminy's Finishing Establishment, and fourteen young ladies, all in white; the Reverend Doctor Wapshot, and forty-nine young gentlemen, of the first families, under his charge—were *some* only of the company. I leave you to fancy, that, if my Jemmy did seek for fashion, she had enough of it on this occasion. They wanted me to have mounted again, but my hunting-day had been sufficient; besides I ain't big enough for a real knight: so, as Mrs. Coxe insisted on my opening the Tournament—and I knew it was in vain to resist—the Baron and Tagrag had undertaken to arrange so that I might come off with safety, if I came off at all. They had procured, from the Strand Theatre, a famous stud of hobby-horses, which they told me had been trained for the use of the great Lord Bateman. I did not know exactly what they were till they arrived; but as they had belonged to a Lord, I thought it was all right, and consented; and I found it the best sort of riding, after all, to appear to be on horseback

and walk safely a-foot at the same time, and it was impossible to come down as long as I kept on my own legs; besides, I could cuff and pull my steed about as much as I liked, without fear of his biting or kicking in return. As Lord of the Tournament, they placed in my hands a lance, ornamented spirally, in blue and gold; I thought of the pole over my old shop-door, and almost wished myself there again, as I capered up to the battle in my helmet and breast-plate, with all the trumpets blowing and drums beating at the time. Captain Tagrag was my opponent, and preciously we poked each other, till, prancing about, I put my foot on my horse's petticoat behind, and down I came, getting a thrust from the Captain, at the same time, that almost broke my shoulder-bone. "This was sufficient," they said, "for the laws of chivalry;" and I was glad to get off so.

After that, the gentlemen riders, of whom there were no less than seven, in complete armour, and the professionals, now ran at the ring; and the Baron was far, far the most skilful.

"How sweetly the dear Baron rides," said my wife, who was always ogling at him, smirking, smiling, and waving her handkerchief to him. "I say, Sam," says a professional to one of his friends, as, after their course, they came cantering up, and ranged

rode away, throwing his lance in the air, catching it, and making his horse caper and prance, to the admiration of all beholders.

After this came the "Passage of Arms;" Tagrag and the Baron run courses against the other champions; ay, and unhorsed two a-piece; whereupon the other three refused to turn out; and preciously we laughed at them, to be sure!

"Now, it's *our* turn, Mr. *Chicot*," says Tagrag, shaking his fist at the Baron: "look to yourself, you infernal mountebank, for, by Jupiter, I'll do my best;" and before Jemmy and the rest of us, who were quite bewildered, could say a word, these two friends were charging away, spears in hand, ready to kill each other. In vain Jemmy screamed; in vain I threw down my truncheon: they had broken two poles before I could say "Jack Robinson," and were driving at each other with the two new ones. The Baron had the worst of the first course, for he had almost been carried out of his saddle. "Hark you, Chicot!" screamed out Tagrag, "next time look to your head:" and next time, sure enough, each aimed at the head of the other.

Tagrag's spear hit the right place; for it carried off the Baron's helmet, plume, rose-wreath and all; but his Excellency hit truer still—his lance took Tagrag on the neck, and sent him to the ground like a stone.

"He's won! he's won!" says Jemmy, waving her handkerchief; Jemimarann fainted, Lady Blanche screamed, and I felt so sick that I thought I should drop. All the company were in an uproar: only the Baron looked calm, and bowed very gracefully, and kissed his hand to Jemmy; when, all of a sudden, a Jewish-looking man, springing over the barrier, and followed by three more, rushed towards the Baron. "Keep the gate, Bob!" he holloas out. "Baron: I arrest you, at the suit of Samuel Levison, for——"

But he never said for what; shouting out, "Aha!" and "*Sapprrrristie!*" and I don't know what, his Excellency drew his sword, dug his spurs into his horse, and was over the poor bailiff, and off before another word; he had threatened to run through one of the bailiff's followers, Mr. Stubbs, only that gentleman made way for him; and when we took up the bailiff, and brought him round by the aid of a little brandy-and-water, he

told us all. "I had a writ againsht him, Mishter Coxsh, but I didn't vant to shpoil shport; and, beshidesh, I didn't know him until dey knocked off his shteel cap!"

* * * * * *

Here was a pretty business!

OVER-BOARDED AND UNDER-LODGED.

We had no great reason to brag of our tournament at Tuggeridgeville: but, after all, it was better than the turn-out at Kilblazes, where poor Lord Heydownderry went about in a black velvet dressing-gown, and the Emperor Napoleon Bonypart appeared in a suit of armour, and silk stockings, like Mr. Pell's friend, in Pickwick; we, having employed the gentlemen from Astley's Antitheatre, had some decent sport for our money.

We never heard a word from the Baron, who had so distinguished himself by his horsemanship, and had knocked down (and very justly) Mr. Nabb, the bailiff, and Mr. Stubbs, his man, who came to lay hands upon him. My sweet Jemmy seemed to be [illegible]

did I think it was the—but, poh! never mind), went down to the Custom House in the other carriage, followed by a hackney-coach and a cab, with the servants and fourteen band-boxes and trunks more, which were to be wanted by my dear girl in the journey.

The road down Cheapside and Thames-street need not be described: we saw the monument, a memento of the wicked popish massacre of St. Bartholomew;—why erected here I can't think, as St. Bartholomew is in Smithfield;—we had a glimpse of Billingsgate, and of the Mansion House, where we saw the two-and-twenty shilling coal smoke coming out of the chimneys, and were landed at the Custom House in safety. I felt melancholy, for we were going among a people of swindlers, as all Frenchmen are thought to be; and, besides not being able to speak the language, leaving our own dear country, and honest countrymen.

Fourteen porters came out, and each took a package with the greatest civility; calling Jemmy her ladyship, and me your honour; ay, and your honouring and my ladyshipping even my man and the maid in the cab.

I somehow felt all over quite melancholy at going away; "Here, my fine fellow," says I to the coachman, who was standing very respectful, holding his hat in one hand and Jemmy's jewel-case in the other, "here, my fine chap," says I, "here's six shillings for you;" for I did not care for the money.

"Six what?" says he.

"Six shillings, fellow," shrieks Jemmy, "and twice as much as your fare."

"Feller, marm," says this insolent coachman, "feller yourself, marm: do you think I'm a-going to kill my horses, and break my precious back, and bust my carriage, and carry you, and your kids, and your traps, for six hog?" And with this the monster dropped his hat, with my money in it, and doubling his fist, put it so very near my nose that I really thought he would have made it bleed. "My fare's heighteen shillings," says he, "haint it?—hask hany of these gentlemen."

"Why, it aint more than seventeen and six," says one of the fourteen porters, "but, if the gen'l'man *is* a gen'l'man, he can't give no less than a suffering any how."

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Scarlot-street, Po'tl'nd
marm? Come, give me
hoss a-vaiting all day."
This speech, which tal
in about the fifth part
young gentleman hurled
Jemmy, doubled his fist,
My dearest girl now

laughing very rudely I thought—Master Tuggeridge Coxe, I say, flung his jacket suddenly into his mamma's face (the brass buttons made her start, and recovered her a little), and, before we could say a word, was in the ring in which we stood (formed by the porters, nine orangemen and women, I don't know how many newspaper boys, hotel cads, and old clothesmen), and, whirling about two little white fists in the face of the gentleman in the red waistcoat, who brought up a great pair of black ones up to bear on the enemy, was engaged in an instant.

But, law bless you! Tug hadn't been at Richmond School for nothing; and *milled* away—one, two, right and left—like a little hero as he is, with all his dear mother's spirit in him: first came a crack which sent a long dusky white hat, that looked damp and deep like a well, and had a long black crape rag twisted round it—first came a crack which sent this white hat spinning over the gentleman's cab, and scattered among the crowd a vast number of things which the cabman kept in it,—such as a ball of string, a piece of candle, a comb, a whip-lash, a little warbler, a slice of bacon, &c. &c.

The cabman seemed sadly ashamed of this display, but Tug gave him no time: another blow was planted on his cheek-bone; and a third, which hit him straight on the nose, sent this rude cabman straight down to the ground.

"Brayvo, my lord!" shouted all the people around.

"I won't have no more, thank yer," said the little cabman, gathering himself up, "give us over my fare, vil yer, and let me git away."

"What's your fare *now*, you cowardly little thief?" says Tug.

"Vy, then, two and eightpence," says he, "go along,—you *know* it is:" and two and eightpence he had; and everybody applauded Tug, and hissed the cab-boy, and asked Tug for something to drink. We heard the packet-bell ringing, and all run down the stairs to be in time.

I now thought our troubles would soon be over; mine were, very nearly so, in one sense at least: for after Mrs. Coxe, and Jemimarann, and Tug, and the maid, and valet, and valuables had been handed across, it came to my turn. I had often heard of people being taken up by a *Plank*, but seldom of their being set

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WELL, we arrive
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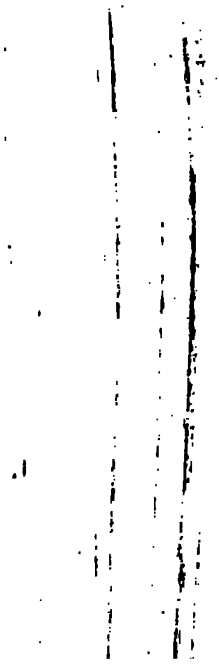
itself? Suffice it .o
Murisse's Hotel, as l
saw everything worth
nearly killed me, to be

In the middle of this Shandeleezy is an open space of ground, and a tent, where, during the summer, Mr. Franconi, the French Ashley, performs with his horses and things. As everybody went there, and we were told it was quite the thing, Jemmy agreed that we should go, too; and go we did.

It's just like Ashley's: there's a man just like Mr. Piddicombe, who goes round the ring in a huzzah-dress, cracking a whip; there are a dozen Miss Woolfords, who appear like Polish Princesses, Dihannas, Sultannas, Cachuchas, and heaven knows what! There's the fat man, who comes in with the twenty-three dresses on, and turns out to be the living skeleton! There's the clowns, the sawdust, the white horse that dances a hornpipe, the candles stuck in hoops, just as in our own dear country.

My dear wife, in her very finest clothes, with all the world looking at her, was really enjoying this spectacle (which doesn't require any knowledge of the language, seeing that the dumb animals don't talk it), when there came in, presently, "the great polish act of the Sarmatian horse-tamer," on eight steeds, which we were all of us longing to see. The horse-tamer, to music twenty miles an hour, rushed in on four of his horses, leading the other four, and skurried round the ring. You couldn't see him for the sawdust, but everybody was delighted, and applauded like mad. Presently, you saw there were only three horses in front; he had slipped one more between his legs, another followed, and it was clear that the consequences would be fatal, if he admitted any more. The people applauded more then ever; and when, at last, seven and eight were made to go in, not wholly, but sliding dexterously in and out, with the others, so that you did not know which was which, the house, I thought, would come down with applause; and the Sarmatian horse-tamer bowed his great feathers to the ground. At last the music grew slower, and he cantered leisurely round the ring; bending, smirking, seesawing, waving his whip, and laying his hand on his heart, just as we have seen the Ashley's people do.

But fancy our astonishment, when, suddenly, this Sarmatian horse-tamer, coming round with his four pair at a canter, and being opposite our box, gave a start, and a—hupp! which made all his horses stop stock-still at an instant!



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"Well, Jemimaran
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Hearing this, we set o
and set off in that ve
to France.

If you look in the
London on Saturday n
so that there is often n
departure. Bless us! I
twenty-four hours at
"Ease her! Stop her!"
breakfast lunch

Biggs, of the great house of Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, was our man of business: when I arrived in London I heard that he had just set off to Paris after me. So we started down to Tuggeridgeville instead of going to Portland Place. As we came through the lodge-gates, we found a crowd assembled within them; and there was that horrid Tuggeridge on horseback, with a shabby-looking man, called Mr. Scapgoat, and his man of business, and many more. "Mr. Scapgoat," says Tuggeridge, grinning, and handing him over a sealed paper, "here's the lease; I leave you in possession, and wish you good morning."

"In possession of what?" says the rightful lady of Tuggeridgeville, leaning out of the carriage-window. She hated black Tuggeridge, as she called him, like poison: the very first week of our coming to Portland Place, when he called to ask restitution of some plate which he said was his private property, she called him a base-born blackamoor, and told him to quit the house. Since then there had been law-squabbles between us without end, and all sorts of writings, meetings, and arbitrations.

"Possession of my estate of Tuggeridgeville, Madam," roars he, "left me by my father's will, which you have had notice of these three weeks, and know as well as I do."

"Old Tug left no will," shrieked Jemmy; "he didn't die to leave his estates to blackamoors—to negroes—to base-born mulatto story-tellers; if he did, may I be ——"

"O, hush! dearest mamma," says Jemimarann. "Go it again, mother!" says Tug, who is always sniggering.

"What is this business, Mr. Tuggeridge?" cried Tagrag (who was the only one of our party that had his senses), "what is this will?"

"O, it's merely a matter of form," said the lawyer, riding up. "For heaven's sake, madam, be peaceable; let my friends, Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, arrange with me. I am surprised that none of their people are here. All that you have to do is to eject us; and the rest will follow, of course."

"Who has taken possession of this here property?" roars Jemmy, again.

"My friend, Mr. Scapgoat," said the lawyer;—Mr. Scapgoat grinned.

"Mr. Scapgoat," said my wife, shaking her fist at him (for she is a woman of no small spirit), "if you don't leave this ground, I'll have you pushed out with pitchforks, I will, you and your beggarly blackamoor, yonder;" and, suiting the action to the word, she clapped a stable fork into the hands of one of the gardeners, and called another, armed with a rake, to his help, while young Tug set the dog at their heels, and I hurrahed for joy to see such villany so properly treated.

"That's sufficient, aint it?" said Mr. Scapgoat, with the calmest air in the world. "O completely," said the lawyer. "Mr. Tuggeridge, we've ten miles to dinner. Madam, your very humble servant:" and the whole posse of them rode away.

LAW-LIFE ASSURANCE.

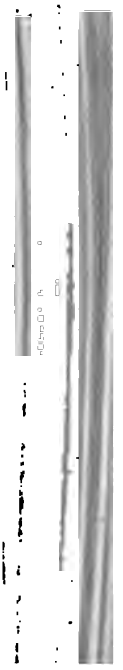
We knew not what this meant, until we received a strange document from Higgs, in London; which begun, "Middlesex to wit. Samuel Cox, late of Portland Place, in the city of Westminster, in the said County, was attached to answer Samuel Scap-

search made, by order of Tuggeridge, junior, is a scandalous falsehood.

Well, the cause was tried. Why need I say anything concerning it? What shall I say of the Lord Chief Justice, but that he ought to be ashamed of the wig he sits in. What of Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, who exerted their eloquence against justice and the poor. On our side, too, was no less a man than Mr. Serjeant Binks, who, ashamed I am, for the honour of the British bar, to say it, seemed to have been bribed too; for he actually threw up his case! Had he behaved like Mr. Mulligan, his junior—and to whom, in this humble way, I offer my thanks—all might have been well. I never knew such an effect produced, as when Mr. Mulligan, appearing for the first time in that court, said, "Standing here, upon the pidestal of secred Thamis, seeing around me the arnymints of a profission I rispict; having before me a vinnerable Judge, and an elightened Jury—the counthry's glory, the netion's cheap defender, the poor man's priceless palladium—how must I thrimble, my Lard, how must the blush bejew my cheek—(somebody cried out '*O cheeks!*' In the court there was a dreadful roar of laughing; and when order was established, Mr. Mulligan continued)—my Lard, I heed them not; I come from a counthry accustomed to opprission, and as that counthry—yes, my Lard *that Ireland* (do not laugh, I am proud of it)—is ever, in spite of her tyrants, green, and lovely, and beautiful; my client's cause, likewise, will rise shuperior to the malignant imbecility—I repeat, the MALIGNANT IMBECILITY of those who would thrample it down; and, in whose teeth, in my client's name, in my counthry's, aye, and *my own*, I, with folded arrums, hurl a scarnful and eternal defiance!"

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Milligan"—"MULLIGAN, ME LARD," cried my defender—"Well, Mulligan, then, be calm, and keep to your brief."

Mr. Mulligan did; and, for three hours and a quarter, in a speech crammed with Latin quotations, and unsurpassed for eloquence, he explained the situation of me and my family; the romantic manner in which Tuggeridge, the elder, gained his fortune, and by which it afterwards came to my wife; the state of Ireland; the original and virtuous poverty of the Coxes—from which he glanced



worse place than the
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"Then you must go
Counts."
"O, thank heaven!
cries my little Jemimar
old nanny

"I've learned something else, too, ma'am; ask the boys if I haven't," grumbles Tug.

"You hawk your daughter about, and just escape marrying her to a swindler."

"And drive off poor Orlando," whimpered my girl. "Silence, Miss," says Jemmy fiercely.

"You insult the man whose father's property you inherited, and bring me into this prison, without hope of leaving it; for he never can help us after all your bad language." I said all this very smartly; for the fact is, my blood was up at the time, and I determined to rate my dear girl soundly.

"Oh! Sammy," said she, sobbing (for the poor thing's spirit was quite broken), "it's all true; I've been very very foolish and vain, and I've punished my dear husband and children by my follies, and I do so, so repent them!" Here, Jemimarann at once burst out crying, and flung herself into her mamma's arms, and the pair roared and sobbed for ten minutes together; even Tug looked queer: and as for me, it's a most extraordinary thing, but I'm blest if seeing them so miserable didn't make me quite happy.—I don't think, for the whole twelve months of our good fortune, I had ever felt so gay as in that dismal room in the Fleet, where I was locked up.

Poor Orlando Crump came to see us every day; and we, who had never taken the slightest notice of him, in Portland Place, and treated him so cruelly that day, at Beulah Spa, were only too glad of his company now. He used to bring books for my girl, and a bottle of sherry for me; and he used to take home Jemmy's fronts, and dress them for her; and when locking up time came, he used to see the ladies home to their little three pair bed-room, in Holborn, where they slept now, Tug and all. "Can the bird forget its nest?" Orlando used to say (he was a romantic young fellow, that's the truth, and blew the flute and read Lord Byron, incessantly, since he was separated from Jemimarann); "Can the bird, let loose in eastern climes, forget its home? Can the rose cease to remember its beloved bulbul?—Ah! no. Mr. Cox, you made me what I am, and what I hope to die—a hairdresser. I never see a curling-irons before I entered your shop, or knew Naples from brown Windsor. Did you not make over your

Then Jemimaran
"isn't he, isn't he a
"I'm *hanged* if h
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"He might as we
rate," says Jemmy.
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die than give Tuggeri

TUGGERIDGE vowed
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to say,—
"Sir,—I think you
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"I have discharged your lawyer's bill; and, as I believe you are more fitted for the trade you formerly exercised than for any other, I will give five hundred pounds, for the purchase of a stock and shop, when you shall find one to suit you.

"I enclose a draft for twenty pounds, to meet your present expenses. You have, I am told, a son, a boy of some spirit; if he likes to try his fortune abroad, and go on board an Indiaman, I can get him an appointment; and am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOHN TUGGERIDGE."

It was Mrs. Breadbasket, the housekeeper, who brought this letter, and looked mighty contemptuous as she gave it.

"I hope, Breadbasket, that your master will send me my things, at any rate," cries Jemmy. "There's seventeen silk and satin dresses, and a whole heap of trinkets, that can be of no earthly use to him."

"Don't Breadbasket me, mem, if you please, mem. My master says, that them things is quite obnoxious to your sphere of life. Breadbasket, indeed!" and so she sailed out.

Jemmy hadn't a word; she had grown mighty quiet since we had been in misfortune: but my daughter looked as happy as a queen; and Tug, when he heard of the ship, gave a jump, that nearly knocked down poor Orlando. "Ah, I suppose, you'll forget me now," says he, with a sigh; and seemed the only unhappy person in company.

"Why, you conceive, Mr. Crump," says my wife, with a great deal of dignity, "that, connected as we are, a young man born in a work——"

"Woman!" cried I (for once in my life, determined to have my own way), "hold your foolish tongue. Your absurd pride has been the ruin of us, hitherto; and, from this day, I'll have no more of it. Hark ye, Orlando, if you will take Jemimarann, you may have her; and if you'll take five hundred pounds for a half share of the shop, they're yours; and *that's* for you, Mrs. Cox."

And here we are, back again. And I write this from the old back shop, where we are all waiting to see the new year in. Orlando sits yonder, plaiting a wig for my Lord Chief Justice, as happy as may be; and Jemimarann and her mother have been as

busy as you can imagine, all day long, and are just now giving the finishing touches to the bridal dresses; for the wedding is to take place the day after to-morrow. I've cut seventeen heads off (as I say) this very day; and as for Jemmy, I no more mind her than I do the Emperor of China and all his Tambarins. Last night we had a merry meeting of our friends and neighbours, to celebrate our re-appearance among them; and very merry we all were. We had a capital fiddler, and we kept it up till a pretty tidy hour this morning. We begun with quadrills, but I never could do 'em well; and, after that, to please Mr. Crump and his intended, we tried a gallopard, which I found anything but easy; for since I am come back to a life of peace and comfort, it's astonishing how stout I'm getting; so we turned at once to what Jemmy and me excels in—a country dance; which is rather surprising, as we was both brought up to a town life. As for young Tug, he showed off in a sailor's hornpipe; which Mrs. Cox says is very proper for him to learn, now he is intended for the sea. But stop! here comes in the punchbowls; and if we are not happy, who is? I say I am like the Swish people, for I can't flourish out of my native *hair*.

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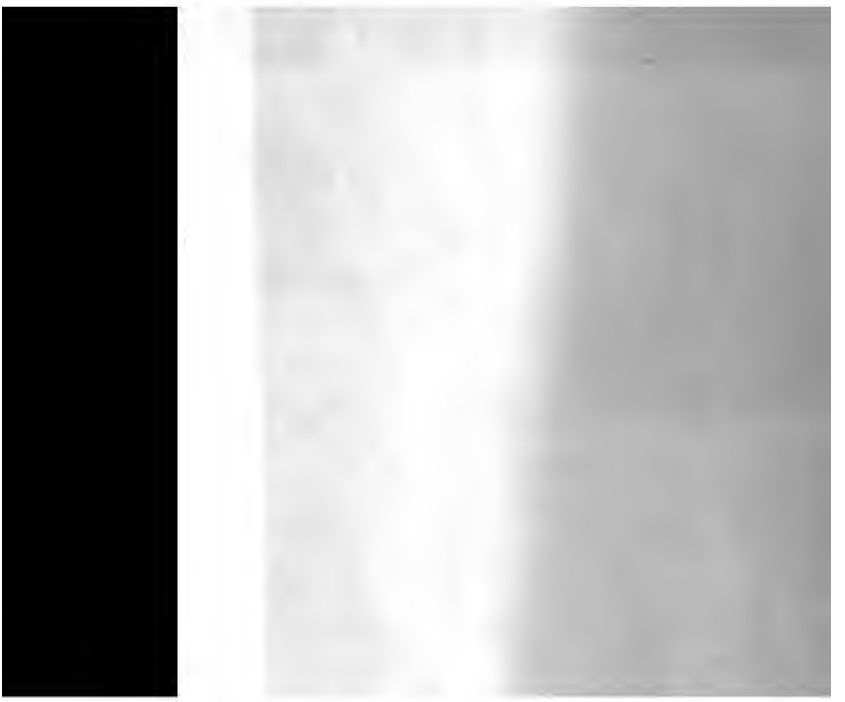

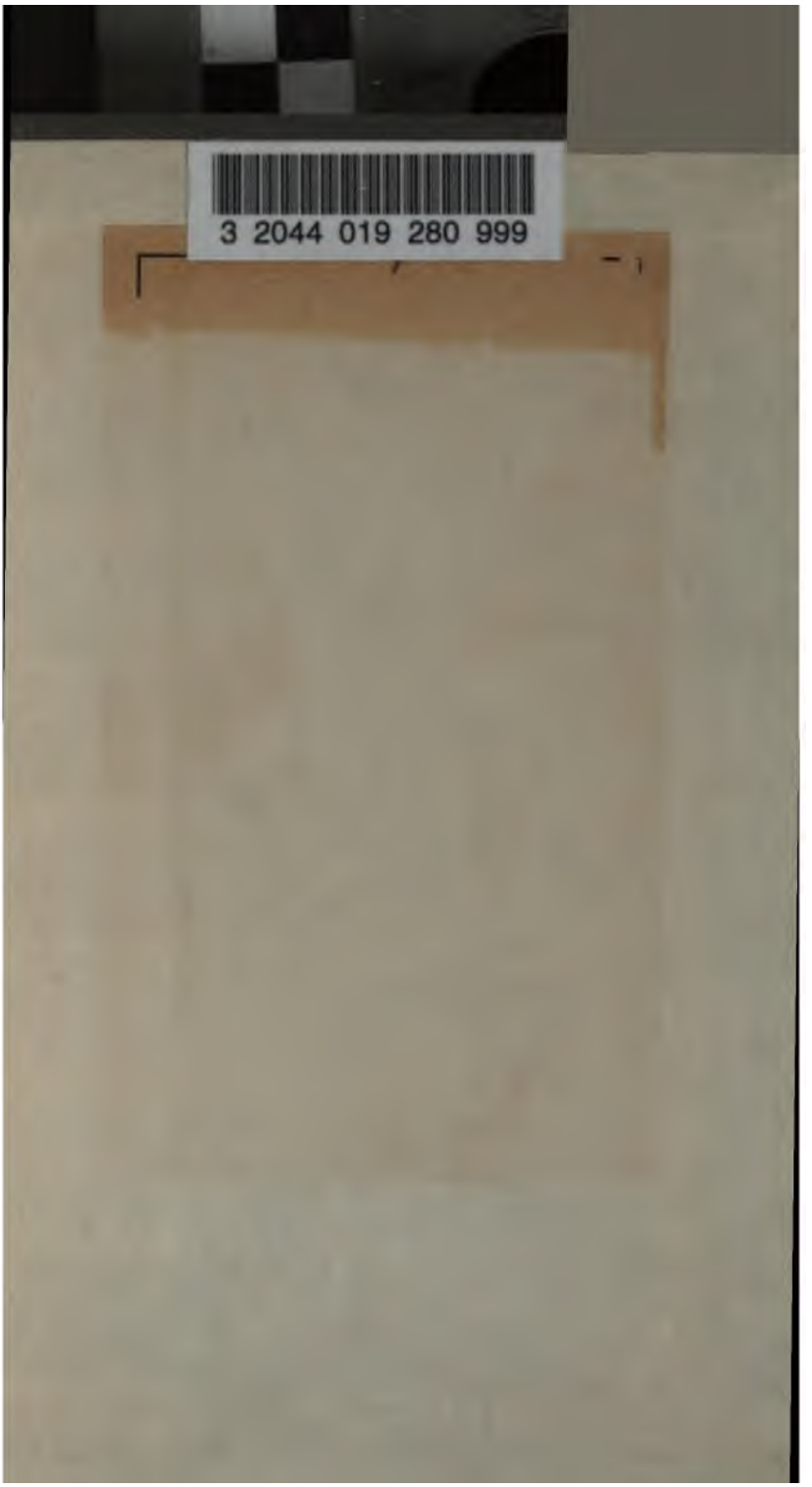
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